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To the Sun.

Hail! All Hail to thee, Phœbus Apollo!
Glorious god of the dying day,
Sinking slow whither none may follow,
Last of Olympus to hold thy sway.

Tell me, O thou radiant archer,
Crimsoning the western sky
With the light of thy departure,
"Can the gods immortal die?"

Thou, the echo of whose pæan
Over that triumphant strife
Swept across the rapt Ægean —
Woke a slumbering world to life.

Could thy lips then utter warning
Only of another's doom,
When Parnassus saw thy dawning
Conquer Delphi's sacred gloom?

Leader of the sacred choir,
Though at length thy rule is o'er,
Yet let thy celestial fire
Fill the poet as before.

L. W. '99.

It Might Have Been.

The United States battle-ship *Blaine* was ordered to Havana. The Spanish government protested. Why it entered the protest was a mystery, for there was a German war-ship in Havana, an English man-of-war, and an Italian vessel, but the minute a United States battle-ship was ordered to Havana it seemed to set the whole population on fire. But the order had gone forth for the *Blaine* to go to Havana, danger or no danger, and the important question arose who should command her. No one was more surprised than I to find that I had been selected for this duty.

In entering the harbor of Havana I knew that we entered the harbor of a hostile nation.

The least harm that could happen to us would be an open fight with a Spanish battle-ship, the greatest harm that might come would be the treachery that strikes in the dark.

The Spanish officials received us with extreme politeness, and indicated the exact spot in the harbor on which we were to anchor. The spot indicated for our anchorage was near an old buoy in the southeasterly part of the harbor, about two hundred yards from the largest Spanish war-vessel and well under the guns of Morro Castle.

I had four divers on my battle-ship and the first day of our occupying the anchorage, I instructed the leader of the four divers that I desired each of them to work two hours on and two off, during the night, as I was determined to find out what was under the ship, fearing Spanish treachery. This permitted two men to work all night. We did it in the night, that the Spaniards might not know that we were making the investigation.

The divers had the latest and most improved electric lights, and, if necessary, the search-lights of the battle-ship. What we were hunting for were hidden mines or torpedoes or wires leading to or from the same. Before leaving New York we had had tools prepared for the work. We were working upon the theory that Spanish treachery had placed us over a Spanish mine or torpedo. If we could discover that torpedo and the wires leading to it we should be safer at this anchorage than at any other. We were sure that the wires ran along the ground on the bottom of the harbor and that the torpedo was simply hidden in the mud near the surface.

So the divers gently fished for the wires or torpedoes, while I received the hospitality of those double-faced officials in Havana. I was also compelled to receive them on board my vessel and entertain them there. Whenever they came to us on the battle-ship, we did our

best to convince them that we sincerely trusted them. The result proves that they did not know that we suspected them.

The plan of the divers was to begin at a point exactly under the centre of the vessel and work in circles on the bottom of the harbor, making each circle larger than the previous one. The tool with which they mainly worked was somewhat like a potato hook, only the tines were longer and lighter. The third night after our arrival, upon returning at about midnight from a grand reception at the house of the United States Consul-General, the leading diver, evidently much excited, desired an interview. I took him to my cabin, and he informed me that they had made a discovery. They had found a torpedo connected with wires, evidently coming from Morro Castle. I ordered the entire force of divers to work all the rest of this night, for we must procure the torpedo before morning. The diver requested the use of the search-light for about half an hour. I gave the order for it to be turned on, but commanded that it should be obscured as much as possible from every point except the bottom of the ocean. The diver was nervous about handling the torpedo, fearing that he might discharge it by accident. But I told him that in all probability the torpedo was made of gun-cotton, which could not possibly be exploded by accident.

Interest in the work of the divers absorbed me, and leaning over the rail, I watched their every movement, under the brilliant search-light of the *Blaine*. The torpedo they had exposed was on the port side, forward, and appeared exactly like one of the hot-water boilers so often seen in the kitchens of Boston houses. I estimated that it contained about five hundred pounds of gun-cotton. The divers had cleared the mud from this torpedo and were ready to remove it. The question arose how we were to remove it and where it was to be deposited; I had anticipated this. Among the stores of the *Blaine* were some canvas boats, which would pack away in very small space, but when properly set up would carry about 4000 or 5000 pounds. One of these canvas boats had been set up directly above the divers to receive the torpedo, which was raised by machinery and deposited in it.

Every movement we made in this work was carefully concealed from all the men on the *Blaine* excepting the divers, the officers on duty, and about six trustworthy men, sworn to secrecy. Having deposited the torpedo in

the canvas boat, the diver went to cut the wire about a hundred yards towards Morro Castle, walking on the bottom and following the wire with his hand. He discovered that the wire was in a cable that contained six other wires. He severed the cable, thereby cutting the seven different wires. Then we determined that there were six more torpedoes for the six other wires, and the event proved this theory correct. All seven of the torpedoes were found and loaded into the canvas boat and we determined to sink the boat and all near the *Vizcaya*. Having all the seven wires properly reconnected with coils of wire on board the *Blaine*, we towed the treacherous cargo on board the boat to a point between the *Vizcaya* and Morro Castle, about a hundred feet beyond the Spanish cruiser, where we plunged a knife through the canvas and let the boat sink. Then the divers reconnected each of the seven wires.

It seemed to me that the point of the sinking of these torpedoes was near enough the *Vizcaya* to give her a bad scare in case of the explosion of the torpedoes, but not near enough to destroy her. To destroy her would be an act too barbarous for any human being except a Spaniard.

We finished all these operations as the first light was beginning to color the east, and all of us concerned in the operation were confident that we had not been detected. For the next three nights the divers continued their search and assured me that there was no further element of danger from below. On the fourth night thereafter General Viler gave a grand reception and from the nature of that reception and from the manner of the Spanish officials I concluded that the catastrophe would come off before morning. Those seven torpedoes were to be exploded. During the evening Viler's politeness towards me was most marked. On Captain-General Viler's right stood Captain Bustamento, the commander of the *Vizcaya*. The General designated me "El Capitan" and talked with me through an interpreter. He said, "The great Captain Jones is welcome to Havana and the freedom of the city is his. We know under the circumstances that the great Captain Jones must be a very brave man." To which I replied, "The General does me too much honor, and why does he think me brave?" "Under the circumstances, none but a brave man would come into the harbor with a war-ship." "Isn't your harbor perfectly safe?" I continued. Viler, with a peculiar look at Captain

Bustamento, answered, "Perfectly safe for our friends."

At this point the gathering crowd forced me on. I reached the *Blaine* about midnight. The officer on deck at once called my attention to the fact that the *Vizcaya* was at that time changing her anchorage. Upon observing her I became convinced that she had moved one hundred feet away from us and was so much nearer Morro Castle. I would have taken my oath that she was directly over those seven torpedoes.

The question weighed upon my mind, what should I do? Should I go to bed with the expectation that they were going to blow up the *Vizcaya*, or should I warn them? If I warned them, how could I do it? From indications and hints at the reception, coupled with a sort of presentiment, I felt sure that the torpedoes were to be fired that night.

I ordered out the captain's launch, determined to go and warn the captain of the *Vizcaya*. The launch was brought around to the foot of the stairs. I was just stepping on board, when a dull rumbling roar and a trembling under us and a red glare over the whole heavens told us that the catastrophe had happened. I ran on deck and ordered the search-light to be turned on. So terrific had been the explosion that not a living thing escaped from the *Vizcaya*. What was left of the hull and the heavier iron parts of the ship had sunk. Our search-light revealed a sad sight. This was about half past twelve o'clock at night, and it was a very dark night with no moon, so the explosion itself was a magnificent spectacle.

I had thought to save some of the sailors of the *Vizcaya*, but the search-light revealed not a living thing. A shower of wreckage fell over our own battle-ship. I ordered the decks cleared for action. I knew what would be the rage in the breasts of the Spaniards when they learned the truth. These movements occupied us until two o'clock in the morning, during which time the United States Consul-General came aboard for protection.

For every one in Havana knew what had happened within five minutes of the explosion. The city was in total darkness at the time, and all concurred in the belief that the electric power that lighted the city was the force used to cause the explosion.

At that hour came a summons from General Viler, demanding my presence at Morro Castle. To this message I replied that I should be pleased to see him on board the *Blaine*. Just

as day was breaking, Viler came to the *Blaine* on board the official launch of the commandant. As soon as he approached the *Blaine*, I knew it was Viler by those side whiskers and that ugly jaw. And his face looked more set, brutal, and ugly than usual. He would not step on board the *Blaine* but sat in the official launch of the commandant and requested me to come to the side of the vessel.

I leaned over the side of the vessel and, with a graceful salute to the Captain-General said, "General, I thought you told me last night that this was a safe harbor for friends. How about this? Where is my good friend, Bustamento, and where is the cruiser, *Vizcaya*?" His passion got the better of him, his thin veneer of politeness disappeared, and the first words he uttered were, "Caramba! You — blank — son of a Yankee pig, did you destroy the *Vizcaya*?" I replied, in my smoothest tones, "Ah! General, could you suspect any human being of such treachery as that? Would any human being plant a mine or torpedo under a war-vessel in a time of peace? No Yankee would ever do that, General. Only a Spaniard could do it." The General almost choked with rage.

The evening before, he had claimed that he could not speak English. Here he was talking and swearing in English and choking with rage at my English, which he evidently understood. I raised my hand to command silence, interrupting General Viler, and said, "General, there is only one kind of man who could blow up a war-vessel by treachery; he must be a Spaniard, descended from those Spaniards who organized the Spanish inquisition, who did those terrible cruelties in the name of religion. About the same kind of man" (and here I pointed my finger at General Viler, who was trembling with fury) "who took those 400,000 poor people from their homes on this fertile island of Cuba, where they were able to make an honest living and feed themselves, and penned them up like sheep in the cities, without food, and there starved them to death." Finally he stood up and stretched out his clenched fist at me and at the *Blaine*, and ordered me to leave the harbor in two hours or he would blow me out of the water. I replied to him very deliberately, "General, I refuse to leave your harbor. I came to Havana to protect, first, the American citizens here; second, those poor people whom you are starving to death, the *reconcentrados*. I decline to leave them and you may do your worst?" He turned black in the face,

I thought that he was going to have a fit of apoplexy, but at length he gave the order, and the launch of the commandant steamed toward Morro Castle. I realized that they would fire upon me from the castle.

The battle-ship, though, was ready for action. Before leaving the State of Blaine to take command of the battle-ship, *Blaine*, I had secured a recent death-dealing invention. I had this gun ready for use, and made up my mind that one shot from it would be sufficient. At the end of the two hours a shot from Morro Castle went over our bows. That was all I waited for. With this new gun I sent a charge of dynamite, weighing a ton, just beyond Morro Castle, between Morro Castle and the city of Havana. The effect of the explosion was terrific. It completely destroyed the walls of Morro Castle on that side, as well as the subterranean passage that led from the castle to the city of Havana, and inspired the soldiers under Viler with such fear that they fled in terror to the underground passage, but found it destroyed. Thereupon they raised the white flag and demanded a parley. I sent word to them to send a delegation to the battle-ship *Blaine*, which they promptly did. The official launch of the commandant again steamed to our side but Viler was not with them.

They begged to know what sort of gun I had that made such havoc. I informed them that it was the latest invention, gotten up by a Yankee, and said to be a sure cure for Spanish treachery. They informed me that the castle intended to make no attack on me and admitted my superiority, and desired to know my terms.

With the United States Consul-General's advice, I dictated the terms to my stenographer, which were reduced to a typewritten document and handed over to the delegation. It read as follows:

"First, that those of the *reconcentrados*, who remained alive—those who had escaped starvation, butchery, and treachery—should at once be organized and be placed in control of the city of Havana. Into their hands the garrison and General Viler should commit themselves, and should be in all things subject to them. If General Viler's answer was not delivered to me within thirty minutes, I would throw a ton of dynamite into Morro Castle, which would totally destroy the castle and every living thing within it."

Within thirty minutes they agreed to the terms. My first officer was sent to the city of

Havana with a force of marines able to back him up, having first secured an ample supply of ammunition and arms from Morro Castle.

The *reconcentrados* were commanded to hold an election and organize. The result of this election was that Lopez was made their legal head. I saw that all of them were thoroughly armed and supplied with ammunition. Then the garrison, having been thoroughly searched and deprived of all their arms and ammunition, with the proud General Viler at their head, were delivered into their custody.

A. J. COPP, '99.

The Adventures of a Gas-Meter Man.

During the last summer, Tom Ellis, like many other school-boys, was looking for some work to do which would occupy part of his vacation and give him a little pocket money. He happened to hear that the Gas-Light Company of his town was in the habit of employing several young men for a few days, towards the close of each month, in taking the readings of its meters. Tom thought this was work that he should like; so he applied for the position and was fortunate enough to be accepted.

After spending an hour at the Gas-Light Company's works, reading meters, under the direction of the foreman, to get a little necessary practice, Tom sallied forth with lantern, book, and pencil, feeling quite elated that at last he was "a man of business."

"I'll just light this lantern now," thought he, "before I come to the first house;" and he stepped into a doorway and scratched a match. While he was trying to take off the lantern-top, the match burnt his fingers, but when at last the top came off, the wind took care that not a single match should burn long enough to communicate any light to the wick. When ten matches had been used and the lantern was still unlit, Tom stopped trying and waited till he reached the first house on his list. Then his first attempt succeeded, and he was ready for work.

As he waited on the doorsteps, after ringing the bell, he tried to think what to say. Just then the door opened, and Tom turned and said, very politely, "May I see the gas meter, please?" (An hour or two after, he shortened it to "Gas meter, please," and sometimes after that forgot to add the last word.) "Oh, yes, it's the gas man. Right down here," said the "work-lady," opening

the cellar door; and as Tom carefully descended the stairs, and peered around the cellar to find the meter, his opinion of himself rose about five degrees at being called a man. But "pride goeth before a fall," and as he remounted the stairs, he was greeted with "Young man, the next time you come, remember that we have a back door around the corner." "Yes'm," replied Tom, and made his retreat as quickly as he could, feeling like a whipped dog. He had learned one lesson, however, and thereafter he went to the back door, whenever possible.

The next building was an apartment hotel, and here it was necessary to get into each of the eight suites, find the side-room where the meter was located, and, standing on a chair, stretch his neck to its utmost in order to see the meter. Tom thought that the most aggravating situation possible for a meter was one like this. "For," he said, "if it were very low, I could bend down to it; but when it is very high, since no man 'by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature,' I must almost break my neck trying to read the meter correctly."

Many times, however, he found places harder to get at than these. Yet he always succeeded in reading the meter, except in places where it was locked up and the key unattainable. Several times, after reaching the cellar, he would have to return and mount to the second or third floor for the key of a wood-shed in which two or three meters were enclosed. Once when the key had been obtained about half a ton of coal had to be shoveled away that the door of the shed might be opened.

Tom soon discovered that he had an unequaled opportunity of observing human nature. Each person he met he instinctively classed in one of three groups: those who were very kind and considerate; those who were cross or unpleasant; and those who paid very little attention to him; in other words, the good, the bad, and the indifferent. People of the first kind would open the door and say: "Oh, yes, come right in. Down those stairs, turn to your left, and go straight ahead. The meter is in the front of the cellar. It's dark, so be careful you don't fall." As an actual fact, people of the second group were very scarce, while those of the third were most numerous. The latter would silently open the door, stand aside and let him find the cellar and the meter as best he could.

Some cellars were full of rubbish, or barrels, or heaps of firewood, and many were Tom's hairbreadth escapes from plunging off an inverted empty barrel or a pile of boards, or falling through a rickety staircase in the dark. A moment of special peril was that when he crawled along a ten-foot coal chute that was balanced by the middle across the top of a coal-bin, so that it tipped one way when he started and the other way when he passed the middle. But he reached the meters and recorded the readings. A few cellars were almost clear, and some even light enough to see without the lantern; but so few and far between were places like these that they caused our gas-meter man to utter a sigh of relief whenever one appeared. Once as he entered a cellar that seemed clear, and saw the outline of the meter at the farther end, he started boldly towards it, holding the lantern on high to show the way, and had almost reached the meter; suddenly his left foot plunged into a hole, and water splashed all over him. The book went on the floor, the light was hastily lowered, and then, pulling himself together, he gazed about to find out what the trouble was. In the floor directly before the gas meter was a square hole eight or ten inches deep and almost full of water. Looking closer, Tom saw that it was the place for turning the water supply for the house on or off, and that it must have leaked a good deal. On his way out, he remarked to the lady of the house that he thought there was a very good trap in the cellar to break a leg in. Upon his telling what had happened, she said: "Why, I didn't know anything about it. A man came three weeks ago to fix a leak in the water pipe and said he would come again; but he hasn't been here since. He didn't tell me he left a hole open down there." But for a week Tom was reminded, by several bruises, of the fact that there *was* a hole.

One distasteful part of the work was crawling into places festooned with spider-webs—beautiful drapery they made in many places, but the sense of feeling was not so pleasantly affected as the sense of sight.

Several times Tom found written on the book, by some meter reader of previous months, the single ominous word, "Dog." At one house, thus marked, as he was proceeding with care towards the door, a Newfoundland bounded along through the house, barking with all his might. The maid came behind, and pushed the dog back as she

opened the door. "Is he dangerous?" asked Tom, eyeing the brute askance. "He won't hurt you, if you speak kind to him," was the reply. So Tom "spoke kind" to the dog, and the dog didn't speak at all till just as Tom started to go. Then he emitted a howl that made the room shake, and the gas-meter man lost no time in getting into the next house. Next day he was about to enter a back gate, but, looking at his book, saw again the word "Dog." As an experiment, he rattled the gate a little. The result justified his caution, for out through the house rushed a big bull-dog, looking hungry. Tom hurriedly closed the gate, and upon reflection, decided that it was too warm a day to go in on the south side; the front door would be cool and shady. There he was admitted by an elderly lady of foreign extraction, who put the dog out of the way and then conducted him down-stairs to the meter. Some remarks were made about dogs, and the old lady declared: "We used to kape an ould dog that we'd raised from a pup. He was that gentle yer could go to bed with him and he wouldn't touch yer. But this young fool of a dog doesn't know any more than to jump all over any one, an' if he sees a feller with a lantern he's crazy. He's real good-hearted, though." Of course, Tom didn't doubt it in the least, but he thought it might be safer not to run the risk of tempting the "young fool of a dog" too far.

The following is a faithful register of Tom's opinion of his work during the four days that it continued:

Monday noon:—"Meter reading is pretty good fun, after all, though it is rather hot weather for it."

Monday evening:—"One day gone, and a day's work done, too."

Tuesday evening:—"This is getting to be something like work, being on the trot all day long."

Wednesday evening:—"Only one more day of this, and I am not sorry."

Thursday evening:—"Hurrah! through for this month!—and yet I liked it pretty well, and won't mind trying it again next month."

L. R. C., '99.

English Teacher (to a certain room of the Third Class which has been studying Wordsworth): "Now, which poem of Wordsworth's did you enjoy the most?"

Pupil (promptly): "*Imitations of Immortality* from Recollections of Early Childhood."

A Fourth of July Incident.

The day before a certain Fourth of July was fair and betokened that the coming holiday would be as pleasant as could be desired.

Two brothers who lived in the town of —, Massachusetts, wishing to celebrate the day, told their father that they wished to sleep on the piazza the night preceding the holiday, in order that they might get up early the next morning. Their father gave them permission, and said that he would leave the door unlocked so that if they became frightened and wished to come in they might do so.

Their father did not reach home until after his sons had retired. As he found both of them asleep he decided to play a practical joke upon them. Accordingly, he procured a washboiler and filled it with tin cans and then took it up-stairs to his room.

He then went to bed and about two o'clock in the morning, he got up and hurled the washboiler down upon the piazza floor with all his strength. Of course the rattling of so much tinware made a great racket. Then, hastily getting into bed, he awaited the result, pretending meanwhile to be asleep. Soon he heard the boys come up-stairs and go to bed. He heard them talking excitedly as they were coming up-stairs and evidently they were greatly disturbed.

The next morning their father got up early and went out and picked up the washboiler and tin cans and quietly put them away where the boys would not see them and thus have a clew as to who the perpetrators of the disturbance in the night were.

When the boys came down-stairs in the morning they exclaimed, "O father, some fellows came in the night and exploded a lot of cannon crackers under the piazza; don't you think that it was a very mean thing to do?" But their father simply passed it off as a joke that some of the boys had played upon them. Notwithstanding this, the boys could not see it in the light of a joke and determined to wreak vengeance upon those who had interrupted their slumbers in so disagreeable a manner.

For a few days the boys did all they could to find out who did it, but in vain.

Finally their father thought he had kept the secret long enough and accordingly told them the whole story. However, for a while there was a standing joke among the boys' relatives and friends about their scare.

That was the first and last year that the two brothers ever desired to sleep on the piazza.

A. F. '00

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NOVEMBER, 1898.

Thanksgiving, football, and turkey. Don't
 overlook the first part.

We are collecting material to publish in
 December or January a list of all B. L. S.
 graduates or pupils who served in the late
 war against Spain. This is something which
 in a few years may be of no little interest and
 value, but the undertaking cannot succeed
 without the co-operation of all the members of
 the school. Without much trouble to your-
 selves you can be of the greatest assistance to
 us. If you know any one ever connected with
 this school who was in the service during the
 war, hand us in writing his name, rank, regi-
 ment or ship, and if possible his class in the
 Latin School, and then try to get from him
 information about other B. L. S. men whom
 he may know. Thus, though we may not be
 able to get an absolutely complete list, we
 shall get the greater part of the names of our
 representatives in the recent conflict.

Why should any one in the school write for
 the REGISTER? First, because it is the school
 paper, and wants to be, and ought to be, sup-
 ported by contributions from the school. Then,
 because writing will be a great help to the writer
 in his daily school work, especially in English.
 Thirdly, if a boy has any desire for literary dis-
 tinction, here is an opportunity to begin in a
 small way, and all beginnings must be small,

or, as the proverb puts it, "great aches from
 little toe-corns grow."

Then out with pens and ink bottles, and give
 us a good variety of articles so that we can take
 our choice and use only the best. If a first
 attempt is not accepted, don't hesitate to try
 again. But, of all things, don't put it off and
 wait for some one else to lead the way. Now if
 a good number will take this advice to heart, the
 paper will be of much more interest and value
 in every way.

Three years ago the gymnasium was open
 to the pupils of the school before nine
 o'clock in the morning, under the direction
 of some teacher, and a great many boys
 availed themselves of the advantages thus
 offered. This practice was not continued in
 '96, but some of the lower classes, which did
 not drill, used regular school periods for
 systematic exercise in the "gym," with Mr.
 Nissen as instructor. Last year and this
 year the gymnasium has been closed alto-
 gether to the school.

It seems a great pity that when we have
 such opportunities at hand we should be
 prevented from getting any benefit from
 them. It has been stated that the "gym"
 would be opened when a director should be
 appointed for it. If a committee should take
 the matter in hand and have it brought to the
 attention of the proper authorities, we might
 get a great deal of good from all this apparatus
 which is now lying idle. Then keep this sub-
 ject in mind, and if any of you have any
 influence in this line, use it for the sake of
 the school.

For several years the graduating class has
 held its party and dance in the drill-hall on
 Washington's Birthday. Last year it was
 decided that hereafter the High and Latin
 schools should alternate in the use of the hall
 on that day. This year, therefore, the B. L. S.
 dance committee has been obliged to make
 other arrangements. New Year's falls on
 Sunday in 1899, so the following day will
 probably be observed as a holiday. The com-
 mittee has decided upon this day, Monday,
 January 2, as the date for the dance. This
 party is almost the only social gathering
 of the members of the school during the
 year and for this reason ought to be made a
 very pleasurable one. As you know, the pro-
 ceeds go to the Athletic Fund of the school.
 The committee hopes for an unusually large
 attendance this year. Tickets, as usual, one
 dollar.

The High School Game.

I stood beside the football field,
 'Twas on Thanksgiving Day;
 I'd come to see the English High
 And Boston Latin play.

The year before, the English High
 Had vanquished B. L. S.
 They beat them forty-four to six:
 'Twas bad, I must confess.

They "did them up," they "did them down,"
 They "walloped" them completely,
 As English had the heavier team
 They won the game quite neatly.

More fairly matched were they this year,
 For in weight they were the same;
 As neither side defeat did fear,
 The match could not prove tame.

The two teams come upon the field,
 Prepared for deadly strife;
 Both are determined not to yield,
 But play as if for life.

List! how the tumult upward rolls,
 As everybody cheers,
 It rises even to the "poles,"
 There was naught like this for years.

And now the people all are stilled,
 The teams line up to play,
 With hopeful spirits both are filled,
 On that sharp wintry day.

Then, "four—eleven—forty-four,"
 See how they rush together!
 They tackle, dodge, they squirm and bore,
 With sinews like to leather.

Thus evenly the fray is fought,
 Till past is half the game,
 When they a brief cessation sought,
 And off the field they came.

Then, respite o'er, again they toil,
 And High School has the ball,
 She fails the B. L. S. to foil,
 She "bucks" a stony wall.

At last she is obliged to "punt,"
 The "pigskin" Latin gets,
 And 'gainst her 'ponents she doth "bunt,"
 And, lo! ten yards she gets.

And then they push a "half-back" through
 'Twixt "tackle" and "left guard,"
 Old High School shall this day e'er rue,
 But still she dieth hard.

But see, whence comes that figure there
 Who runs towards High School's goal?
 Look! Onward, onward doth he tear
 Till he has reached the pole.

To say the people yelled would be
 Less than the truth, I trow,
 They tried to set their spirits free,
 E'en the dogs did yell, "bow-wow."

The players now "line up" once more,
 Old Latin "bangs away,"
 And soon another goal doth score,
 Which makes her feel quite gay.

The score "piles up" till the game is o'er,
 When it reaches fifty-two.
 This serves to "wipe out" last year's score,
 And High School feels quite "blue."

They feel quite "blue," they feel quite "black,"
 They feel a combination.
 The crowd doth now all reason lack,
 And yells to "beat creation."

But here my memory faileth me,
 For strange as it may seem,
 Just then I waked, unluckily,
 Alas! 'twas all a dream.

Edwin Clifford, '00.

Notes.

B. A. McKinnon is Secretary of the Harvard Freshman Debating Club.

Mr. M. J. Cunniff, B. L. S. '94, Harvard '98, has been appointed an instructor in English at Harvard University.

That was a beautiful sunset to be seen from Tufts Oval on the day of the Somerville game. Possibly our players didn't notice it.

R. L. Brown, '99, has been taking an extended vacation, caused by sickness. We all miss him and shall be glad to welcome him back.

Get your megaphones ready and store up a good supply of vocal energy for the game with E. H. S. The team expects good support and there ought to be a full attendance.

W. Shuebruk is rowing stroke on one of the Freshman crews.



Brookline High, 16—Boston Latin, 0.

Our first championship game of this year was played at Charles River Park, Friday, Oct. 21. The game was a very disappointing one to the supporters of the team, because they expected a victory or a tight game. Very fast work could not be expected, as a high wind was blowing, and the grounds were in poor condition. Coach Corbett gave the players a severe lecture after the first half, and they played a better game in the second half.

FIRST HALF.

O'Neil kicked off to Brookline's 30-yard line. After a few attempts at the line, Skilton punted to O'Neil. It was a fine, high punt, but the ball slipped out of O'Neil's hands and McDermott fell on it. Wood was signalled to punt, but a Brookline man stopped the punt and Hall fell on the ball. The ball was now on the 10-yard line. After a few short rushes, Captain Fox was pushed over for a touchdown. Crane kicked the goal. Score, 6 to 0.

O'Neil kicked off again to Brookline's 35-yard line. Brookline attempted to punt, but lost 10 yards. Skilton then punted outside on Boston Latin's 25-yard line, with good prospects of a touchdown, but after a few good gains they lost the ball on a fumble. Then Skilton punted and the ball was fumbled and a Brookline man fell on it. Brookline realized a good thing, and Skilton punted again. The wind took it just over O'Neil's head and the ball bounced right into Ainsworth's hands, and he carried it the remaining few yards for a touchdown. No goal. Score, 11 to 0. Time was soon called.

SECOND HALF.

After the players had finished their tête-à-tête with Coach Corbett they resumed play. Brookline kicked off, and after a few small gains through the line, Walsh skirted Brookline's left end for fifteen yards. Then, on a quarter-back trick, Cox went around the other end for fifteen more. Brookline got the ball on a fumble, and by steady gains through the line, especially on a guard-back formation, Skilton was pushed over for a touchdown. No goal. Score, 16 to 0.

After this our players made a good stand, but could not make a touchdown before the half was up. Although out of practice, Cox put up a fine game. Moran, Moulton, and Walsh also played a good game. For Brookline the best playing was done by Tobey and Captain Fox.

LINE-UP.

BROOKLINE HIGH.

Ainsworth, l.e.
Hall, l.t.
Dexter, l.g.
Crane, c.
P. Fox, r.g.

C. Fox, r.t.

Strickland, r.e.
Tobey, q.b.
Wilcox, l.h.b.
Wilbur, r.h.b.
Skilton, f.b.

BOSTON LATIN.

r.e., Moran.
r.t., Gately.
r.g., DeLong.
c., McDermott.
l.g., Booth.
l.t. { Guild.
{ Downey.
{ Price.
l.e., Moulton.
q.b., Cox.
r.h.b., O'Neil.
l.h.b., Walsh.
f.b., Wood.

Touchdowns, Fox, Ainsworth, Skilton; Goal from touchdown, Crane. Umpire, Swain; Referee, Lane; Linesmen, Cox and Kerrigan; Timekeeper, Webb. Time, 20-minute halves.

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B. L. S., 6—C. M. T. S., 6.

The best game thus far played by Latin School was the one with Cambridge Manual Training School, Thursday, Oct. 27, at Charles River Park. Cambridge had a very strong team, especially behind the line, and at first it looked as if they would roll up a big score, but our boys braced up and put up a fine up-hill game.

FIRST HALF.

Cambridge kicked off and the ball was punted back to the centre of the field. Cambridge tried our ends for no gain, and then resorted to bucking the line. Webb was used to good effect, and Cambridge brought the ball to our 5-yard line. Here Latin School made a good stand, but Mott was finally pushed over for a touchdown. Harris kicked a goal. Score, 6 to 0.

After the next kick-off, Cambridge blocked a punt and fell on the ball. Capelle fumbled badly and Moulton fell on the ball. Wood made a fine punt and it was Cambridge's ball on their 20-yard line. They lost the ball on downs, and after they had been given ten yards for holding, Latin School advanced the ball to the 10-yard line. This was the nearest Latin School came to scoring in the first half. Time was called soon afterwards.

SECOND HALF.

Encouraged by their good work in the first half, Boston Latin played on the offensive, and the half was replete with brilliant runs. After the ball had changed hands a few times, Webb made a fine plunge through the line but was finely tackled from behind by Moulton. Then Cambridge lost the ball on a fumble, and the ball moved up and down the field with no long gains on either side till the last five minutes of play. Then followed a succession of brilliant runs. First, on a trick play, Hurley made 15 yards. Then, O'Neil followed with 20 more. Moulton got the ball on a fumble and made 15 yards before he was downed. Then Rand followed with a fine run to Cambridge's 2-yard line. Here Cambridge interfered with every play and got the ball on downs. After failing to gain, Cambridge attempted to punt, but the punt was stopped and Latin School got the ball on downs. Cambridge again made a great stand, but the fates were against them, and with scarcely a minute to play, Parmelee got the ball on a fumble and scored a touchdown amid great excitement. Wood kicked a goal and time was up. Score, 6 to 6.

LINE-UP.**B. L. S.**

Moulton, l.e.
Guild, l.t.
Booth, l.g.
DeLong, c.
Parmelee, r.g.
Gately, r.t.
Moran (Nagle), r.e.
Hurley, q.b.
O'Neil, l.h.b.
Rand, r.h.b.
Wood, f.b.

C. M. T. S.

r.e., Butler.
r.t., Marshall.
r.g., Brennan.
c., Fisher.
l.g., Hastings.
l.t., Harris.
l.e., Capelle.
q.b., Mott.
r.h.b., Webb.
l.h.b., Dorsey.
f.b., Watkins.

Touchdowns, Mott and Parmelee; Goals from touchdowns, Harris and Wood. Umpire, Watson; Referee, Kerrigan; Linesmen, Boysen and Hazen. Time, 25 and 20-minute halves.

Somerville High, 27—Boston Latin, 0.

Somerville High completely out-played our team at Tufts Oval. Although Somerville did not play with their usual snap, Boston Latin was powerless to stop their advance. When Latin School got the ball, they made a few good gains, but were never near Somerville's goal.

Boston Latin started out well. Wood kicked off to Somerville's 30-yard line. On the next rush Gately nailed the Somerville backs for a big loss. Then, Somerville punted and our troubles began. We couldn't gain and so Wood punted. Somerville advanced the ball to our 30-yard line and plugged the line till White was pushed over for a touchdown. C. Pipe kicked a goal. Score, 6 to 0. After the next kick-off, Somerville rushed the ball to the centre of the field. Here Latin School braced up and held well, so that Somerville punted. It was a fine punt and almost rolled over the goal line, but Wood picked it up and gained a few yards before he was tackled by Storey. O'Neil made a few good gains between Nagle and Booth, and then Wood punted. Cuddy made a great run after he caught the ball. R. Pipe walked through the line for 10 yards, and then on the next rush nearly made a touchdown. R. Pipe was finally pushed over for a touchdown. C. Pipe missed the goal. Score, 11 to 0.

In the second half Somerville played a more brilliant game. Long runs were made by Cuddy and C. Pipe. A touchdown was scored by Cuddy. A goal was kicked. Two long runs were made on false kicks. These runs ought to have been stopped, because our team had seen this trick-play executed before and ought to have known how to stop it. These long runs enabled R. Pipe to try for two goals from the field, which he got very neatly. The last goal from the field was made just before time was called.

The game was a disappointment to the band of rooters that went out to Tufts Oval with a large purple and white banner. Some seemed to think that the banner was a "hoodoo," so the rooters won't carry it to the Hoppy game.

LINE-UP.

SOMERVILLE HIGH.

Storey, l.e.
Hatch, l.t.
White, l.g.
Cushman, c.
Rhelbrig, r.g.
Ball, } r.t.
Jones, }
Wiggin, r.e.
Fitts, q.b.
C. Pipe, r.h.b.
Cuddy, l.h.b.
R. Pipe, f.b.

BOSTON LATIN.

r.e., Price.
r.t., Gately.
r.g., Parmelee.
c., DeLong.
l.g., Booth.
l.t., Nagle.
l.e., Moulton.
q.b., Hurley.
r.h.b., Rand.
l.h.b., O'Neil.
f.b., Wood.

Score, Somerville High, 27. B. L. S., 0.

Touchdowns, White, R. Pipe, Cuddy; Goals from touchdowns, C. Pipe, 2; Goals from field, R. Pipe, 2. Umpire, Saul; Referee, Sears; Timer, Campbell. Time, 20-minute halves.

Notes.

Teddy Jackson is coxswain on the Harvard Freshman crew.

Dave Daly and Stillings are playing on their class team.

Bill Eaton is putting up a great fight for tackle on the Harvard 'Varsity.

Charlie Daly was "the" star of the Harvard v. U. of P. game. Twice he saved Harvard from being scored against, by his fine tackling. On his old quarter-back trick he made a brilliant run of 30 yards before he was downed. It was he that made the fair catch on the 40-yard line, from which a field goal was kicked.

Before the next edition of the REGISTER, Boston Latin will have played English High, let us hope that the fates are with us.

The school has secured the services of "Jack" Corbett as coach. He understands his business and is a fine coach. He coached the championship English High team last year, and it is hoped the players will take good advantage of his coaching.

B. L. S., '02, 5, Allstons, 11. Our Fourth Class team has scored, at any rate.

Teacher:—Patrick, will you be kind enough to run up that window?

Patrick:—Indade, sorr, and is it a floy thot yer take me fur?

"Two triangles are equal when the three sides of one are respectfully equal to the three sides of the other."

Translations.

Custodes praecedunt canesque comitantur erilem. "The guards precede and accompany their master singing."

Pellibus in morem cincti. "Clad in their skins according to custom."

Le dragon avait une longue queue. "The dragon had a long beard."

Mon lapin est mort. "My hair is dyed."

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LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER.

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An Evening with Edward Everett Hale.

Few of our older graduates are better known at the present day throughout the country and in other countries, too, than Dr. Hale; and with few ought our younger generation to have a more intimate acquaintance than with the author of "A Man Without a Country." If any one of my readers does not know this story, I advise him to get it immediately and read it; and when he has finished the story, if he is not filled anew with patriotism, if he does not feel a new and reverent love for his country, surely he must be strangely constituted.

Dr. Hale is at present pastor of the South Congregational Church of Boston, is president of the Lend a Hand Society, and is connected with many other organizations of various kinds; he often gives lectures and addresses in our own and other cities; yet in the midst of his many duties, he has always maintained great interest in the Latin School and anything connected with it. Two years ago he was present at our Washington's Birthday exercises and addressed the school; and since 1878 he has been vice-president of the B. L. S. Association. So, moved by a knowledge of his kindly feeling toward the school, two of the editors of the REGISTER, one evening in November, ascended the steps of a large, old house in Roxbury and asked for Dr. Hale.

We were ushered into a pleasant study and sat down beside a cheerful open fire. The room was almost full of books, and while waiting, we noticed over the fire-place the motto:

OLDE WOODE TO BURN, OLDE BOOKES TO READ,
OLDE FRIENDES TO TRUST.

At length the Doctor himself entered—an impressive figure, his large frame, massive head and deep-set eyes, his long hair and bushy eyebrows all combining to give him an almost patriarchal appearance, though at the age of seventy-six his life is fully as busy and accomplishes much more good than that of many a man of half his years. He greeted us cordially, and, sitting down opposite the fire, began

to tell us about the Latin School of earlier days. From one story he passed to another, telling everything in the most interesting manner, and for an hour and a half, which seemed not a third as long, he kept on with anecdotes—so many of them that we were afraid we should carry away but a small fraction of them. However, as nearly as we can remember them, we will give you some of the most interesting stories connected with our school.

The first Latin School building was on School Street, behind King's Chapel. There you may find a tablet marking the spot, near where the old man with the cocoanut cakes sits. In 1748 the school was removed, at the expense of the proprietors of the church, for their own accommodation, to the opposite side of the street, where the Parker House now stands. Here it was that old John Lovell ruled the school as his little kingdom for almost half the last century, his son James acting as his assistant in his later years. Their reign made the school famous, and boys were sent from all parts of New England and sometimes from the more distant colonies to be fitted for college here. As Dr. Hale stated in a recent magazine article, five of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence were Latin School boys: John Hancock, the President of that immortal Congress; Benjamin Franklin, whose statue stands now in front of our City Hall almost on the spot occupied in 1635 by the first school-house; Samuel Adams, Robert Treat Paine, and William Hooper. The last of these headed the list of the North Carolina signers, but he had received his education in the Boston Latin School and at Harvard College.

It was at the time when feeling was becoming strong against the tyranny of England that the boys of Boston made their famous protest to the English general against interference with their coast on School Street (not on the Common as has sometimes been stated). And these boys were no other than the pupils of the Latin School, represented by a committee of the First Class with Jonathan Darby Robbins as the spokesman. The complaint was that the

general's servant had kept putting ashes on their coast; the general himself knew nothing about the matter, but on calling his servant found the charge to be true. Thereupon he reprimanded the man and gave him orders to pour water on the coast on every cold night thereafter, to improve it rather than to spoil it. The boys went away highly gratified and proud of their success. Dr. Hale calls this the first Declaration of Independence.

Like Master Lovell and his son, the school-boys of that period were on different sides of the great controversy, and many were the heated discussions they had when they met at the school. The classes entering in 1765 and 1766 seem to have been about equally divided in their sympathies.

Some of these lads afterwards became prominent in fighting for their country or their king. There is a tradition that one who followed the royal fortunes entered the navy, and became an admiral, made a call at Boston with his ship some forty or fifty years later and visited the old school. It is even rumored that he found his name cut on one of the old benches, but that cannot be, for surely no youth of those heroic times would willfully engage in the mutilation of city property!

In Lovell's time, the boys had two vacations annually, the one at election time, the other for the Harvard Commencement. The master, like some great men of our day, was fond of angling, and used to spend many of his periods of recreation in fishing at Spot Pond in Stoneham. For the rest of the year he lived in the house on School Street which, with a fair-sized garden, was furnished him by the town. This garden was always well cultivated, for the master used to allow the pupils of the highest rank in his classes to work in it as an especial reward of merit. On the same plan he sawed his wood and bottled his cider.

On the 19th of April, 1775, when it became known that General Gage had sent troops to destroy the stores collected at Lexington and Concord, though the result of that expedition was not yet known, the stern old Tory dismissed his scholars with the words which every Latin School boy must know by heart: "War's begun; school's done.—*Deponite libros.*" The school remained closed till the evacuation of Boston in March of the next year. It was then united with the North Grammar School, and continued so for several years.

Little is heard of the school for some time after the opening of the present century, and the fact is that it had been a great deal weakened by various circumstances, until in 1814 there were but thirty-five pupils altogether, taught by the master and one assistant. In that year, a young man who had only just graduated from Harvard, but was a noted scholar—Benjamin Apthorp Gould, whose portrait hangs

on the left of the platform in the school hall—was appointed Head Master. He was a man of strong character and high ideals, as well as of great learning. Under his direction the school in a short time regained its former high standing. The new master was very strict, yet the school increased in size very fast. The first year thirty new boys were admitted, the next fifty, and in 1816, sixty; so that by 1823 the whole number of scholars was 225, and six instructors were necessary—the master, sub-master, and four assistants or "ushers." One of the new rules was that, to prevent interruption of classes, boys should enter the school only at one time in the year. This time was "the Friday next preceding the Commencement at Cambridge," which seems to have been so important and well-known an event as to need no more definite date. Another was that any boy who was tardy should not be allowed to enter for that half day, and should bring a satisfactory excuse for *absence* before being permitted to resume his place in school. These rules seem to us very strict, but they were necessary then, for the previous government of the school had been very lax.

The course and the method of study were very different from ours. Boys entered at the age of nine years, and their first work was to learn the Latin grammar by heart. Day in and day out for six or eight months this was their only study. What wonder that most of those who lived through it came out such remarkable Latin scholars! Fortunately for them the grammars of that time were not so compendious as ours, though Dr. Hale mentioned one rule containing a list of thirty-seven Latin nouns which every one must know by heart and be able to spin off if any one of the thirty-seven appeared in the day's lesson. The school was divided into five classes, and during the first three years the pupil studied nothing but Latin and Greek. The regular school hours were from eight to twelve and from three to six in summer, from nine to twelve and from three to five in winter. For these first three years, however, the boys were dismissed at eleven o'clock "to attend some private school for reading, writing, and the elements of arithmetic." For their last two years they stayed till twelve and learned, besides their classics, geography, rhetoric, arithmetic, geometry, and algebra. Apparently, the country was too young then for much history of itself, and too much engaged in pushing ahead to care for the modern languages or the history of other nations. It is evidently a modern idea that "variety is the spice of life," for the scholars at that time in the Latin School used to study Latin for a whole month at a time, and then take up Greek or arithmetic in the same way. If a physics lesson of three hours is sometimes a trifle wearying, let us give thanks that we were not born in time to study Latin and Greek by monthly periods.

One of the grievances of our Puritan fathers when they left England was that they were not allowed to attend or give any lectures other than the regular Sunday services of the Established Church. Therefore, upon arrival in this free country, they quickly availed themselves of their wider liberty by establishing the "Thursday Lecture" in Boston and other principal towns. People from all the country round came to town on "lecture day," so, as a matter of course, school was dismissed for that half day that the scholars might attend the lecture. Time passed and so did the lecture; but long after their passing away the schools continued to have Thursday afternoon as a half-holiday. At length, in the early part of this century, a sensible committee decided that if a half day were to be given it had better be in the middle of the week. Thus it happened that our parents were given Wednesday and Saturday afternoons for school holidays; having one whole day of vacation from school every week is comparatively a "modern invention."

Under Mr. Gould's energetic and practical training were brought up three future principals of the school—Charles Knapp Dillaway, Epes Sargent Dixwell, and Francis Gardner. Edward Everett Hale entered the school in 1830 and graduated in 1835, thus seeing the end of Gould's administration and part of Dillaway's. Francis Gardner came back to the school as an usher in 1831, and remained as teacher till his death in 1876. During Dr. Hale's course, public declamations used to be held in the hall once a week, the four upper classes speaking by turns and the youngest class listening. Each boy in the class spoke and at the conclusion of the piece any teacher or member of his class, and after them any member of the school, had the privilege of correcting the speaker on pronunciation or violations of the text.

After the declamation the boys used often to engage in a contest of memory and knowledge known as "capping verses." The head boy of the school would begin the exercise by quoting some verse of Latin poetry, such as the well-known first line of the *Aeneid*,—

Arma virumque cano, Troiæ qui primus ab oris;

the next boy in order must follow with a verse beginning with *S*, because that was the final letter of the preceding verse. If he gave such a verse as

Siste gradum, teque aspectu ne subtrahæ nostro,

the next boy must have one ready beginning with *O*. The two lower classes, since they did not study Latin poetry, of course formed the audience. All the rest of the school entered the contest and often kept it up as long as two hours, until by the process of elimination, so well known in the country school spelling-match, any boy who failed to make the connection

dropping out, the winner was at last found. The scholars used to take great pleasure in watching or taking part in these matches, in which a good memory and readiness of thought were so necessary, and, under the guise of a game, they learned a large amount of Latin verse. Many of the boys would keep blank-books and copy in them every day some "S-verses" or "M-verses" or others picked out from the day's lesson.

To illustrate the thorough method in which Latin, if little else, was taught at that time, Dr. Hale tells an incident of later years. He was visiting the city of Buda-Pesth some twenty or more years ago, at a time when the Hungarians had just won a victory over the Austrians and were so proud of it that they determined not to speak German, the language of Austria, any longer. Few of them could speak French and Dr. Hale was at first in a quandary to make himself understood. He finally escaped from the difficulty by talking Latin. When he asked a man with whom he was talking how it was that he was so well acquainted with this dead language, the answer was: "When I was a mere child I was sent to a monastery, and there told that if I were heard to speak anything but Latin after a month's stay I should be flogged. I learned Latin."

There was much more opportunity for social intercourse at the first of the century than now. Boston was then but a town of no very great size. Some boy would say at the close of school, "My father's ship came in this morning; let's go down and see it unloaded." Then a crowd would run down to the wharves, which were not so far away then as now, to watch this interesting operation. The greater part of the scholars lived within a radius of a quarter or half mile of the building, and neighbors knew each other better than they do now.

Everybody knew Mr. Evarts, the treasurer of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, so his son, who entered the school in 1828, and afterwards became the great statesman, William Evarts, was a well-known figure among the boys. Dr. Hale describes him as of graceful and elegant appearance, the best declaimer in his class. The story is told of him that when he was Secretary of State under Hayes he was hindered considerably by office-seekers. One day upon entering the Capitol he was beset by a number of men, one looking for a consulship in Germany, another for a post in France, and others for still different places. Evarts ushered them all into the elevator and stepped in himself. As it began to rise he turned and said: "Well, gentlemen, this is the greatest collection for foreign missions that I ever saw taken up at one time."

Dr. Hale graduated from the Latin School in 1835. He returned in 1839 for two years as an usher. When we asked what the chief difference was be-

tween an usher and any other teacher, he replied, "The salary." There were nine graduates in 1835, seven of whom went to Harvard, one to Yale, and one to Brown. Hale was class poet that year, and as he said, never knew till fifty years later, what a splendid opportunity for poetizing he failed to grasp. In 1885 was celebrated the 250th anniversary of the school, and then it came across him that his own graduation year had been the second centennial and no one had said a word about it. Anniversaries were little thought of then. But when the third centennial comes who can tell how widely we who are now members of the Latin School may be scattered? In how many different walks of life we may be found? Only let us hope that wherever we are we may be true to the ideals and to the teachings of the Latin School, and may make her as justly proud of us as she is of her past graduates.

L. R. C.

Latin School Boys of '61.

BY A. L. RICHARDS.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

It is generally admitted by all who witnessed the departure of the Webster Regiment from Boston, July 23, 1861, that it was the most impressive scene of its kind ever enacted in the streets of the historic old town. For three months excitement in Boston had been increasing and now it had reached its highest pitch of intensity. News of the disasters at Bull Run had just arrived; Union troops were hurrying northward before the victorious Confederates; Washington might be in flames! When, then, that gallant band of defenders, eleven hundred strong, magnificently equipped through the liberality of Boston citizens, and led by the only son of the great advocate of Liberty and Union, marched through the city to the inspiring notes of "John Brown's Body," * eleven hundred voices joining in one mighty chorus, what wonder that popular enthusiasm burst forth into a scene of the wildest excitement? At eight o'clock that evening, a long train of twenty-one cars pulled out of the Old Colony depot, bearing away many a young man destined never again to return. Among them was a Latin School boy with whose features most of us are familiar through a portrait

* This song had just been originated by the troops at Fort Warren, and the Twelfth had adopted it as their song. It afterwards spread like wild-fire among the Union troops in the South.

which hangs in our hall and bears the following inscription:

1ST LIEUT. WM. GREENOUGH WHITE.

Co. A., 12th Mass. Regt.

*Killed by the bursting of a shell at Antietam,
September 17, 1862.*

The subject of this portrait was born April 13, 1840. His father, Ferdinand E. White, was a prosperous Boston merchant of considerable note in business circles of his day. His mother, Dorothy Gardner White, was a descendant of John Hancock, and a cousin to Francis Gardner, our former head master.

At the age of twelve he entered the Latin School with the intention of taking a subsequent college course; but later on he changed his plans, and shortly after his graduation became connected with a well-known Boston firm of brokers. A bright future was seemingly in store for him.

By this time he had developed into a very tall young man, being over six feet in height, rather slender of build, erect, and prepossessing in countenance and manners. He had a most amiable disposition which, combined with an upright and stable character, won him a host of friends, by whom he was loved and respected. He was exceptionally good-natured and cheerful and a great favorite in his own home.

April 13, 1861, was a momentous date in William White's career. It was on that day that his country first bestowed upon him the full rights of citizenship, and then in the same breath, as it were, called upon him to perform the highest, noblest duty of a citizen, to offer his life in her defence. On the previous day, you know, that fatal sound, starting at Fort Sumter, had rolled across the continent like the rumbling of a mighty earthquake, threatening to rend our land in sunder. Eight days later, from the balcony of the Old State House, Fletcher Webster, addressing a vast crowd of citizens, urged them to follow him to the battle-field, and William G. White was among the first to respond to the call.

Some time previous to this he had joined the Independent Corps of Cadets, where he had acquired considerable knowledge of military matters, and now he received a first lieutenant's commission. The Twelfth Regiment was then sent to Fort Warren to be drilled, and there it remained until its final departure from the North.

"You may be sure of one thing, mother,"

said young Lieutenant White at the last parting from home, "and that is that I shall never be shot in the back."

Four days after leaving Boston, the Twelfth arrived at Sandy Hook, Md. Then began a long, dull, disagreeable campaign—a lengthy series of encampments, drills, and fatiguing marches, made in all sorts of weather, back and forth, through the forests and swamps, and over the hills and streams of Maryland and Virginia. All this proved very tedious to the ardent young lieutenant, as his home letters written at that time show; but service of a more dangerous and exciting sort was in store for him. In June, 1862, the Twelfth was transferred to the Army of Virginia under General Pope, and it was at Cedar Mountain that the Webster Regiment first met the enemy.

Just before this battle was fought, Lieutenant White had a severe attack of slow fever, and so was left behind when the final advance to the battle-ground was made. When, however, he heard that the Union troops were being beaten, weak as he was, he left the hospital and hurried forward into the fight, and during the retreat that followed, he kept at his post in his company until he fainted and fell in the road. He was taken in an ambulance to Washington, where he had a relapse of the fever.

Mr. George Kimball, present secretary of the Twelfth Regiment Association, who served in Lieutenant White's company throughout the war, gives the following interesting account of the next and the last battle in which the lieutenant fought.

"Bull Run, Chantilly, and South Mountain had passed into history. We now stood face to face with the army of Lee at Antietam. The Army of the Potomac was at last together and conscious of its strength. It was the night before the great 'ball opened,' and we lay near the cornfield which the next day was so thickly strewn with the dead of both sides. I shall never forget that night. The moon shone in all her splendor, while it seemed to me as though she ought to hide her face. Now and then a livid flash and a screaming shell over our heads told us that the enemy was near at hand, while the crack of rifles in front showed that the pickets were at it. Just as we were lying down for a little sleep,—for we were very tired,—with our muskets beside us and our equipments on, an unusual stir and bustle, with hand-shakings and God-bless-yous announced the presence of our

Lieutenant.* He had again broken away from his keepers, but was no more fit to endure the rigors of campaigning than before. His face was pale, his eyes sunken, his limbs weak, but his soul was on fire. News of an impending battle had taken him from his bed again, and brought him to us in spite of the protests of surgeons and nurses. We shared our rations with him, for he had none, and rolled him up in blankets, and he slept that night between two privates as peacefully as a child.

"As the gray dawn began to appear on that memorable 17th of September, the 'dogs of war' were let loose, and 'Stonewall's' heroes, elated with their easy victory at Harper's Ferry, were in our front. Down to Ricketts came the order, 'Send up your best brigade,' and Hartsuff marched us forward as regularly as on parade.

"A dozen rods beyond the edge of the cornfield, we struck their skirmish line and brushed it away. As we moved on, our brave Lieutenant, tall and erect as a statue, was a conspicuous figure in the line. We were within fifty yards of the fatal ridge beyond the cornfield where we opened fire, when he was struck in the foot by a bullet. It was a bad wound, as two of his toes were cut away, but he only stopped a moment while we were pulling down a fence. The major advised him to go to the rear but he only smiled and said he was 'worth a dozen dead men yet.' We started up the rise and our Lieutenant followed, his cheery voice ringing out clear and loud. Men were falling very fast. Our Lieutenant was hit again. This time the fragment of a shell struck one of his shoulders, with a shock that hurled him to the ground. He quickly rose to his feet, however, and again his voice was heard above the din of battle. Soon our ranks became terribly thinned, and he began to move those who were yet in line up nearer the colors. 'Let us die under the flag, boys,' he cried. We had reached the colors—we had a long way to go, too, there were such frightful gaps in the line—when he was struck again, and wounded in a most terrible manner, but as he lay at our feet, we could hear him calling out: 'Don't mind me; give it to them, boys.'

"Soon after this, supports came up, and we were ordered back. There were only seven of

* He was now in command of the company, as the captain had been killed in a previous battle. Papers for his promotion were being made out at the time.

our company left out of the thirty who entered the fight* and four of us, including myself, took up the Lieutenant, placed him tenderly on a blanket, and started back through the cornfield. We left him at Poffenburger's house, and he died that afternoon. Those who were with him say that he was brave and conscious to the last."

The remains of the noble young soldier was sent back to his home. The funeral, held in St. Paul's Church, was attended by a large number of relatives and friends, including his old comrades, the Independent Corps of Cadets, who were there in a body. He was buried at Mount Auburn.

"Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave;
No ban of endless night exiles the brave."

[We wish to express our obligation to the following persons for information and assistance given us in compiling the above: Mrs. F. J. Bumstead, Mrs. J. Gardner White, Mr. C. J. Capen, and Mr. George Kimball.]

Summering with Uncle Sam.

After the *Maine* was blown up, and when the dark clouds of war began to hover over us, I, like every true American, was seized with a desire to fight the battles of my country, and tried my very hardest to enlist in one of the regiments of the State Militia.

I was told in the State Militia that I was too young, too small, could not endure the hardships of a campaign, and, with assurances that my war fever would soon subside, I was dismissed. At that time, I was sorry to think that my military training could not be increased; now I am glad to know that no attempt was made to increase it, for subsequent events proved to me that my training was sufficient. I had the training, all that was necessary was to put that training into practice, and surely I could do that as well in a school regiment as in any regiment not actively engaged.

After being refused by the State Militia, I applied for admission to the State Signal Corps. The Signal Officer looked at me and smilingly asked me if I had any qualifications, and when I answered, in a tone of pride, that I had the honor to be the signal officer of the 2d Regt., B. S. C., his smile developed into a hearty laugh. He finally consented, after much urging on my part, to try me and see of how much worth as a signal-man I was. I attended

the drills of that corps for six weeks, signalling as well and as fast as I knew how. I was finally told that though my signalling was excellent, my physique was very much below the requirements for one nineteen years old, the age I had given. I was again dismissed. I was greatly discouraged over this second dismissal and was about ready to cease my efforts to fight my country's battles, when an officer of the Volunteer Signal Corps, Capt. Clark by name, was ordered to Boston to recruit a company of signal-men. I immediately made application to him for a place in his company, telling him in my letter of application that I was connected with the Boston Latin School Signal Corps. I received a letter in reply saying that my application was at hand and that it would be considered. I thought that this letter would end the affair, but, to my great surprise, I received a letter a few days after, asking me to report at the East Armory for examination. I was tested with the flags, heliograph, and telegraph machine, and on Saturday, June 18, the day after that day which we who live in Charlestown celebrate, I was subjected to a rigid physical examination. The doctor who examined me said that I was a wiry, muscular fellow, but that I was not yet fully developed. I was passed, however, and I was at last given an opportunity to go forth and help fight the battles of my country. My friends, that's the only time that I ever went looking for fight, and, as is generally the case, I got it.

Well, on the 27th day of June, the Monday after school closed, I departed from the Boston & Albany depot, bound for Washington, D. C. I shall never forget the scene at the station as the train pulled out. We were only a small detachment of men, sixty-five in number, yet there were as many people at the station as there would have been if a regiment were departing. At that time every one was interested in the war, and the excitement was intense.

The sadness of departure was diminished by its nature, and, for once, I was glad to leave old Boston. Indeed, I believe we all joined in a grand chorus of "I don't care if we never come back," which was rather humorous although it does seem *mal à propos*.

We arrived in Washington on the next evening, much wearied by our long ride, which was not made in Pullman cars. It was raining very hard when we arrived in Washington, and as no provision had been made to receive us, we had to march in a disagreeable rain to the barracks, a distance of three or four miles.

*In this battle, the Twelfth lost 222 out of 262 men, a loss of nearly 85 per cent.

After standing in our wet clothes for two or three hours, we were finally given supper, which consisted of beef stew, bread, and coffee. The stew was an awful mess, a mixture of adulterated water, potatoes, and chunks of beef; the bread reminded me of the kind that mother used to make—it was so vastly different—and the coffee was a concoction that I thought would kill me. My first army meal was the worst meal that I had ever eaten up to that time, but I think it was the best army meal I ever ate. I venture to say that had I received that same meal in Tampa or Santiago I would have eaten it with as much relish as I shall eat my Christmas dinner.

The Washington barracks, where we were quartered during our stay in Washington, is a very old and uninviting garrison, which has been practically unoccupied since the Civil War. It was turned over to the Signal Corps by the War Department to be used as a camp of instruction for the Volunteer Signal Corps. It is situated on the banks of the Potomac, and from the water's edge you can see Fredericksburg, Alexandria, Mt. Vernon, and the other historic places along the Potomac. While we were here we were put through a severe course in signalling with flags, heliographs, torches by night, and also in telegraphing. While here I was also taught to groom and look out for a horse. We were taught to be veritable "Rough Riders," if I may borrow the term, for we were made to ride the horses without saddle or stirrups, and I will add that it did not add to my comfort. We learned to make pretty salutes when we saw a shoulder-strap, and were taught to be good soldiers.

We were in Washington when the news of the destruction of Cervera's fleet came. I had a rather inglorious Fourth, spending the greater part of the day in writing stirring patriotic letters.

We were beginning to tire of barracks life and to become restless because of our inactivity, when on the 8th of July we were ordered to join General Shafter's command in Cuba. There was no more restlessness with us. For three days all was hustle, bustle and excitement, preparing for our departure. I telegraphed home from the Capitol, announcing my promotion and our orders to proceed to Cuba at once. I was then most happy to think of the opportunity to go to Cuba and fight there, an opportunity that was wasted by the tardiness and red tape of the quartermaster's department in furnishing transportation. We were held up in Tampa, where many interesting

events took place, which I shall be pleased to tell you about in the next edition of the REGISTER.

W. F. M., '00.

What Character in the War has been Worthiest of the Emulation of American Youth?

Could we find the character in which the greatest number of virtues were present in their highest degree, surely this would be most deserving of our emulation. And where among all the heroes of the war can we find this character but in the man who has been the soul of the whole enterprise? Many a man is famous for some particular excellence; but the perfect symmetry of the character of our President, his many excellences kept in steady balance, is what has given him the confidence and admiration of the whole nation.

President McKinley is a noble example of dignity and self-control. His wisdom in standing for peace till the last moment is now generally recognized; but to resist the tremendous opposition which his policy at first raised required a stronger than merely physical courage. His devotion to duty, patience in the countless details of his work, cheerfulness under the terrible strain of responsibility, and courtesy to the people who constantly thronged to see him, have won the admiration even of his opponents. Though he loves his country best, he never fails in his devotion to his family. His greatest strength is his reliance on Almighty God, and he has ever given the credit of our country's achievements to Him whose due it is. Surely the name of McKinley will be treasured with those of Washington and Lincoln in the heart of every youthful citizen of America.

M. F. A., '99.

This letter explains itself:

HARVARD COLLEGE,

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., December 15, 1898.

DEAR DR. MERRILL:

You cannot have failed to notice that Henry L. Seaver, Francis O. White, and Durant F. Drake have all won positions in our highest Group of scholarship holders. This keeps up pretty well the record of the Boston Latin School.

Sincerely yours,

L. B. R. BRIGGS,

Dean of Harvard College.

Dr. Moses Merrill.

THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER.

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ANDREW JAMES COPP, JR. . . Business Manager.

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DECEMBER, 1898.

The REGISTER wishes all its readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, with good weather during the vacation.

Since Warren Avenue was macadamized some years ago it has been used a great deal by heavy teams. As the traffic has increased and the road gradually worn into poor condition the Latin School has been subjected to continually increasing annoyance from the noise. The disturbance is greatest, of course, in the spring and fall, when there is no snow to deaden the sound of wheels and when the windows of the school-rooms must be open for ventilation. Last spring it seemed as if the last point of endurance had been reached, and the teachers sent a unanimous petition to the Board of Aldermen asking either that heavy traffic be prohibited on the avenue between Clarendon and Dartmouth Streets, between the hours of nine and two on school days, or that that portion of the avenue be paved with asphalt.

These are the facts of the matter and this is the way it stood at the close of school for the summer vacation, and so it stands at present. The first request cannot be legally granted; the second could not be granted because there were no funds. Yet since school reopened the annoyance has been greater than ever before; during September and October there were frequently times when, in the course of one recitation, an

instructor would be obliged to pause several times for a minute or more, because it was impossible to hear the boy reciting.

These facts all tend to prove that it is an imperative necessity for the Latin School to have an asphalt pavement in front of the school-house. As we may suppose that the Street Department makes good resolutions at New Year's time, let us endeavor to see that this matter is brought to its attention, that among its foremost resolutions may be this one:

"That the portion of Warren Avenue between Clarendon and Dartmouth Streets be paved with asphalt immediately."

The school acknowledges, with thanks, the services of those members of the city government who have already made special efforts to secure the granting of our petition.

For four years the supporters of the Latin School team have taken their way to the South End grounds on Thanksgiving morning, some with hopes of a close game, others with no hopes at all, and for three years have returned at noon feeling very thankful—that the defeat was no worse. But this year there was a change in the course of events. To the surprise of every one, the players themselves included, the High School team was vanquished with a score of 5 to 0. There was plenty of sunshine on the B. L. S. bleachers then, though the sky and the ground seemed to indicate that this was not the prevailing condition of the weather elsewhere. Our Thanksgiving dinners could be eaten with an extra relish this year, and we might well take advantage of our opportunity to crow a little, since we have not had a chance to do so for some time.

The tie between Brookline, Hoppy, and the Latin School for fourth place in the league cannot now be played out till next year. The loser will play Dorchester High, the champion of the Junior League for 1898. While we hope there will be no danger that the Latin School will be a candidate for the Junior League, this situation may have to be faced next year, and as a B. L. S. team is a rather uncertain quantity at the first of the year, the result cannot well be foretold. Yet, from the experience of this year and of previous years, our chances seem very fair in any contest with Dorchester. At any rate we need not cross the bridge till we come to it and may, meanwhile, hope for the best.

Names of our volunteers in the Spanish war are coming in slowly, and there must be many more yet to come. We wish to thank those who have already sent in names, and to urge all the rest to increased efforts. Just take a little of your vacation time and if you can find out about any Latin School man who enlisted, whether he was in active service or not, send in his name, rank, regiment or ship, and, if possible, the class of which he was a member.

The dance committee's hopes of having the party on Jan. 2 have been disappointed. We are not to have that day as a holiday, so the next Saturday, Jan. 7, has been decided upon as the date for the dance. (See under Military Affairs.)

Notes.

R. E. Webster, '99, has left us for the Brookline High School.

E. W. C. Jackson, '98, is on the Freshman and the Varsity Glee Clubs at Harvard.

It seems strange indeed, after so long a rest from military drill, to have the study-hours shortened again on Tuesdays and Fridays.

An ice polo team is being formed, and about twenty candidates have come out. With this material to pick from, we ought to get a good team.

Thirty-three years' teaching with but two days' absence up to the present time, may well entitle Mr. Chadwick to a little longer vacation than usual this month. However, the "concomitant circumstances" are not the most agreeable, and we extend our sympathy to our instructor in his illness.

Several books have recently been added to our school library. The B. L. S. A. has given Holm's "History of Greece" in four volumes, and "The Statesman's Year Book for 1898;" Hon. John F. Fitzgerald has presented Volumes IV. and VIII. of the "Messages and Papers of the Presidents." "A History of Painting," "A History of Sculpture," and "A History of Architecture," have been placed in the library by the City of Boston; and the B. L. S. Association has furnished three other books: "Educational Reform," by President Eliot of Harvard; the "American Historical Review," volumes I. to III. (1895 to 1898); and "Formenlehre der Lateinischen Sprache" von Friedrich Neue (volumes II. and III.)

John Chapin Lane.

In connection with the fitting remarks made by our Head-Master in his announcement to the school of the death of one of our prominent graduates, the late John Chapin Lane, the following may be of some interest to our readers.

Mr. Lane was descended from the oldest Puritan stock in America, the Pages and Lanes, who settled in the town of Bedford in the early part of the seventeenth century. Nathaniel Page, Mr. Lane's great-grandfather, was the standard bearer of the Bedford Company at Lexington and Concord, the standard being an ancestral banner which the Page family had brought over with them from England.

Mr. Lane graduated from the Latin School in 1871, at the age of nineteen. He stood among the first in his class throughout his whole course, receiving a Franklin medal upon graduation. While in the school he showed great talent as a debater and was founder and president of a debating society.

He graduated from Harvard in 1875, took a subsequent course at the Boston University Law School, and shortly after graduation became a member of the law firm of Morse, Loomis & Lane. At the time of his death, he was one of the most trusted and prominent commercial lawyers of Boston.

Although greatly interested in public matters, he was by no means a "politician" in the common sense, never sought office, and was noted for the unselfishness with which he devoted his time and means to promote public welfare.

He always retained a loyal interest in our school, and was ever ready and willing to help us in any way he could. By his death, the Latin School has lost a worthy son and a true friend.

A. L. R.

In the State House.

Did you ever stop to think, young man, of who has trod this floor?

Wonder at the sorts and kinds that must have passed it o'er?

Men of greatness, men of fame, men long since returned to dust,

Some with patent leathers shining, some with cowhides brown with rust;

Some among this motley throng that have made their names renowned,

Some that never owned a dollar—some were valued by the *pound!*

Many in a long procession, found the goal within their reach.

As they pass in memory by you, as you stop and say of each,

"He has made his mark among us, he is famous evermore!"

Look, and tell me, has their footgear made its mark upon this floor? L. C. W., '01.

Maternus.

"To-morrow! Oh! why so soon? Must this pitiless army always take you from me, Marcus? After months of campaigning you come home worn out and homesick. You will rest a little while and see a certain maiden who has been waiting your return. At last some pleasure is in store for you. But no. In steps the government, 'Marcus Maternus is needed on the frontier. So valuable a centurion cannot be spared. He will join his legion at once.' O, I hate it, hate it—government, army, Commodus, all!"

"Softly, Fulvia, softly. No one knows better than you how loath I am to leave, but what needs be, must be; there is no gain-saying the imperial will. A little patience, *carissima*, and when I come back there is a threshold I know which will be wreathed with garlands, and a house which will gain a mistress. And bear in mind, little one, that it is not always safe to speak thus of the divine emperor."

"'Divine emperor' indeed! Why, it was only yesterday that he passed through the street in a litter, stretched out on his lion skin, and rolling his drunken eyes from side to side. When he was about opposite, he happened to look up towards my window, and it made me shudder to see his bloated face and blood-shot eyes fixed on mine. Just then, however, one of his bearers stumbled, nearly pitching this mighty Hercules to the ground, and the litter passed on to the accompaniment of his curses."

"What! Did the monster really see you? O, why were you not more careful, Fulvia? A tyrant's notice is a dangerous thing."

"Yours are a lover's fears, Marcus. You think that all the world has eyes for me alone, because, forsooth, you yourself have been caught in my snares. But if your jealousy must vent itself, there is your friend and comrade, Albius, who is so much in love with me that he scarcely eats at all, now,—imagine Albius! The other day—"

All at once she broke off. Maternus was not paying attention to her, but was looking up the street. She followed the direction of his eyes and noticed a small body of legionaries approaching them. She tottered and grasped tight hold of Maternus' arm. As though afar off, she heard him hail the decurion, heard a few hurried words, foremost of which was *Imperator*, and then the voice of Maternus rang out, "No, never!" After that there was the sound of blows, a soldier's cry, and she knew no more.

* * * *

We are in southern Gaul. Two men are standing beside an open tent on a hill slope lit by the afternoon sun. "The fight was easily won, Albius," said one, breaking in upon the silence. "Not for nothing have I gathered round me the pick of the emperor's legions—brave hearts and free spirits, who were sick of a drunken tyrant's rule. As my lieutenant, you have watched the band grow from a handful of freebooters to a fully organized legion. At first the provincial governors shut their eyes to our proceedings; now, when it is too late, they see their mistake. To-day has witnessed our victory over their ill-fed, ill-paid troops, and now we are strong enough to strike."

"Albius, you joined the band because you loved Fulvia, and because you hoped for revenge. All personal feeling was laid aside, and we have worked together like true comrades. Now, if my next plan succeeds, I alone shall be the gainer. If you have any hesitation about helping me win Fulvia for myself, now is the time to draw back; either leave the camp freely, or stay and be bound to my enterprise."

Albius was silent for a moment. Then in a strange and unnatural voice he replied, "What can I do with my unaided arm, when you have a thousand blades at your back? Of what avail would it be for me to leave you now? I should only lose all hope of revenge. It is a hard thing, this which has been put upon me, to help another win what I myself desire. And yet it must needs be so. Maternus, I am afraid of myself. I do not know my own mind or what lies in it. In despair I choose to stay with you. What is your plan?"

"This place will not be safe for us much longer, strong as we are. We must move quickly or the troops of the whole province will be about our ears. In a short while the feast of the Great Mother will be held. We must disband and during the festival meet in disguise at Rome."

"Ah, Rome! But what do you purpose there?"

"To slay Commodus with my own hand, and mount the imperial throne."

* * * *

"Look at that tipsy freeman over yonder, Consus. By Hercules, it is Statius. Who would have known him? More wine, my host, more wine! There will be rare sport this afternoon sticking the imperial pig—"

A large hand was laid over the speaker's mouth, while a man whose military bearing

was ill concealed by an artisan's dress, carefully administered a blow on his stomach, with the result that he doubled up like a pocket rule.

"What shall we do, Statius?" It was the artisan who spoke. "The man is blind drunk. It is hardly military courtesy to strike a superior officer like Albius, but I thought I felt the fatal noose tickling my neck as he uttered those words, and I have no mind to end my career in the Tiber."

"I suppose he drank to give himself courage. And every one knows how jealous he is of Maternus."

Just then the man in question opened his eyes. "I tell you he will make mincemeat of your emperor."

Again he was stopped, but this time it was too late. The keeper of the small wine-shop in which they were had overheard both remarks, and, thinking they were too suspicious to let pass, called on the rest of the men who were there to seize Albius. This they did, Statius and Consus escaping in the confusion. Some soldiers were hailed from outside, and Albius was led off.

The festival of the Great Mother was at its height. Groups of roysterers brushed past continually, as the band hurried on. The open air and the sense of danger quickly sobered Albius, where other means would have failed. He began to realize to what his folly had led him.

As chance would have it, Commodus had a twinge of conscience that day, and was amusing himself by hearing cases, so the accused was speedily led before him.

"Sire, this man has been overheard speaking of a plot to assassinate you."

Commodus frowned. It was the imperial frown and Albius knew what it meant—it meant death. Suddenly all regard for honor and friendship left him. He was a mere brute man, fighting for his life.

"Sire, it is true. There is a conspiracy and I know of it. I only crave two things, my life and the woman Fulvia, whom you know. If these are granted me, I will make a full confession of the most daring attempt against your life that ever hoped for success; but otherwise I will meet my death in silence and leave you to your fate."

"These are high words for a criminal to use. Since when has it been the custom for a condemned man to command his emperor? Yet, if all be as you say, I will make an exception this once and grant you your life. If not, to

the rack you go first, and then to the Tiber. As to Fulvia, I long ago tired of her. She is in the palace and you may have her. Now let us have that plot."

Albius took courage, for he saw that in his heart of hearts Commodus was afraid.

"Sire, you have doubtless heard of Maternus, who has utterly defeated your troops in the province of Gaul. This man was to have married Fulvia. You took her, and he turned robber, seeking revenge. After his late victory, his men disbanded, and now there is not a street in Rome but what is thronged with them." Then he went on to give particulars as to time and place, and was dismissed at the end of half an hour.

* * * *

The Forum was packed with a seething mass of people. In the centre an altar had been erected, and round it were ranged the priests of Cybele, waiting for the emperor to assist in the sacrifice. At last he arrived, accompanied by his legionaries, who were drawn up in close order around him. He had stepped forward to begin the sacrifice, when a priest suddenly sprang at him. At this, as at a signal, scores of men, dressed as mechanics, artisans, slaves and freedmen, leaped towards the soldiers, drawing swords from beneath their garments as they ran. The legionaries had been forewarned, however, and met their attack with a stubborn resistance, driving them back step by step. The attack that must have succeeded, had it been a surprise, became a massacre through treachery. Maternus himself—the priest who sprang at the emperor—finding himself foiled, set his back to the altar and fought to the last.

The next morning his body was found on the altar, and across it lay the body of a woman, transfixed by his sword.

L. W., '99.

Class Room Echoes.

Boy declaiming—

"She ran no fatal leap

She sprang upon no rock."

In the French class:

"*Nous sommes une race rusée.*"

"We are a rustic race."

"*Savez-vous pourquoi j'étais si triste hier?*" "You know why I have so sad a history."

In the English class:

"Every Thanksgiving the President and Mayor of each state issue a proclamation."

Harvard Notes.

The election for the football captaincy this year disappointed the friends of Charlie Daly and placed W. A. Burden in the most notable athletic office in the college. The circumstances of the election this year were a little different from the ordinary. As a rule there is one man whose playing during the year stamps him emphatically as the man for captain. This year the man naturally thought of was Daly, who won more effusive praise both for skill and for generalship than has been lavished on any player in college circles of late years. Moreover, his position was the ideal one for a captain, but his age undoubtedly worked against him, though it is hard to see why it should in view of his masterly head-work even in this his first year of 'Varsity experience. Perhaps, too, the fact that he did not captain his school team may have had a sinister influence, though that fact, too, might well have been discounted in consideration of the method of choosing captains in preparatory schools. But the great objection to Daly was that he has two more years in the college, and it is the custom, and generally speaking a wise custom, to choose a Junior for captain. Still, we are all sorry for Daly—much more so, apparently, than he is for himself—and we cannot help feeling that if the election had taken place, as usual, after the Yale game, the hero of the day would have won. Yet this policy of holding elections under the influence of enthusiasm has its bad points.

General opinion, to be sure, picks Daly as the sure successor of Burden. Many things, however, may influence the next election. It is hardly within the bounds of probability that Daly's playing will fall off, but should an accident put him out of the game next year, another hero might usurp his place and the college become forgetful of his past services. Hallowell's undoubted capacity as a captain, aided by the charming personality which has won him such popularity, may win him the honor; or Reid's unquestioning earnestness and industry may meet with the reward which all must admit it well deserves. So, at least, we can feel that the Harvard team of 1900 will be well captained. We can add to this that if Hallowell should be content to devote his executive abilities to the track team, and Reid his to the baseball team, there would be three teams instead of one with unexceptionable leaders.

"Ned" Murphy was making a strong contest for half-back on the Freshman team this fall until an inopportune injury put him out of the game. He had up to this point been regarded as, in spite of his lightness, the equal of any player on the squad.

Wm. J. Nagle is ploughing up the Charles in a single scull in preparation for the 'Varsity crew. He has had little experience, but is looked on as a coming man, and may be one of the crew before his term is completed.

Two of the most prominent men in the Weld Boat Club are G. O. Clark and Gerald Blake, both ex-'97 men.

The Latin School had a good representation on the class teams this year. Perhaps its best representative was E. P. Davis, '95, whose good work at half-back won the class-championship for '99.

Landry and Fotch, '97, are showing up prominently in chess circles this year, both of them finishing very near the top in the fall tournament.

E. L. Logan has not returned to the Law School yet as he has been elected to the Common Council from Ward 14.

J. P. Warren, '92, who pursued a course of historical research in the University of Pennsylvania last year, is back at Harvard, in the Graduate School. In the recent open debate on Imperialism he was the Principal, opposing the policy. His side won by a good majority. Warren made a name for himself in the Yale debates and is looked upon as a probable debater this year.

F. O. White, '95, was a candidate for Class Orator of the senior class this year, being nominated by the D. U. He was defeated by Conroy, the Hasty Pudding candidate.

JOSEPH O'GORMAN, '97.

IN ROOM 18.

"Greek Comp. is regular fruit," murmured the Second Class boy, as he gazed pensively at the four "plums" peacefully reposing opposite his name.



After an exciting and hard-fought contest, Boston Latin defeated English High by a score of 5 to 0. The outcome was a pleasing surprise to the Latin School supporters, who hardly expected a victory, although they knew the game would be a close one. Our team outplayed English High and deserved to win for their clean, plucky game. English High played a good clean game but were notably weak in back-field work. The game was played in a drizzling rain that made the ball hard to handle and caused High School to lose the ball at critical moments.

FIRST HALF.

English High kicked off to O'Neil, who made ten yards before he was downed. After Rand had made a good gain, Wood punted past the centre of the field. English High tried the ends for no gain, and it was a noticeable feature that the ends were rarely tried after this. High School punted, and after failing to gain, Wood punted back. Then High School by fierce rushing brought the ball to our 15-yard line. Tracey was sent through the line and almost scored a touchdown, but the ball was brought back and given to Latin School on account of a forward pass. Wood immediately punted the ball out of danger.

Latin School was playing a steady game and English High couldn't score. The half ended with the ball in the centre of the field.

SECOND HALF.

Wood kicked off in the second half to English High's 10-yard line and the ball was advanced about 12 yards. Then Macksey made a good gain but was forced to punt. Latin School got a little courage up and bucked against English High's line for some good gains. English High held for downs on their 25-yard line. The ball changed hands several times, Latin School always gaining on poorly handled punts. Finally Moulton got the ball on a fumble and made a pretty run to the 20-yard line. English High's line held like a stone wall, and Wood was forced to try for a goal from the field. His try fell short, then English High punted to Hurley, our plucky little quarter-back, who brought the ball back to English High's 10-yard line. Latin School made a great effort and rushed the ball to the 1-yard line where English High held for three downs. It was Latin School's last effort and every eye was on the players. The signal was given and a great mass of muddy arms and legs were bunched together; suddenly out of the bunch Rand emerged and scored a touch-

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down squarely behind the goal posts. Wood failed to kick a goal. Score, 5 to 0. Neither team scored in the remaining minutes of play.

The "rooters" went wild with enthusiasm, and Dewey wasn't "in it" for a minute with the eleven mud-covered heroes from Latin School. It would be unjust to praise a few players for their good work, because the whole eleven played the game of their lives, and we all went home with joyous hearts to eat our Thanksgiving turkey.

LINE-UP.

B. L. S.	E. H. S.
Moulton, l.e.	(Capt.) r.e., Nichols.
Guild, l.t.	r.t., Harrison.
Booth, l.g.	r.g., O'Brien.
DeLong, c.	c., Pray.
Parmelee, r.g.	l.g., Tracey.
Gately, r.t.	l.t., Kiley.
Moran, r.e.	l.e., Alexander.
Hurley, q.b.	q.b., Monahan.
Rand, l.h.b.	r.h.b., Ball.
O'Neil, r.h.b. (Capt.)	l.h.b., Barrington.
Wood, f.b.	f.b., Macksey.

Score, B. L. S., 5, E. H. S., 0. Touchdown, Rand; Umpire, Dunlop; Referee, White; Timekeeper, Arthur Blake; Linesmen, Stillings and O'Brien. Attendance, 2500. Time, 20 and 25-minute halves.

Hopkinson, 17—B. L. S., 0.

On Friday, November 18, contrary to our expectations, Hoppy defeated our team at the South End Grounds. The game was played in a drizzling rain, a fair-sized crowd turned out. Hoppy had been unfortunate enough to lose several of its best players, and it was expected that Latin School would come out ahead. Clarke, an old Latin School man, was back in the game again at right end for Hoppy.

In the first half, after Stillman had kicked off, the ball was punted back to Hoppy. Hoppy failed to gain and punted. Then Latin School rushed the ball a few times, but was finally forced to punt. Both sides were resorting to a kicking game, in which Wood held his own with Stillman. In rushing the ball, the teams were about even in this half. Few end plays were tried on account of the wet and slippery ground, and no scoring was done before time was called.

After Wood's kick-off in the second half, Hoppy advanced the ball well towards the centre of the field and then punted to Latin School, who immediately lost the ball on a fumble. Stillman then kicked a pretty goal from the field. Score, 5 to 0. Hoppy kicked

off and Latin School pushed down the whole length of the field only to lose the ball on the 15-yard line on a fumble, when a touchdown seemed a certainty. Turner picked up the ball and sprinted 90 yards for a touchdown. A goal was kicked. Score, 11 to 0. Latin School weakened after this and Hoppy scored another touchdown on several long end runs. No scoring was done after that.

LINE-UP.

HOPKINSON.

Emmons, l. e.
Stillman, l.t.
Tracy, l.g.
Bleakie, c.
Roberts, r.g.
Niles, r.t.
Clarke, r.e.
Wright, q.b.
Turner, l.h.b.
Knowles, r.h.b.
Alden (Carleton), f.b.

BOSTON LATIN.

r.e., Moran.
r.t., Nagle.
r.g., Parmelee.
c., DeLong.
l.g., Booth.
l.t., Guild.
l.e., Moulton.
q.b., Hurley.
r.h.b., McGrath.
l.h.b., Rand.
f.b., Wood.

Touchdowns, Turner and Bleakie; Goals from touchdowns, Stillman, 2; Goal from field, Stillman; Umpire, White; Referee, Dodge; Linesmen, Gately and Flagg. Time, 25 and 20-minute halves.

The Censure Club Flag.

[With apologies to O. W. Holmes.]

Ay, tear that tattered ensign down,
Long has it waved on high,
Since B. L. S. played its well-known game
With the champion Somerville High;
Beneath it rang the "second yell"
And burst the Latin School shout,
As the little band of "rooters" saw
Our opponents put to rout.

That flag, once dark with Boston's mud,
Where fell the vanquished foe,
When the crowd of "rooters" surged above
And opponents rolled below,
No more shall feel the autumn's breeze
Nor see the football game
(In which our scores against the teams
Were not always just the same).

Oh! better that its tattered folds
Should ne'er be seen again!
Its sight inspired the football team,
Who fought those games like men.
Nail to the pole that honored flag,
Up with its rescued shred,
And keep it till in time we see
Our team stand at the head.

C. T. G.—F. E. R., '00.

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Military Affairs.

Drill has begun at last! When most of the officers had begun to despair of ever getting a chance to exercise their voices in the drill-hall, their hearts were gladdened by the news that Lieutenant Edwards would meet the officers on the next drill-day. The Lieutenant was unable to come, however, so there was still another delay of a few days, until the next drill-day.

On Tuesday, December 6, the officers and sergeants met Lieutenant Edwards in the drill-hall and talked over matters relating to the drill with him.

Every one was very much pleased to learn that Lieutenant Edwards intended to make use of the large armory on Irvington Street. This is certainly a very great privilege, as our drill-hall is so small that it is next to impossible for eight companies to drill in it at the same time.

There are rumors that a sword-squad will be formed. It is certainly to be hoped that the plan will be carried out, as it has been greatly missed for the past two years at the prize-drill. It is a very agreeable feature, and many comments have been made about the disadvantages of dropping it. Nothing could be a more lively and effective relief for the monotony of seeing company after company go through the same movements. Most of the officers prefer to use the real steel sabres rather than the wooden substitutes. The sparks certainly do make it somewhat more exciting.

On the evening of Friday, December 2, the officers of the Chelsea High School gave their annual party, which, it was agreed by all who were present, was a very enjoyable affair. No one was present to represent the B. L. S.

Our own party comes on a Saturday afternoon, the 7th of January. Tickets are now on sale and can be procured from any member of the dance committee. This committee consists of L. Maguire, Rand, Gould, Wadham, and Bolster of the first class. Do not forget that one half of the profits goes to the athletic fund.

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The Magic Ring.

On a spring day in the southern part of France, in the year 1632, a small cavalcade might have been seen traveling at full speed on the road to Paris. At the head of this troop on a powerful black charger, gray with dust, rode a man of about forty-seven years of age with iron-gray hair, fine though rather sharp features, and piercing gray eyes. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, the grass was green, and all things appeared bright and joyous.

Suddenly at a turn of the road a figure appeared, wildly waving its arms and crying, "Stop! stop!" At a signal from the leader, the troop came to a standstill, the leader alone riding forward. On approaching, he perceived the figure to be that of a young and very beautiful girl. She appeared much excited and out of breath, and as soon as he came near she said, "You must not go on. There are men lying in wait for you less than a mile away."

The leader was all attention in a moment. "How do you know this, Mademoiselle?" he demanded.

"I was going through the woods, as it is much cooler there, and as I reached the place where the woods run close to the road, I heard voices. Urged on by curiosity, I approached cautiously, slipping from tree to tree, until I saw six men with guns in their hands. They were sitting in a circle, and another who appeared to be their captain was standing beyond with a watch in his hand."

She paused for breath and her auditor asked, "Did you hear anything they said?"

"Yes, I did," she replied, "The captain said, 'Take careful aim at the leader and fire when I give the word; then flee for

your lives, and meet where I told you. If you kill him, the Duc de Gaston will make you all rich.'"

"The Duc de Gaston, did you say?"

"Yes."

"Aha! I see! I see! Go on."

"I cautiously crept off, went through the forest for some distance, then out on the highway and ran until I met you."

"Bassompierre, there are seven men in ambush down the road. Take fifteen men, and under the guidance of this young lady, surround and kill all but the chief, and bring him here alive if possible. Mademoiselle will describe him to you. See that the young lady is kept out of danger, and bring her back with you. Go!"

Bassompierre departed and the leader musingly said, "Gaston, Gaston, I must finish him quickly or he will have me killed. If he were not so high and powerful, it would be easy." Then his thoughts fell upon the young girl. "How courageous she is and how pretty! She is now about fifteen. In five years the bud will become a rose of rare beauty. She has undoubtedly saved my life; what can I do to repay her? I will see later."

At this moment a report of musketry was heard, and a few minutes later the party returned, two of them bearing the body of a man. Bassompierre rode forward. "We could not get him without shooting him. He fought like a fiend; killed one of my men and wounded another, so I brought him down with my pistol."

"Very well. Is he yet alive?"

"Yes, Your Excellency."

The leader rode forward to the spot where the man lay on the grass. "How did the Duc de Gaston know I was coming this way?"

The man looked up in astonishment; then his glance quailed before those piercing eyes, and he answered faintly, "He had spies sta-

tioned on each road." The man was evidently dying. He grew weaker and weaker.

"How much was he going to pay you?" the leader asked.

The man was about to answer, but suddenly his gaze became fixed, a rattle was heard in his throat, and with a convulsive groan he expired.

"Take this out of the way into the woods," the leader commanded, pointing to the body.

When this had been done, he turned to the young girl, who was pale and trembling from excitement, and after calming her asked her name.

"I am Marie D' Arnac," she replied.

"Are you any relation of the Duc D' Arnac?"

"I am his niece."

"She certainly does not lack birth or property," thought the leader. "What then can I give her to repay her? Ah! I have it."

He drew from his finger a ring with a single very large and brilliant ruby in it. He leaned forward in the saddle and said, "I present you with this ring in payment for saving my life. It is a talisman. If ever you are in great trouble, and every other hope fails, even though you are at the point of death, show this ring and you will be saved. Adieu." And raising his plumed hat, and bowing with noble grace, he rode off, followed by his cavaliers.

And the maiden wondered who he was, and gazed at the beautiful ring and vowed she would never part with it.

Eight years have passed. The family of the Duc D' Arnac have removed to Paris and Marie D' Arnac from a young girl has blossomed into a very beautiful woman.

At first, the gaiety and brilliancy of the great city pleased her, but soon she grew tired of the gay life and often longed for her quiet country home.

Among the courtiers of Louis XIII. she had many admirers, but with keen womanly instinct she read their evil natures like a book. One of the richest, most graceful, and handsomest gentlemen at the court was the Count de Tournesol.

He was in great favor with the king, and on account of his money, which he spent freely, was liked by all the court. Yet, although appearances disproved it, he was a haughty, ambitious, cruel, and revengeful man.

He had fallen deeply in love with Marie and was determined to marry her, but she involuntarily shrank from him.

Thus affairs stood, when the great ball of the Marquise de Gavre was given, the results of which so changed Marie's life.

Marie D' Arnac was a little late, and when she entered, the large hall was crowded with brilliantly dressed people. The Count de Tournesol, who had been waiting for her, immediately stepped forward and politely asked her for the first dance, a quadrille which was then being formed. She had assented and taken his arm, when suddenly her attention was caught by the appearance of an officer standing a short distance off with a lady on his arm.

He was over six feet tall and straight as an arrow, with very broad shoulders and powerful chest. Among the small Parisians he seemed a giant. His forehead was broad and high. He had sparkling brown eyes. His lips and chin were remarkable for their firmness. He looked like a lion at rest. The lady on his arm was very handsome and witty, but, nevertheless, he appeared a little bored, and his glance kept wandering over the assemblage. Suddenly his eyes met those of Marie! Instantly his gaze became fixed. They remained thus for perhaps ten seconds; then, as Marie blushed and lowered her eyes, he quickly looked away.

"Count," said Marie, "who is that tall man in uniform opposite us?"

"That is Colonel Paul Fontenay. I was introduced to him a few minutes ago. Let us join his set, and I will introduce you to him."

The Colonel was formally introduced and danced the next dance with Marie. He also sat with her during the intermission, and each was charmed with the other's manner and good sense.

The Count de Tournesol noticed this and was not at all pleased. He had determined to declare his love to Marie, and these proceedings only made him hasten matters. As the night was very warm and the room close, when the Count suggested that they should adjourn to one of the numerous ante-rooms whither many couples had gone, she naturally accepted.

The Count conducted her to one of them which was cool and airy, but in which there strangely happened to be no one. The Count might have been able to account for it if he had thought it advisable, which he apparently did not. The room opened upon a large piazza and the open windows being on a level with the floor, one could easily step from the room out upon the piazza.

The Count plunged immediately into the midst of the affair. He had declared his love and asked her hand, and on being refused was earnestly, almost violently urging his suit on the astonished and terrified girl, when, suddenly, a voice calmly said, "Pardon me, Count, but the Marquise de Gavre wishes to see you, and I told her I would find you."

H. S. L., '99.

(*To be continued.*)

Miss Deborah's "Last Day."

L—, MASS., June 23, 189—.

MY DEAR PUPIL:

Perhaps you remember my telling you last summer that my days of school teaching were nearly over. Just fifty years ago next September, I took charge of the little school you know so well, little dreaming then upon what a long path I was entering. But it has been a happy one, and now I have reached the end. One week from to-day I relinquish my charge—forever. I have written you this with the idea that perhaps you might like to be present on the "last day." I need not tell you how glad I should be to see you there; you were always my favorite pupil, you know.

Your old teacher,

DEBORAH PRIM.

And this is how it was that I left my law studies at Cambridge a full week sooner than I had intended, and that the beautiful morning of the last day of June found me once more at my home on the outskirts of the little village of L—, in western Massachusetts. I had decided to spend the whole day with my kind old friend and teacher, and as I started out on that familiar two-mile walk to the village with my old battered dinner-pail in my hand, I tried to imagine that the last ten years of my life had been a dream and that I was still a little boy. Down the long lane, past the cross-roads, through the little patch of woods, I went, running down the big hill, so as to have time to throw a few pebbles into the brook at its foot, "cuttin' cross lots" through the pasture, partly to gain time, and partly to gather a bunch of wild roses and honeysuckles for Miss Deborah, past the Squire's house (once regarded by me with such awe), and into the quiet little village. With the exception of a ragged old tramp whom I had found sitting on the pasture wall, I had not met with a single person during my walk. As I approached the school-house, I could easily have guessed that it was "examination day," had I not already known it, for the children were not playing in the yard as usual, but were standing about in groups, clad in their best clothes and manners, and waiting for Miss Deborah to ring the bell.

Dear old Miss Deborah! How warmly she welcomed me! There were even tears in the good old lady's eyes as she hung my hat and pail on my old nail in the entry and gave me my own seat in the back row. The little school-room looked about the same to me as it had ten years before. There was the cupboard in the corner where Miss Deborah had hung up her wraps for the last fifty years, with a shelf on one side for the wooden water-pail which the larger boys would take turns in filling at a neighbor's pump, and above it the rusty tin dipper on a nail; there was the old clock by which Miss Deborah had regulated the recitations of at least two generations of children, the well-worn bell, the old Bible; hardly an object that met my gaze but what recalled some memory of the past.

* * * * *

It was late in the afternoon. The "last day" was practically over. Everything had passed off pleasantly and well. In the morning the children had been "zamed" by Miss Deborah and the School Committee; in the afternoon almost everybody in the village had come in to show their respect for the old school-mistress. Then the children had "spoken their pieces," and the Squire, over eighty years old, had made an appropriate speech, to which Miss Deborah had responded. By five o'clock children and visitors were all gone. At Miss Deborah's request, I had remained to help her "clear up a little." Afterwards we had sat down together in the corner near Miss Deborah's desk to chat. An hour had sped away, filled by the old lady with charming reminiscences of the past—the past, which was henceforth to take the place of the future in her thoughts.

The farewell beams of the setting sun were shining through the windows at our left and flooding the blackboard opposite with ruddy light.

"I was rather surprised," said the old school-mistress, after a slight pause, "that the Squire made no mention of his son in his speech today."

"Son!" said I, "why I thought he was childless."

"It's no wonder you never heard of him, child," she replied, "he died long before your day, and such a sad death, too."

My curiosity was aroused. "Tell me about him," I asked.

"Well," began Miss Deborah, "when I first came here to teach, he was a little fellow, just learning his A B C's, and a handsomer,

smarter, or more lovable little boy I never saw nor expect to see. His mother died when he was very small, and the Squire thought the world of him, and no wonder. I can see him now, with his golden curls and his light blue eyes, always brimming over with fun and good nature. But he had one great fault: he was 'easily led,' and so, although he was not naturally mischievous, he was being continually dragged into some scrape or other by the unruly boys of the school. And yet I rarely punished him, for he was always so ashamed and penitent afterwards that it seemed a pity to do so, and I guess that it was the same way with him at home.

"Well, by the time he was sixteen, he had learned all that I could teach him and then the Squire sent him over to the Academy at L— for three years. Some folks said that he fell in with some bad boys over there, and kinder 'got on the wrong track,' but I guess it was all talk. When he came home, the Squire gave him his grain store to run, but he didn't seem to like the business at all, said he wanted to go abroad and see the world before he settled down to anything, and so finally his father gave in, and let him go off with one of his Academy friends to travel in Europe. The first few months they heard from him regularly, and then, all of a sudden, the letters stopped and it was six months before they got a line. Then came a letter from Paris, written in French, and saying that the two young men had been suddenly taken down with the fever and were dead and buried. It almost killed the old Squire; he's never been the same man since."

We were both silent for a moment, and then the old lady continued.

"To give you some idea of what a loving nature he had, I think I will tell you a little incident of his boyhood, which I have never told before to any one except the Squire."

"I have not always been alone in the world as I am now, I once had a little sister whom it was my sole ambition to bring up well and educate. She died when she was sixteen. She was about the age of the Squire's son, and when they were very small, a childish affection had sprung up between them which had grown as the years went by, and I had hoped—but never mind, it is all past now. It was just about this time of the year that she was taken away, very suddenly, in the night. Late in the afternoon of the day of the funeral, I went to the school-house for the first time since her death, entered, and sitting down

right here in this corner, gave myself up to thoughts too deep for tears or utterance. About half an hour after, I was aroused by the noise of footsteps outside, the door opened, and I saw the Squire's son for the first time since my sister's death. I never before or since looked upon a face expressive of such painful grief and even despair as his was then. He did not notice me in the twilight, but walked slowly down that aisle and sat down in my sister's seat—that one in front of yours—and bending forward upon the bench with his head pillowed on his arms, he gave way to a passionate outburst of tears. 'Oh! I don't want to live any longer,' I heard him sob, 'let me die right here in her seat.' I rose softly and left the school-room. He never mentioned her name to me afterwards."

The sun had set. The old clock ticked away the moments as we sat there in silence, wrapped in thought. Hark! What is that shuffling sound in the entry? The door-knob rattles, as though grasped by an unsteady hand, the door is pushed slowly open, and a man enters the room—No! not a *man*, but the hideous ruins of what was once a man; ragged, dirty, repulsive, with hair and beard long and unkempt, eyes dulled and glazed by drink, a face stamped with sin in every line. It was the tramp whom I had met on the road that morning. For a moment he stared blankly about him, but evidently did not perceive us there in the gloom. Then he began to wander slowly about the room, mumbling to himself. He was apparently crazy. He approached the teacher's desk, paused a moment, and then reaching out with his skinny hand took hold of the old bell lying there. I do not think that he intended to ring it, but it shook in his palsied grasp, and sent out a few soft clear tones like the distant peals of a sweet-toned church bell. Suddenly a flash of intelligence shot over the tramp's face. He dropped the bell and put his hand to his forehead as though he were making a mighty effort to recollect something. Then he turned his back to us, and seemed to be gazing about the room for several moments. We saw him walk slowly down the aisle and throw himself into one of the seats (the one in front of mine). Then came the most terrible cry I ever heard uttered by a human being. It thrilled me through and through with horror. It was like the wail of a lost soul crying out from the very bowels of Hell—a wail of unspeakable anguish, remorse, despair. Only one, and then the vice-disfigured face was bowed down

upon the desk, and hidden in the ragged coat sleeves.

I looked at Miss Deborah. She had swooned.

It was nearly midnight, and as dark as pitch. I approached the little school-house with a lantern in my hand. I stopped at the door and listened. There was not a sound. I carefully opened the door, and raising the lantern above my head, peered into the darkness. I could see the outline of the tramp in the same place and attitude in which I had left him. Was he asleep? I went up to him and spoke to him kindly. He did not hear me. I shouted in his ear. The man did not stir. Was he drunk? Setting the lantern down upon the bench, I seized him by the shoulders, and pulled him into an upright position. The light of the lantern shone full upon his face, and it was with a cry of terror that I relaxed my hold upon him. He fell heavily sideways, knocked over and extinguished the lantern. *The face that I had looked upon was the face of the dead.*

A. L. R., '99.

Military Affairs.

The companies are now hard at work, drilling by squads. When they have thoroughly mastered the manual, the more interesting part of the work will be begun, and attention will be given to regimental movements in addition to the regular company drill. The officers are having their uniforms made as quickly as possible, and in a short time every one will appear in uniform.

On the afternoon of Saturday, January 7th, the annual class party was held in the drill hall. Mrs. Merrill, Mrs. Capen, and Mrs. Rollins acted as matrons. About sixty-five couples were present. There would have been a much larger number present had the day been a holiday. In previous years the Latin School has always given its party on Washington's Birthday, but English High School is to have the use of the hall this year on that day, so we had to have our party this year at another time. Hereafter our school will have the hall for the twenty-second of February every other year, alternating with English High. The following were present from the Latin School: Colonel Richards, Major Bent, Drum-Major Greenwood, Quartermaster Smith; Captains Allbright, Ward, Gardner, Goldthwaite, Jackson, and Moulton; Lieutenants Bolster, McDermott, Lombard, Pigeon, Hallett, Murray, Copp, and Reuter. Maguire, Rand, Gould, O'Neil, Wadham, Copp,

and Wood of the graduating class were also present to represent the non-drillers, while several from the lower classes were noticed.

Everything went on smoothly, and great credit is due to Mr. Howell and the dance committee. The music, which was furnished by Peters' orchestra, was perfect, and the floor was in splendid condition, considering the wear and tear it receives every week under the feet of a multitude of boys. Everything possible was done to make those present have a good time. The affair was a great success socially, if not financially. It was noticed that only three members of the non-drillers besides the committee were present. This was rather a poor showing, when it is remembered that the party was a class affair. If more had come and helped by buying refreshments, the financial results of the party would have been far different. The money cleared was to have gone to the Athletic Fund, but it is to be feared that the teams will not have any too good outfits if they have to rely on this alone.

It has been decided that there will be no sword squad this year. Neither will there be any bayonet or signal squad. Lieutenant Edwards has expressed his dislike for any such "squads," and of course it is useless to hope for any if the instructor will not take an interest in them. The Lieutenant, however, has offered, it is said, to instruct any one who desires to learn how to fence. He says that he can teach any one how to fence in ten minutes. We surely appreciate this kind offer and are gratified to learn that we have a drill-master who, in addition to his other accomplishments, is such an accomplished fencing-master. The signal corps would undoubtedly have made a fine showing under the command of Lieutenant Murray, who has seen service with the army in Cuba during the past summer, as a corporal in the Volunteer Signal Corps. Lieutenant Murray, since there is to be no signal corps, has accepted the second lieutenancy of Company E.

In closing we wish to express our regret that Endres has received such an injury that he will be unable to continue to command his company. He has the sympathy, not only of his own company, but also of all who knew him, however slightly. We all hope to see him among us again soon. O'Brien, who was his close competitor for the office, has been appointed to fill the vacancy, and we may be sure that Company A will not be behindhand under the leadership of its new captain.

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JANUARY, 1899.

The holidays are over, and indeed, seem far behind us. Most of us find it difficult to settle down to hard work immediately after a vacation, but now, after three weeks of lessons since the beginning of our new year, we ought to be in trim for the work ahead of us. The two months and a half before the spring vacation are perhaps the most important part of the school year; yet it is at this time that there is liable to come a falling-off in application to studies. A former member of the school once told me that for the first half of every year his marks were as high as the average of his class, but that about the first of February he began to care less for his studies and so to lose ground rapidly. He could not find any reason for this backsliding; but whether it was on account of "that tired feeling" which is supposed to go with the spring, or for any other cause, it should not be. Our movement should be forward, not backward. No boy can afford to do any worse than he has done.

The Second Class has before it an especial incentive to earnest effort and probably will not be allowed to forget that the Harvard examinations are coming at the end of June. We must confess that these are more comfortably looked back upon than looked forward to, yet there is nothing in them which cannot be overcome by persistent application.

The meet in the drill-hall on February 4th will be of special interest as furnishing an index to the athletic interest of the school. A good number from all the classes have already come out for practice, but there is room for more. Here is a good opportunity for exercise without taking too much time from studies, and it is hoped that many will take advantage of it and make this the best school meet we have had. Coming nearly a month before the Interscholastic Meet, it will be useful in getting the athletic material of the school in training for that event. Even those who are not actively interested in the meet should remember that they can help a great deal by their presence and by buying tickets—especially as the class party this year did not do much toward increasing the athletic fund.

It has been finally decided that the battalions are not to go over to the Irvington Street Armory any more. This seems a pity, for it is very evident that our drill-hall is much too small for obtaining the best results with eight companies drilling in it at once. The use of the armory would have been of especial value this year because of the much shorter time than usual which has been available for drill. Uncle Sam has sadly interrupted the drill of the Boston School Cadets this year and even now has had to borrow our new drill-master to take the place of our esteemed Lieutenant-Colonel Weaver, who has been held prisoner for some time by *la grippe*.

Notes.

On the evening of the sixth of January, the officers of the East Boston High School gave their annual dance. The Lynn English High School also gave a party on the same evening. The B. L. S. was not represented at either. It was certainly most unfortunate that the weather was so bad that evening.

J. J. O'Donnell, '97, is to be congratulated on his speedy recovery from an operation for appendicitis. During his illness he was so besieged by his friends that he had to have regular audiences.

F. G. Jackson, '89, Harvard '93, who has been teaching in Montclair, N. J. has returned to Boston as an instructor in the Dorchester High School.

Three Days in Scotland.

A tiresome three hours' ride in the English railway coaches, one of the wretched survivals of the past in modern railway travel, took us from Newcastle, the land of coals, to Melrose, for a hasty visit to the far-famed Abbey built by David I. of Scotland in 1132, but now a ruin, made so at the Reformation by James Douglas, little more than the cloister walls being left.

Here was laid part of the scene of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." We saw the grave of Michael Scott and the door by which William of Deloraine entered on his strange visit to the enchanters' resting-place.

Sir Walter Scott's advice is:

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

Obliged to forego that, we were glad to have such opportunity as day presented for our hasty view, and we looked with interest on the "herb and floweret carved" in the cloister-arches, and on

"...the pillars, with clustered shafts so trim,
With base and with capital flourished around,"

and

"...slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliated tracery combined;"

and thought if the ruin were so beautiful, we could well have said with him, if we could have seen it in its full perfection, there

"Was never scene so sad and fair."

In the Abbey is buried the heart of Robert Bruce, brought there from Spain.

A pleasant drive of three miles through a beautiful country brought us to Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott, a fine building on the right bank of the river Tweed. The house remains in very much the same condition as in Sir Walter's time. We saw his library, study, and the many interesting curiosities in the house, among them a remarkable picture of Mary Queen of Scots, Rob Roy's gun, the sword of Montrose, the pistols of Claverhouse and of Napoleon, and gazed through the study window upon the Tweed, the favorite view of the great writer.

We had to move rapidly, for the day was waning, so we followed the route of Sir Walter's last journey, to Dryburgh Abbey, an imposing ruin, nearly as picturesque, but not as well-preserved as Melrose, where, in St. Mary's aisle, his body lies at rest.

This Abbey was founded in 1150, by Hugo de Moreville, Lord of Landerdale. It is built of a red stone, is beautifully located and makes a romantic resting-place for the great man whose body is reposing there.

Another hurried ride, as the sun was setting, brought us back to Melrose, where we were glad to find that our train, like ourselves, was late, and with little delay we started for Edinburgh, which we reached about 10.30 in the evening.

The next morning being Sunday, we went to the Church of St. Giles in time for the service which is held for the soldiers, who march down from the Castle, where they are doing garrison duty, to the music of their bands, and make a devout and impressive audience.

Monday morning we assembled at the Council Chamber, and were formally received, and saw among other things the manuscript of Burns's "Scots Wha Hae," and then had a drive around the city, in which we saw the Castle, and were taken to Holyrood Palace, where we not only saw the chambers usually open to visitors, among them the little supper room in which Rizzio, the secretary of Mary Stuart, was murdered in his royal mistress's presence, but, by special favor and the order of the Lord Chamberlain, were allowed to see the royal apartments occupied by the Queen on her visit to the city.

A ride in the afternoon carried us to the immense and impressive Forth Bridge, on the way to which we drove through the beautiful park and grounds of Lord Roseberry, the former Prime Minister, and at present a leading member of the Liberal party.

Early the next morning we started for Stirling Castle, which dates back over a thousand years. The view from the battlements is most beautiful. In the distance was the monument to Wallace, and the field of Bannockburn. We could not see all the interesting features of the castle, but we felt ourselves in the midst of the most stirring scenes of Scottish history, and saw much to make the visit memorable. As we came away the soldiers, dressed in the Highland costume, standing near the door of the guard-room, presented a very picturesque appearance. An English shilling soon secured the consent of one to stand for his picture.

From Stirling the train took us to Callander, and thence we drove in carriages through the Trossachs, the locality of Scott's "Lady of the Lake." We crossed the Brig of Turk, we saw the glen which was filled with armed men, and Coilantogle Ford where Roderick Dhu and Fitz James had their encounter, sailed over Loch Katrine, and skirted Ellen's Isle, and lived over in imagination all that had made these scenes so memorable. Then

came another ride, and a sail across Loch Lomond, and then the cars once more to Glasgow, which was reached in a pouring rain, and a day of rich delight came to an end.

H. A. J., '01.

Summering with Uncle Sam.

(Continued.)

I believe that in the last chapter of this story I started you on the way to Tampa. The journey to Tampa was very long and tiresome, and made under difficulties, nevertheless many very interesting things happened, a few of which I will relate.

We left Washington from the Pennsylvania Depot, on a very warm day in July. We marched from the barracks to the station in heavy marching order, with horse-collar blanket rolls across our shoulders. We were escorted to the gate by the Washington detachment of the Signal Corps. The men were drawn up at the gate at "Present arms," while we marched by, with a swinging Massachusetts step, at "Port arms." When we had passed they gave us one of the finest cheers I have ever heard, and I heard the Harvard yell at New Haven, too. It made us feel good to receive this last courtesy and we never forgot it.

We traveled through the state of Virginia and admired its beautiful hills and valleys, and wondered at its muddy water, a sight then new to us. We afterwards found out that nearly every stream in the south is a dirty, muddy stream, and for the most part full of malaria. We were encamped near one of these streams, the only one, in fact, in Tampa. We passed stations bearing names of battles fought in the civil war, and, no doubt, traveled over many battle-fields. We saw the tobacco growing in Carolina, and some of the men picked the weed in its wild state, which they kept till we were where we couldn't get tobacco, when it became extremely valuable and much desired.

Our traveling rations consisted of "embalmed beef," if I may use the term of General Miles, the finest soldier in the army, hard-tack, and water, so you will not wonder when I tell you that when we reached Tampa we so far forgot our manners as to go looking for a square meal.

I guess our officers were as hungry as we were, for immediately on reaching there, the whole company was dismissed for one hour to get supper. It was 8.50 when I sat down to the table of the first restaurant I came across, and the clock read 9.30 when I arose to pay the cashier sixty cents. The place reminded me of

Spring Lane or, perhaps more accurately, of Pie Alley, when I looked around me, but when I looked at the price list it made me think that I was dining at the Crawford House. The price, however, was a secondary, if any, consideration, and paying my sixty, and accepting a proffered toothpick, I returned to the car, in which I was to pass the night, and tried to sleep. The last proposition was, however, sharply debated by some very lively insects called mosquitoes, though I think they might have been easily mistaken for small birds, they were so large. The result of the "stingy" debate was a natural and logical one—I fell into a sound sleep, in which I came back to school and was just getting a plum in Greek, when I was awakened by what seemed to be an everlasting bugle call. First it sounded on the heights far across the city, then at the other end of the town, whence it came floating across the river to be echoed first by the cavalry regiments, and then by the artillery that were camped on the river. It was a grand medley for fully twenty minutes, and one that was certain to awaken the soundest sleeper.

I had been sleeping in a sitting posture, on the seat of an ordinary passenger car, and when I awoke was as stiff as a new bank note. I was met at the door of the car by one of the fellows, who, by way of practice, proceeded to knock the stiffness out of me, for which, though not a little sore, I was very grateful. After splashing my face in the water, which I did under a faucet in the train-yard, I had a breakfast of canned corned beef and hard-tack.

We had to wait near our train while our captain went to town to find out what arrangements had been made to send us to Cuba. The clerk in the Quartermaster's Department to whom he talked politely informed him that he had never heard of Co. 10, of the Volunteer Signal Corps, and said he would look us up and if we were all right he might talk business with us. In the meantime, we were to go into camp at Tampa, and patiently await their pleasure. We were marched, therefore, about nine or ten o'clock, from the train-yard to the Signal Corps camp in the Tampa Bay Hotel enclosure. We had to carry our blanket-rolls, of course, and this weight, in the intense heat, made it most uncomfortable. It was the severest march that I ever made; when I reached the place and the command to fall out was given, I went and lay under a spreading palm-tree, completely overcome and oblivious to all around me. It was necessary to pitch camp and get under cover before it should start to rain, which it was sure

to do about one or two o'clock, so I got up and helped put up the tents.

I was so exhausted that I not only could not eat dinner, but when the mail was distributed I was unable to read the three letters I received. After a few hours sleep, however, I started out of my tent, and it was not long before I started out to see the city of Tampa. I expected to see a city of respectable size and population, with good streets and sewers, but what I did see was worse than the vilest pictures of Hogan's Alley. Being assured by some fellow-soldiers whom I met in town that there was nothing in Tampa worth seeing except, perhaps, the Hotel, in the area of which we were fortunate enough to be encamped, I returned to camp, satisfied to be with my friends.

That very night a chain of stations was formed, which extended from our camp across the Hillsborough River, on which we were camped, up a railroad track to the city and back. Drill with torches was immediately ordered and we knew that we were not to be allowed to rest while in Tampa. We went out on the stations, and hardly had the ground torches been lighted when there came the greatest down-pour of rain, and wet rain, too, that I had ever seen. No one waited for 22, 22, 22, 333, which is the conventional signal to cease signaling and report at terminal station, but every one made a grand rush for camp. That was our first experience with "Florida Water," to being sprinkled with which we afterwards became quite accustomed.

Next morning, after the reveille, assembly, breakfast, sick and other calls incidental to camp-life, we were ordered out on drill. That morning the heat was intense, and I had to stand out in the hot sun until 11.30, for I had the heliograph squad.

It continued in this way, drilling and writing letters, digging trenches and policing camp, eating hard-tack and drinking bootleg, until, on the night of the 20th about taps, and while we were beginning to wonder when we were going to Cuba, we received a telegram from the Chief Signal Officer instructing us to proceed to Cuba without further delay. That telegram was presented to the Quartermaster's Depot in the morning and transportation requested. They were evidently satisfied to let us go, for they told us to break camp and be ready to sail in the morning. There was a grand hustle to be ready on time, but after our tents were all rolled up and baggage placed on board the train we were requested to wait another day, as somebody or other was indisposed. It rained all that

day and night and there wasn't a cheering smile or good word anywhere. The previous week, I had caught a slight cold which that night developed into a high fever. I pitched my shelter tent, in which I raved and suffered all night. The mosquitoes seemed to be particularly lively, and hungry, too, that night, for, though I did not feel their torments then, in the morning my face, hands, legs, and body were completely covered with mosquito bites. I went through the suffering of that night without anybody but my tent-mate, or "bunkie," knowing it. I was unwilling to let the officers know for fear they would not let me go with the company, and I wouldn't let the men know through shame and fear of a "jolly." I believe that up to this point in my story I have referred to the Spaniards in uncomplimentary and unjust terms. Well, if I do so again in my story it will be unintentional, for hereafter I have a feeling of gratitude and kindness to them. The man who set me right that next morning after my terrible suffering was a Spaniard and a Spanish soldier, too, and that's why I feel that I owe them honor and respect. 'Tis true, all he did was to give me a pot of coffee and two or three biscuits, but oh, what delicious coffee, with sugar and milk in it, too, and as for the biscuits, they really melted in my mouth. I received that breakfast because I was able to ask for it in French, which the Spaniard understood; this fact may explain to my class-mates why I have so suddenly tried to "parley-voo" with accuracy and celerity.

That afternoon we started for Port Tampa, where we were assigned to the transport *Port Victor*, No. 2, of the Quartermaster's Department, on which we sailed for Cuba on a sunny afternoon in July, the 23d I believe it was, and on which began a series of events that were enough to task the patience and dampen the patriotic ardor of the most eager volunteer in the army.

W. F. M., '00.

(To be continued.)

A recent very interesting and timely book entitled "Yesterdays in the Philippines" was written by Joseph Earle Stevens, B. L. S. '88. The author gives a vivid picture of life in Manila and the surrounding country under Spanish rule as he saw it in two years' residence in that region which is now so prominent in the eyes of all Americans. From his experience of the Philippines he believes that the annexation of those islands would be a disastrous step for this country to take.

"When the World Was in Its Prime."

Whene'er from the things of the present

My mind aweary turns,

I am seized by a powerful longing,

And my heart within me burns.

And into the past do wander

My thoughts, to that joyous time,

To the golden days of knighthood,

When the world was in its prime.

And I see as in a vision,

Famed Arthur's table round,

And the knights of old and their ladies fair,

Again on the earth are found.

And I too am numbered among them,

And wondrous deeds perform,

In many tournaments and jousts,

And amid the battle storm.

And again knights fight for their true loves,

And their favors again they wear,

And proclaim them, when victorious,

The fairest of the fair.

And each morn a quest awaiteth

Some knight both bold and true,

To succor the defenseless,

Or grievous wrong undo.

And a year and a day, o'er land and sea,

I search for the Holy Grail,

With Galahad and Launcelot,

And Bors and Percivale.

And at last do I behold it,

Like Percivale, from afar,

First, palled in snow-white samite,

Then, like a crimson star.

Oh! 'tis there my mind doth linger

When I would fain forget

The cares and thoughts of the present,

And pay to the past its debt.

And I ponder the deeds I would have done

Had I lived in that joyous time,

In the golden days of knighthood,

When the world was in its prime.

R. L. B., '99.

A Night's Adventure in Camp.

I camped out several summers ago for a week. I shall probably remember that week for many years to come, on account of the good time I had. It was my first experience at "camping," and I took to it like a duck to water. But I am not going to tell of all that I did; that would fill a book. I am merely going to relate what happened to us boys the last night in camp.

In the first place there were seven of us, namely, Roy Baldwin, Ray Clark and his brother Theodore, commonly known as "Shorty" because of his being six feet tall, Richard Davis, "Billy" Neal, Charlie Haynes and myself. "Shorty" Clark, being the oldest, was in charge of us, and a lively time he had. But when it came night, after the remains of supper had been cleared away, the plates washed in the lake, and everything put to order, we would all go to bed, and doze off to sleep under the influence of "Shorty's" stories,—he was, as a rule, a very uninteresting story-teller.

The day before we came home, Davis had seen a tramp, a most evil looking tramp, in the woods, gazing very hard at our tents. We had two tents, one in which we slept and the other in which we kept our baggage and supplies. The tents were about twenty-five feet apart, and the storage tent was kept tightly tied up at night. A string ran from the canvas flap, or opening, of this tent to our sleeping tent and was attached by a mechanical arrangement to a pillow suspended at the top of our tent, so that if any one or anything should open the flap, the pillow would fall upon Haynes.

We had seen neither man nor beast anywhere near the camp until that afternoon when Davis came in with his report about the tramp. That got us excited and nervous. We brought forth our revolvers and saw to it that they were loaded before being put away. Our folks didn't know of our having any fire-arms, you may be sure. That is, with one exception. "Shorty" Clark, being our protector, was allowed to take his "32." "Shorty" tried earnestly to make us unload our weapons, but we paid no attention to what he said. When he threatened to take them away

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GER. 115. 70

from us by force, we in turn threatened to all pitch into him, and, as we were six to his one, this brought him around to reason, or unreason would be more like it. We declared that if there were a tramp in the woods, he was there with no good intent, and what was more likely than that he had heard that a number of defenceless boys were out camping and so had determined to come and rob us. I do believe that had the tramp made his appearance while we were discussing the situation he would have been made the object of a lively fusillade, so excited we began to be.

Up to this time, Clark had kept a good enough control over us; but once we had tasted victory over him, we determined to take care of ourselves without his advice. As twilight grew on, we became more and more rattled, though we found time to "jolly" Clark, as was our custom from morning to night. After darkness had fallen, the snapping of a twig would bring us to our feet, all except Clark, who called our fears all nonsense and who appeared brave as a lion. After we had gone to bed, "Shorty," thinking to get even with us fellows for making him take back-water in the afternoon, did a very foolish thing. He began to tell the most blood-curdling stories he could think of, with the result that our nerves were soon wrought up to a high tension. We lay awake for a long time, but at last went to sleep. I had slept only a short time, it seemed, when I was violently shaken. I jumped up with a gasp of fear, striking somebody in the dark who was bending over me, with the result that we both tumbled in a heap upon Davis, who slept next the opening—Davis slept next one opening, "Shorty" next the other—badly scaring him, so that he didn't make an outcry. Not knowing whom I had tumbled down, I struck out with my fist and had just opened my mouth to cry out, when the unknown seized me by the throat, whispering hoarsely, "Hi! Tarbell, you fool, keep still!" I recognized Haynes' voice immediately. We untangled ourselves and crept off poor Davis, who had also recognized the voice. "Sh! no noise!" commanded Haynes, in a whisper. "There's some one trying to get into the storage tent! The pillow just dropped and most scared the daylights out of me. I'm going to wake Baldwin and Neal, and then we'll tackle him. Never mind about Ray and "Shorty" Clark. Ray's a scarecrow, and we'll lord it over his brother by catching whoever is out there in that tent without him." After we had informed the other two what was up, taking pillows, boots, and revolvers for weapons, we crept over on to Davis' blankets, where we could peep out from the tent and see who was stealing our goods. Haynes, who had taken command, peeped cautiously out and instantly withdrew his head. "He's there, fellows. That's him," he remarked, inelegantly. "Now, then, undo

this flap and when I give the word, rush on him quick. Better put your revolvers back if you've got them," he added, reluctantly; bloodshed is bloodshed, and we don't want any on our hands." The flap was untied quietly. In the dead silence of the night, broken only by the snoring of Ray Clark, we cautiously thrust our heads out of the opening. Sure enough, there was a figure visible through the darkness, evidently peering into the tent, for he was in a crouching position with his head inside the tent. Softly, and with palpitating hearts, we crept forth. Suddenly Haynes gave a mighty screech and dashed forward, followed by all of us, and preceded by a storm of boots. Before the thief had time to turn around, we were upon him. Haynes, with a loud crash, threw himself upon him and disappeared in a heap through the opening. The rest of us followed, and in an instant there was a mix-up that would have made a football player sigh with envy. Just imagine, if you can, five intensely excited boys armed with pillows, striking out right and left with might and main and yelling at the top of their voices, while at the bottom of the heap there was a struggling thief; pots, pans, kettles, and plates, crashing as if bedlam was loose, with a tipped-over molasses jug letting its contents flow into our midst, completed the scene. Suddenly the tent collapsed on us, and we all made frantic efforts to escape from beneath it. Just as the last one of us crawled from under the pile of canvas, Ray Clark ran out from the other tent, lantern in hand, just as the thief's head appeared from under the wreck. The light reflected on his countenance, and we boys stared at the sight; for the thief was none other than "Shorty" Clark! And what a wreck he was! There was blood on his neck from a scalp wound caused by a boot hitting him during our volley, his coat and trousers were ripped and torn, his left eye was already closed, and he looked as if he had been taking a bath in a molasses barrel. It was too comical, even for our astonishment, to keep from laughing, and, moved by one impulse, we burst out into a roar. "Shorty" was mad clear through. "You—you—you—" he ejaculated, but could get no further. Dashing down the slope to the lake, he jumped into the boat, and we heard him row vigorously away.

The next morning at breakfast, Clark made an appearance but would say nothing to any of us. He looked rather sheepish, though I afterwards found out that he, hearing a noise during the night, quietly arose and went out to the tent to see if everything was all right. Forgetting about the alarm signal, he opened the flap and walked in, then came out, and was taking a final look when we boys pounced upon him. Clark has always been very dignified with us five fellows ever since, and I don't wholly blame him.

C. T. G., '00.

Athletic Notes.

The Fourth Annual Latin School Meet will be held in the drill-hall, Saturday, February 4, 1899. There is a good variety of events, mostly handicap:

20-yard dash, scratch, Fifth and Sixth Classes only.

30-yard dash, handicap.

35-yard low hurdle, handicap.

300-yard run, handicap.

600-yard run, handicap.

1000-yard run, handicap.

Running high jump, handicap.

Shot put, handicap.

Potato race, scratch.

TEAM RACES.

First Class *vs.* Second Class.

Third Class *vs.* Fourth Class.

Fifth Class *vs.* Sixth Class.

Suitable prizes will be awarded to first and second men in each event of more than three entries. A banner will be awarded to the class winning the most points. First places count

five points; second places, three; and third places, one point.

A large number responded to the call for Track Team candidates. The drill hall will be open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, for those wishing to practise.

The ice-polo team has organized, with Bolster as temporary captain. There has been very little practice, on account of the unfavorable weather.

An effort was made to organize a roller-polo team, but the advisory committee was opposed to the plan.

Have you seen the picture of last year's crew, in the upper corridor? They made a good record and deserve to have a place on the walls.

Among the candidates for the Harvard Freshman crew are Mackinnon, Hosmer, Jackson, and Shuebruk of last year's First Class.

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LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER.

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ISSUED MONTHLY.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as second-class matter.

Class Poem.

"The path that Learning treads was carved
by steel."

Such was the phrase that chanced to catch my
eye

As late one winter day in dreamy mood
I took an ancient book and tried to read.

"The path that Learning treads was carved
by steel."

I closed the book and stopped to think a
while.

Might this be so, as the old writer said,
And Learning be the sister of the Sword?

At length the last faint lingering beams were
gone

And darkness lent my fancy wings of flight.

I seemed to see a forest, dark and old,
Within whose sombre precincts, miles and
miles

Of labyrinthine network barred the sun
And made a night of day. Yet in the midst
Of all this gloomy lonesomeness there curled
The smoke of half a hundred cheery hearths.
Dark lies the forest—but from out its depths,
Lo! now there comes the gleam of flashing
steel,

Clanging of arms, the tramp of many men,
While, over all, the golden eagle rides
With outstretched wings to lead the troops of
Rome.

Invincible they seem, yet one short hour
Shall see the end of all their haughty power.
The man that's fighting for his hearth and
home
Can overcome the boldest slave of Rome.

"The path that Learning treads was carved
by steel."

"But that was *freedom* won," you say. Quite
true.

Freedom is needed to prepare the way
For Learning, and men always fight for *her*.
Once she is gained, her sister follows soon.

'Twas Freedom the descendants of those men,
The Vikings, fought for, in their own rude way,
Harrying the coast and sweeping all the sea
Till finally they settled down in peace;
And in the wake of Freedom, Learning came.

I see the centuries glide swiftly by.
Freedom is won, and lost, and won again;
But every struggle brings a new increase
Of knowledge, till at last there comes a time
When she herself is sorely struggled for.

I see a band of bold and upright men,
Descended from that same old fighting stock,
Sail o'er the ocean to a distant land
And there, with many hardships, carve a place
For their convictions. More years pass and
still

The same old story. Tyranny springs up,
And has to be resisted. So one morn
In April from his plow the farmer comes
And faces death beside the Concord bridge.

A school was founded by his pilgrim sires,
The first of many such, wherein was taught
The double lesson—Learning, Liberty.
And there it was he learned to give his life,
Defending those two glorious principles.

Classmates, it may not be your lot, like those
who've gone before,
To stand up for your country's flag amid the
cannon's roar;

You never may be called upon for Freedom's
sake to fight,

Like those that wrote her name in blood on
Santiago's height;

Yet Learning calls you to her aid—her war
shall never cease,

She bids you seek distinction in the battle-
fields of peace;

And foremost in the list of names, whose
golden letters shine,

May there be "Boston Latin School, the Class
of '99."

LAURISTON WARD, '99.

Class Oration.

To you, Ladies and Gentlemen, for the class of '99 I extend greetings and a hearty welcome.

The purpose that has brought us together to-day is twofold. For many years it has been the custom to unite the observance of the birthday of the nation's first chief executive with the formal leave-taking of the Senior Class.

The lessons that the life of a great man teaches cannot too often be studied. The force of fine examples time can never diminish. They remain always an unerring guide and a cheering support for posterity. The history of our nation, though not dating back two centuries, yet contains the names of many whose character, whose thoughts, and whose deeds have gained an undying fame. And among these who will deny pre-eminence to Washington? The lustre of that name, the influence of that character, do but increase with the lapse of time. And when we contemplate the gravity and difficulty of the problems presented for solution to the nation to-day, and that perhaps within a week a radical departure from long standing American principles may be taken, with even greater keenness do we appreciate the fitness with which we as a nation and as students may pause and turn for advice and guidance to the life of him whom we revere as the Father of Our Country.

For us the year just drawn to a close has been one of history making. A war entered upon because a neighboring people was being ground under the merciless heel of tyranny has been attended with a success so great and so glorious that we can find no parallel for it in the pages of history. And although the war was primarily an instrument of justice in uplifting a down-trodden and despised people, it has also worked much good for ourselves: it has more closely united the ties of common intercourse and understanding between our North and South, and has sternly demonstrated to the world that our love for peace, ardent though it may be, can never deter us from upholding our national honor or responding to the cry of outraged justice.

But however great may be our exultation over our achievements, our consciousness of the responsibilities and vexatious problems that these very achievements have brought upon us is equally great. Indeed, with regard to the foremost of these problems—territorial

expansion—we must soon adopt one of two views: either that the national emblem which, through the skill and daring of our army and navy, now floats triumphantly over conquered territory in both hemispheres, shall never ignominiously be withdrawn from what has been acquired; "that it is the will of God that we shall carry our civilization to the furthestmost ends of the earth;" that to leave millions of barbarous people warring among themselves in the fruitless endeavor to formulate a government would be criminal; or that we shall resist this temptation, great as it is, feeling that a war entered upon with its avowed motive the cause of humanity, must not degenerate into a "mad career for empire in distant seas;" that these responsibilities shall be met solely in the interests of the people we have thus acquired, and that, as in the past our influence has been exerted through good example, so shall it be in the future.

But in choosing between these widely differing views, each championed by able statesmen, where shall we find a guide, a counsel uttered in the interests of all? Where better than in those farewell words of the sage of Mt. Vernon?

With an insight into the future which is truly remarkable, and with a paternal anxiety for the welfare of his people, Washington, on withdrawing from public life, uttered these words which possess for us to-day a greater and deeper significance than ever before: "Towards the preservation of your government and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite not only that you should steadily discountenance irregular opposition to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with ardor *the spirit of innovation* upon its principles, however specious the prettexts." "The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is in extending our commercial relations to have with them as little political connection as possible."

"Observe good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all."

Here, then, may be found a guide for our national conduct in solving these problems and discharging these great responsibilities. Let those who would shape our course reflect upon and draw inspiration from these words of wisdom and strive to emulate the civic virtue and steadfast loyalty of him who uttered them.

Classmates—in a few short weeks, as pupils of this school, we shall have crossed its threshold for the last time. To-day, as we look forward to our departure, our feelings are mingled with sadness and with joy: sadness at the thought that we are about to leave the scene of so many pleasant associations in the past; and joy that in the broader fields of life we can make our names more worthy of their place beside our illustrious alumni.

In these our last days with our *Alma Mater*, let us remember that, though we may never have the opportunity to serve our country as Washington served it, we may, nevertheless, by leading an upright, law-abiding life, contribute to the nation's stability and security, as the soldier does to its glory and its grandeur!

Here in the midst of these studies "which have nourished our youth" and "shall delight our old age," here where an Everett, a Sumner, and a Brooks were nurtured, we have laid the corner-stone of our manhood. Be it our resolve then, to make the edifice itself such a one that in future years we may return to our *Alma Mater* happy in the thought that not rank, not riches, not fame, but a life—however humble—that is filled with noble aspirations, Christian thoughts, and Christian deeds is what makes us worthy of her welcome and her blessing: "Well done, thou good and faithful son!"

JOHN D. WILLIAMS, '99.

The Magic Ring.

(Continued.)

SUMMARY OF PART I.

Marie D'Arnac informs a gentleman riding toward Paris with a troop of horsemen, of an ambush laid for the purpose of killing him. For thus saving his life he presents her with a ruby ring, and instructs her to show it in a time of great danger or difficulty. Mlle. D'Arnac removes to Paris. There, the Count de Tournesol falls in love with her. At the ball of the Marquise de Gavre he asks Marie to marry him, and, on being refused, is violently urging his suit, when he is interrupted.

The Count sprang to his feet. There stood Colonel Fontenay, calm and smiling. The Count knew that he had been overheard, and purposely interrupted in his tête-à-tête. He had also seen the relieved expression and joyful glance of Marie as she recognized Fontenay, and he boiled with anger at the Colonel, and determined to kill him. Now the Count de Tournesol was a famous swordsman. He had been a victor in many a duel

and what could this young fellow do against him? But there were the very rigorous edicts against dueling, strongly enforced, not only by the king, Louis XIII., but by the great Cardinal Richelieu, the greatest man not only in France, but in all Europe at this time, who had drawn all branches of power into his own hands, and now was more powerful than the weak-minded King Louis. What about this! Oh! the king will pardon his favorite and vent his anger on Fontenay.

So reasoned the Count. Accordingly stepping towards Fontenay and speaking slowly he said, "I will go immediately if Mademoiselle D' Arnac will excuse me, and if you will take my place. By the way, Colonel, could you not call on me to-morrow and bring a friend with you as I have one visiting me, and, that you may not forget it, take this glove of mine and put it in the pocket with your handkerchief; then you will surely not forget your engagement. I will send you a note telling you where to come. Do you understand?"

"Certainly," answered Fontenay, instantly comprehending what the Count meant, "and this glove," significantly tapping it, "will prevent me from forgetting your kind invitation."

"Au revoir, Monsieur."

So they parted, and the Colonel turned, smiling, towards Marie. She, with quick perception, had understood the challenge in spite of its harmless appearance, and begged him for her sake not to fight. Finally she said: "He is a very famous swordsman and will most certainly kill you. You must demand pistols, in the use of which he is not so expert."

"I am too good a pistol-shot, Mademoiselle, to accept pistols now that I know this, but, nevertheless, I understand the use of swords fairly well, also. I ask only one thing, Mademoiselle, which is that if I survive I may pay my respects to you on the day after to-morrow."

"God grant it! If you perish I shall never forgive myself, as I shall be the cause of it."

"Do not grieve, Mademoiselle. Only One knows the outcome. This is the last dance, I believe. May I have the pleasure of dancing it with you?"

That evening Colonel Fontenay received a note stating that the meeting would be at two o'clock the next afternoon in the wood of Vincennes. The surgeon would be furnished by the Count, and the weapons would be swords unless otherwise demanded.

The Colonel answered the note, agreeing to

all the terms, asked a young lieutenant of his acquaintance to be his second, and went to bed, and so well strung were his nerves that he slept all night and dreamt, not of the coming contest, but of Marie D' Arnac.

Now the Colonel had been too modest in referring to his swordsmanship before Mademoiselle D' Arnac. He was fully as expert in the use of swords as in the use of pistols. Among the members of his regiment he was known as Fontenay, the swordsman. His wrist was like steel, and though very tall and large, he was quick as a cat on his feet. What he lacked in science he made up by agility.

At two o'clock the next day Fontenay and his second arrived on the ground, where they found the Colonel's opponent already waiting for him. The seconds examined the swords while the principals removed their hats, coats, and vests, and carefully measured the ground with their eyes.

The swords being approved, each man received one from his second, and the seconds withdrew. The Count's bare right arm was very powerful, and his wrist, though small, was wiry and flexible, but the arm and wrist of his opponent were marvels of strength. The cords stood out like ropes, and his wrist was twice as large as the Count's. The Count's eyes were blazing, and he champed his moustache with fury, while Fontenay coolly regarded him with a grim smile. The Count first spoke.

"Young man, you are about to die," he said.

"I am readier than you are," sarcastically replied Fontenay.

"On guard!" cried the Count.

"On guard!" replied Fontenay.

Immediately their swords clashed and the battle had begun. Tournesol pressed furiously upon Fontenay, who was forced to give ground. Their cut and thrust rapiers were engaged to the hilts. The flashing blades bit and snapped at each other. The Count in his turn was forced to give way. He perceived that he had a very fine fencer against him and fenced more cautiously. Now the Colonel was hard pressed. Again and again it seemed to the spectators that he could not avoid a lightning thrust, or whistling blow, but either his quick eye and ready hand, or his agility saved him, and, as his opponent began to grow weary and to return to the defensive, he attacked him with great power. The Count perceived that he must kill his opponent quickly, or he would soon be at his enemy's mercy. Suddenly, with the rapidity of lightning, he threw his sword from his right hand to his left and gave a powerful thrust

at his opponent's chest. The Colonel sprang back, but not before he had received half an inch of cold steel in his chest. A moment later and he would have been a dead man; as it was he felt the blood running. The Colonel now determined to try a thrust known to few fencers. He purposely allowed the Count's sword to graze his face. A moment after another thrust at the face followed. This was his chance. He dropped like a shot beneath it, gave a straight thrust from the chest, with all his strength, and sprang back. There was no need of retreating. The sword had entered the Count's body directly over the heart, and, so powerful was the thrust, that it had penetrated at least four inches. The Count threw up his hands, staggered, and fell back a corpse. So perished the King's favorite, the Count de Tournesol.

The doctor and the Count's second advised the Colonel to be off as soon as possible, and, as this was very good advice, the Colonel quickly decamped, leaning on the lieutenant's arm. A carriage was hailed and the Colonel was taken home and his wound, which was slight, was dressed. The Colonel then sent a note to Mademoiselle D' Arnac to say that he was alive and well, and would call upon her the next day, and after this took some needful rest.

Three o'clock on the next afternoon found him seated in Mademoiselle D' Arnac's reception room, awaiting her arrival with more eagerness than he liked to admit. In a moment she entered with both hands extended and a joyful smile on her lips.

"Thank heaven, you are alive, Monsieur. I was nearly overcome with anxiety and fear, when your note arrived."

"It was nothing, Mademoiselle, and I am amply repaid by your concern in my behalf. He challenged me and I was obliged to accept."

"Were you wounded, and was the Count badly hurt?"

"I received a scratch, but the Count was killed."

"Killed! The Count de Tournesol was the King's favorite and the King will bitterly avenge his death. Think of the edicts! Colonel, you must flee and conceal yourself until the affair has blown over. Fly quickly."

The Colonel had not thought of the matter in this light before, but now his eyes were opened. Having been, until recently, far removed from Paris, he had cared little for the power either of king or cardinal, but here, in the King's very gates, as it were, it was very different.

At this moment the door bell was violently rung, and as the door was opened a voice was heard, saying: "In the King's name." The faces of the listeners turned pale. There was a jingling of spurs and a lieutenant of the King's Guards appeared on the threshold.

On seeing Fontenay he stepped quickly forward and laid his hand on the Colonel's shoulder, saying: "Sir, I arrest you in the King's name."

"On what charge?" demanded Fontenay.

"For violating the edicts by dueling with the Count de Tournesol, for which crime you know the penalty."

A vision of La Guillotine loomed up before Paul Fontenay's mind, but, turning to Marie, he calmly said:

"Do not grieve for me, Mademoiselle. It is not your fault. Try and forget me as soon as possible," and bending, kissed her.

She, clinging to him, declared she would save him, stating that her uncle had influence at court, and that everything possible should be done to secure his release.

After this, the Colonel, turning to the lieutenant, who had discreetly withdrawn to some distance, said: "I am ready," and marched, smiling, out of the room, while Marie threw herself weeping on a couch.

Outside a closed carriage was waiting for him, in which he was rapidly driven to the Bastille, escorted by a dozen mounted guardsmen. On arrival he was promptly arraigned by the governor and sentenced to death by the guillotine in four days. Then he was cast into a cell to await his doom.

The following three days, the Duc D' Arnac, dearly loving his niece, tried in every way to save Fontenay, but in vain. The King, mortally incensed against Fontenay, had resolved upon his death, and the Cardinal rigorously upheld the edicts which he himself had ordained. On the evening of the third day all hope of saving Fontenay was abandoned. The next morning as Marie rose from a sleepless pillow, the thought of the ring given her by the unknown cavalier came into her mind. She took it from a casket and placed it on her finger. "The man is probably either dead or has forgotten it," she thought. "But then it will do no harm to try, and there is nothing else."

As the execution was to take place at eleven o'clock and it was then nine, there was no time to waste. She ordered her open carriage, and as soon as it arrived entered it and was driven rapidly to the place of execution. Pale and wan she appeared, but very beautiful.

The duel had caused great excitement in Paris, and the great square was filled with people and carriages.

The coachman forced Marie's carriage right up to the scaffolding upon which stood the guillotine, gaunt and tall. Marie gave one look at it, shuddered, and turned away. Now was her chance to show the ring. She drew her glove from her left hand, on the middle finger of which blazed the ruby, and hung it carelessly over the side in full sight of the people. Immediately a man sprang forth from the crowd to the side of her carriage and, seizing her hand, carefully examined the ring. Then he said:

"Mademoiselle, you have one of the ruby rings on your hand. What do you desire and what is your name?"

"I am Marie D' Arnac and I pray you by the ring to save Colonel Fontenay from death."

"It is now half-past ten. There is yet time. He shall be saved." With this he plunged into the crowd and disappeared.

At this moment Fontenay was brought upon the scaffold. He appeared pale but calm and cast a loving glance on Marie. The charge against Fontenay was then read and the circumstances of the case as far as they were known. Then the sentence was read, signed by both King and Cardinal, and then the knife was raised. Thus twenty minutes had passed and Marie's heart sank. Five minutes more and the executioner was about to cover Fontenay's face with a black cloth, when suddenly the thunder of many galloping hoofs was heard. The executioner desisted, every one turned his head, and in a moment more five hundred of the Cardinal's Guards crashed into the square at full speed.

Their leader dashed up to the scaffold crying out, "Pardon! Pardon! The Cardinal's pardon for Colonel Paul Fontenay," and waving a paper in his hand.

The people cheered, the Colonel's bonds were loosed, and Fontenay stood there a free man. For a moment he raised his eyes to heaven, as if in prayer, then looking down and seeing Marie's upturned face he sprang down beside the carriage, and Marie, with a cry of joy, sprang into his arms. The crowd cheered again and many an eye was dimmed by tears.

The leader of the Cardinal's Guards then approached and stated that the Cardinal desired to see Mademoiselle D' Arnac and Colonel Paul Fontenay immediately. Accordingly, Fontenay entered Marie's carriage and amidst the cheers of the multitude they were escorted to the Cardinal's palace. They were ushered

up the broad staircase into a lofty studio, at the fireplace in which, by the blazing logs, a man was seated in a large arm chair. Marie and the Colonel both knew that this was the great Cardinal Richelieu.

Presently he raised his head and Marie could not restrain a cry of astonishment. It was the face of the man who had given her the ring. The Cardinal and the unknown cavalier were one. There were the fine, though sharp features, the broad, noble brow, and the gray eyes as piercing as ever. His hair had become snow white, but otherwise he appeared unchanged.

On hearing Marie's exclamation he smiled and ordered them to approach. With his keen eyes he examined each of them and smiled again.

"So this is Marie D' Arnac who saved my life nearly ten years ago," he said, "and this is the famous duelist who came so near losing his life for his folly. Well, Mademoiselle D' Arnac, has the Cardinal paid his debt?"

Then the lovers went down on their knees before the grand old man and tried to express their gratitude, but he read all in their eyes.

"That you may marry Marie D' Arnac with some fortune, Colonel, I bestow upon you the estate of Tournesol, and as I need trusty men I appoint you a colonel in my own guards. For Mademoiselle D' Arnac I can do nothing, except give her a husband. Keep the ring as a token and may you be happy. Au revoir." Thus spoke the Cardinal and dismissed them.

Marie D' Arnac and Colonel Fontenay were shortly after married and the Cardinal himself was present at the ceremony.

Such is the story of The Magic Ring.

H. S. L., '99.

A Would-Be Pastel.

A sound of Weird Melody filled the air.

It penetrated to the lonely room where the Student, surrounded by weighty tomes in which lay enshrined like the air in a foot-ball all the wisdom of centuries, was pursuing with eagerness his scholastic duties.

"The Present and Perfect Subjunctive are sometimes used in Poetry instead of — of — of —," murmured the Student. His thoughts wandered. He went back in thought to that afternoon. He remembered her face and eyes, the latter *potissime*, when she told him —

"The Present and Perfect Subjunctive are sometimes used — are sometimes used," mur-

mured the Student, recalling himself with a guilty start.

The Student began again, — "The Present and Perfect Subjunctive," again the Weird Wail as of a soul in torment filled the calm air of the night. A Wail impregnated with anguish as of a soul in torment, a Wail that one hears in the remotest depths of a nightmare, when all is spinning round, and dread and doubt assail from every corner of the imagination, a Wail, Weird and Dreadful.

A Frown furrowed the passive face of the Student. "The Present and Perfect Subjunctive" — he again murmured, striving to concentrate his attention.

Suddenly an Answering Wail was heard — then the first replied — again the Answer — then both.

The Student rose, laid aside his books and turned down the gas.

The Student softly raised the window.

Shriek after shriek arose, now *crescendo*, now lower, now dying away utterly except for a low muttering like the undercurrent of a swift stream.

It was moonlight.

The hand of the Student flew forward with a swift motion, there was a sound as of breaking glass, the squelch of liquid striking a brick court-yard and the quick scamper of feet.

The Wail ceased as if a blanket had been thrown over it.

The Student turned into the room again, pulled down the window, and relighted the gas.

"If some cat is found to-morrow morning with a good coating of Russet Shoe Polish — well, now I suppose I am out a quarter for another bottle."

The Student sighed — indigestion probably.

"The Present and Perfect Subjunctive" — murmured the Student.

C. L., '01.

It is uncertain which of these two translations for the same passage deserves the greater credit for originality:

"*Vingt peuples anciens existaient dans ces contrées;*"

First translation: "Eighty dead nations lived in the country."

Second: "Twenty old people existed in these countries."

"*Naves colonis pastoribusque implet.*"

"He fills the ships with the inhabitants of the pasture."

THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER.

LAURENCE REMICK CLAPP . . . Editor-in-Chief.
 ANDREW JAMES COPP, JR. . . Business Manager.

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FEBRUARY, 1899.

Four years ago the members of the Third Class formed a debating club. They elected officers and adopted a constitution. One or two debates and a mock trial were held, and then the club quietly dropped out of existence. One supposed reason for its decadence was that the base-ball season had come on; but, though this fact may have been a factor, the principal cause probably was that there was no sustaining influence except the interest of the members—which would be very likely to prove but temporary.

Remembering this experiment, when the organization of a debating club was proposed this spring, the teachers decided that the club must be formed on a staying basis or not at all. Therefore the proposition was laid before the pupils with the understanding that all who joined would do so for the rest of the year. About twenty answered the call and the outlook at present is very good.

Pupils in the First and Second Classes only are eligible to membership. No formal organization has been attempted, but the general direction of the club is in the hands of Mr. Haynes, who has had previous experience in this line. The debates will be held after school and all preparation for them is to be made out of school hours. The first debate will take place between the two divisions of the First Class at 2.15 P. M. on February 27, in the Exhibition Hall. J. T. Donovan, W. C.

McDermott, H. A. Minton, and J. D. Williams of Room 17 will speak for the affirmative, and for the negative A. J. Copp, H. S. Lombard, G. H. McDermott, and L. Ward of Room 18.

This movement is of great importance to the school. Most of the Latin School graduates go to some college, and many of them, sooner or later, enter into debate. Some gain great credit and become prominent in inter-collegiate debates; but how much better prepared they would be, not to say how much easier it would be for them, if they had begun their training here among friends and acquaintances, and had already learned to feel at ease on their feet when presenting their arguments. The boys of the lower classes will have an opportunity to familiarize themselves with the rules and customs of debate and to prepare for taking part in it in future years; and the whole school will have the vital questions of the day brought to its attention and its interest in public affairs greatly stimulated. So "here's to the Debating Club, may it live long and prosper!"

The study of great men's lives is always inspiring. But in such study we see more than the man. We have to-day turned our attention to Washington, the Father of His Country. He is to us, as we read and hear of him, not merely a great general, a great President, but the very embodiment of patriotism, of unselfish love of country. When President McKinley passed through Copley Square the other afternoon, a group of B. L. S. pupils were among those who greeted him so heartily. Though some of them held different political opinions from the President, I suppose every one of those boys had a feeling, which he might not have been able to express, that Mr. McKinley, as the representative of this great, free nation, deserved his admiration and respect. Let us always keep this thought in mind, to look beyond the mere man and to see what spirit, what purpose, actuates him, and what he represents.

This year the REGISTER has departed from the custom of its predecessors by printing the Class Oration and Class Poem before the memory of the Washington's Birthday and Class Day exercises has become part of the dim past. Of course this is an especially fine Class Day—since it is ours—and we suppose you have given unusual attention to the exercises.

Athletics.

The Fourth Annual Meet of the Boston Latin School Athletic Association was held in the drill hall on Saturday, February 4. The handicapping was good and the events were closely contested. Under the capable management of the officials the programme was carried out without any delays. Halligan won the thirty yards dash, though he had been put behind scratch. Guild won the three hundred quite handily. His foot-ball training helped him to make a strong finish. Nothing extraordinary was done in the field events. The six hundred and thousand yards runs, however, were very pretty races. In the potato race, Pierce and J. A. Maguire were neck-and-neck for first place, but both failed on the last potato. The Meet closed with a very exciting team race between the First Class and a picked team. The Third Class easily won the class banner for the largest number of points. The results follow:

30-YARDS DASH.

Trial heats—First heat—Won by E. M. Halligan, '99, scratch; A. H. Pierce, 1900, 2 ft. 5 in., second. Time—4 2-5s.

Second heat—Won by W. C. McDermott, '99, scratch; C. A. A. Weber, '03, 5 ft. 5 in., second. Time—4 1-5s.

Third heat—Won by A. J. Timmins, 1900, 1 ft.; C. P. Whorf, '01, 5 ft., second. Time—4s.

Fourth heat—Won by J. A. Maguire, '01, 1 ft. 5 in.; J. H. A. Moran, '01, 2 ft. 5 in., second. Time—4 1-5s.

Heat for second men—Won by A. H. Pierce, 1900. Time—4 2-5s.

Final heat—Won by E. M. Halligan, '99, scratch; second, J. A. Maguire, '01, 1 ft. 5 in.; third, W. C. McDermott, '99, scratch. Time—4 1-5s.

35-YARDS HURDLE RACE.

Trial heats—First heat—Won by R. G. Leavitt, '03, 2 ft. Time—5s.

Second heat—Won by J. A. Maguire, '01, 2 ft. 5 in. Time—5s.

Final heat—Won by J. A. Maguire, '01, 2 ft. 5 in.; second, C. T. Hurley, '01, 3 ft.; third, R. G. Leavitt, '03, 2 ft. Time—5s.

SHOT PUT.

J. G. Wolff, 1900, scratch, 29 ft. 5 in.; second, J. H. A. Moran, '01, 1 ft., 28 ft.; third, F. H. Hopkins, '01, 1 ft., 26 ft. 6 in.

1000-YARDS RUN.

Won by C. P. Whorf, '01, scratch; second, A. D. Finnigan, '03, 18 yds.; third, L. T. Wallis, '01, 25 yds. Time—3m. 11 1-5s.

20-YARDS DASH (JUNIOR).

Trial heats—First heat—Won by R. G. Leavitt, '03; second, W. B. Hinckley, '03. Time—3 2-5s.

Second heat—Won by W. M. Ford, '04; second, J. P. Manning, '03. Time—3s.

Final heat—Won by R. G. Leavitt, '03; second, W. B. Hinckley, '03. Time—3 1-5s.

RUNNING HIGH JUMP.

Won by F. H. Hopkins, '01, 1 in., 5 ft.; second, C. P. Whorf, '01, 1 in., 4 ft. 7 in.; third, R. F. Guild, '02, 5 in., 4 ft. 6 in.

600-YARDS RUN.

Won by R. G. Leavitt, '03, 1 yd.; second, A. D. Finnigan, '03, 12 yds.; third, C. P. Whorf, '01, scratch. Time—2m. 8 4-5s.

300-YARDS RUN.

Trial heats—First heat—Won by H. S. Lombard, '99, scratch; second, C. A. A. Weber, '01, 13 yds. Time—48s.

Second heat—Won by E. M. Halligan, '99, scratch; second, R. G. Leavitt, '03, 2 yds. Time—46 1-5s.

Third heat—Won by R. F. Guild, '02, 1 yd.; second, W. C. McDermott, '99, scratch. Time—47 3-5s.

Final heat—Won by R. F. Guild, '02, 1 yd.; second, W. C. McDermott, '99, scratch; third, R. G. Leavitt, '03, 2 yds. Time—45 3-5s.

POTATO RACE.

Trial heats—First heat—Won by J. A. Maguire, '01; second, C. P. Whorf, '01. Time—22 4-5s.

Second heat—Won by D. F. Maguire, '99; second, A. H. Pierce, 1900. Time—23 3-5s.

Final heat—Won by D. F. Maguire, '99; second, C. P. Whorf, '01. Time—22 3-5s.

TEAM RACE.

First class '99 vs. picked classes '00, '01, '02—Won by first class (H. S. Lombard, W. C. McDermott, A. J. Copp, E. M. Halligan); second, picked classes (F. H. Hopkins, J. A. Maguire, A. H. Pierce, R. F. Guild). Time—1m. 36 1-5s.

TABLE OF POINTS.

Firsts count 5, seconds 3, thirds 1.

	'01.	'99.	'03.	'02.	'00.
30-yard dash	3	6	0	0	0
35-yard hurdles	8	0	1	0	0
Shot put	4	0	0	0	5
1000-yard run	6	0	3	0	0
300-yard run	0	3	1	5	0
Running high jump	8	0	0	1	0
600-yard run	1	0	8	0	0
Potato race	3	5	0	0	0
Totals	33	14	13	6	5

The officials were: Referee—H. W. Smith, H. A. A. Judges at finish, T. H. Maguire, H. A. A.; Arthur Blake, B. A. A. Starter, W. H. Vincent, H. A. A. Timers, R. W. Sprague, H. A. A.; C. D. Daly, H. A. A. Clerk of course, P. T. Campbell, B. L. S. Assistant clerk, D. Daly, H. A. A. Announcer, G. H. McDermott, B. L. S. Scorer, J. F. Dever, Jr., B. L. S.

Notes.

It is about time for the candidates for the crew to begin training. Let us hope that we may have a crew as good as last year's.

Guild is trying for the team that is going to represent Boston in the inter-city team race at the Interscholastic Meet.

The roller-polo league is meeting with great success. Lynn Classical and Boston English High are in the lead.

Not as many were present at our Athletic Meet as might have been desired. Still it was made evident that we could yet accomplish something in contests amongst members of our own school. How much we can do against other schools remains to be seen. We have hopes of a fair representation at the Interscholastic Meet, which will occur on March 18.

A large number gathered in the teachers' room to express their interest in the base-ball team. A new plan was proposed this year, which received general approval. It was that the members of the team pay their own expenses, and at the end of the year be reimbursed out of the proceeds. From the general enthusiasm it seems possible to predict a fair degree, at least, of success.

An Open Letter.

And to think that I should ever have been capable of such an act; I, who was once such a guileless and abstemious cherub, the joy of all my relations, not excepting my Aunt Sue's three cats and two dogs; I, of whom both my father's mother-in-law and my grandmother on my mother's side had foretold such noble deeds, such heroic sacrifices, and so sublime a life! And now all hopes for such a career are blighted! It is too much for me to bear! I dare not confess my terrible act to any one in person, so I am determined to make it known through these columns. Then, come what may! No death can be more terrible than my living agony since *that* day.

Though I should live to be a septuagenarian or an octogenarian, nay, even a pentekaidekagenarian, never should I be able to forget the time and its concomitant circumstances which resulted in my ultimate labefaction. Ah! gentle reader, though it is beyond me to retrace my evil doings, yet it is within your power to profit by my example. Let then, your adolescence be sullied by no act which shall not be guerdonable. Above all, avoid chewing-gum! This is the cause—but let me first acquaint you with a few of the many defectuosities in my career, which (the defectuosities), although they are dedecorous, I hope will be in part mitigated by the knowledge that you possess of my idiosyncratical temperament, and which knowledge should render you less captious about one who, though now thrown upon your charitable nature, has always hitherto moved in the most empyreal surroundings.

When I was about three years old—but I forget; I must not procrastinate any longer lest I should make my harangue too wearisome. Listen, then, to

the culmination of all my misdeeds, to the tale of one who no longer dares to look people in the eye.

My father (ah! woe to me that I should have parents, whom I have disgraced) one night brought home a large box of chewing-gum, containing about twenty five-cent packages, such as you buy at the stores, which he gave to me. I saved all the pieces that I chewed, so that by the end of three months I had about sixty little pieces. One day (never shall I forget it) I took them all out with me.

Happening to see a very thin horse in front of a store which I passed, which looked very hungry (I mean that the horse looked hungry, not the store), my evil spirit rose within me and told me to feed it (the horse). I immediately took all that gum from my pockets and fed it, piece by piece, to the poor animal, whose seeming delight in receiving it nearly moved me to a state of lachrymality. (See "Johnson's Unabridged," p. 993).

I stood for a while watching him and then went on. Later on in the day, at two different times, I saw him going up my street, with a serene smile upon his placid countenance, and chewing away as if his life depended on it.

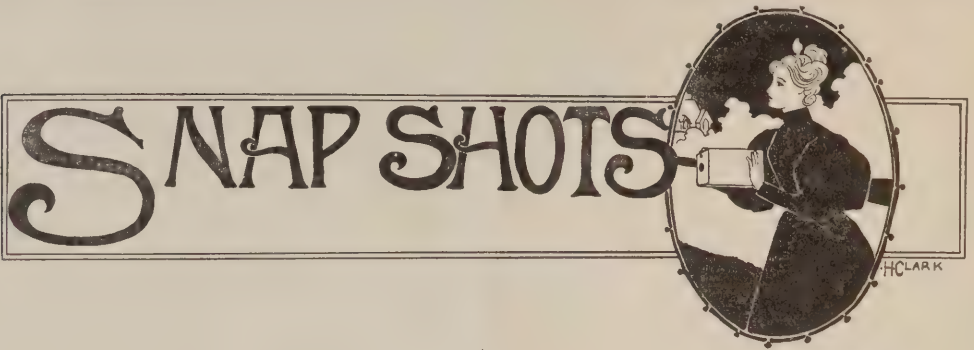
It so happened that the next two days were stormy and the horse (I learned afterwards) had not been taken from his stall. Neither did anybody enter it to feed him, his hay and grain being suppeditated to him from above. Even when he was taken out on the third day it was not noticed how much he had eaten. But he was so weak that he fell down in the street and could hardly get up again. The stable-boy said that when he went to his stall that night he was chewing away with a forlorn smile upon his countenance.

He died the next afternoon. A local paper said the day after: "Our well-known grocer, Mr. —, lost one of his best horses by death yesterday. The departure of the deceased, Jim by name, and eighteen years of age, cannot be accounted for in any way. It has been learned that for nearly four days he has partaken of no food whatsoever. The autopsy failed to reveal anything save an enormous lump of mucous-like matter which the coroner pronounced to be a species of superexcremental informatiaculoris, seemingly composed of a butyraceous entrochite and some empyreumatical, but slightly barytocelestialineal, fulscines."

Whence it appears that I alone know the cause of the innocent animal's death and of my accessoriness to it.

As my family, including myself, are about to sail for a foreign land, I have resolved to disclose all this, hoping that the confession together with the sum of money I have anonymously sent to Grocer — will be accepted as evidence of my deep contrition of heart.

EDWIN CLIFFORD, '00.



T. F. Teevens, ex-'99, our old standby on the football team of two years ago, is now conducting the Columbia Road Market at Upham's Corner, Dorchester.

E. B. Watson, '98, has already made a name for himself at Dartmouth by winning a place in the Brown-Dartmouth debate. This is the first time such an honor has been awarded to a Freshman and the Latin School may well feel proud of its representative.

"Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote."

Doesn't this quotation from "Paradise Lost" remind you forcibly of Monday mornings in the hall? Then why not each try to make your share of the thunder still more remote the next time the school assembles?

Though the recent storms have covered the ice, roller skating still remains. This popular method of locomotion has found favor even in the Latin School to the extent of some attempts at practice in the laboratory. But sad were the results thereof.

The officers have been working hard lately to get ready for the public drill. They were sorry to lose the drill period last Tuesday, but the blame belongs with the gentle zephyrs that brought us those beautiful snowflakes.

"Magnum reginae nomen obumbrat."

"His great name puts that of the queen into the shade."

"Ferro sonat alta bipenni fraxinus."

"The lofty ash tree resounds under his two-cent sword."

Wheels! Wheels!

Are you thinking of buying a new bicycle this spring? If so, why not purchase it through the REGISTER, and thereby not only do us a great favor but also save yourself money? On any 1899 wheel sold in Boston we can save you at least ten per cent of the manufacturer's price.

This is no attempt to palm off inferior goods on any one; for the purchaser picks out the one wheel in the city that suits him best, informs us of his choice, and we get it for him for ten per cent less than he would otherwise pay. We do not pretend, either, to be giving something for nothing, but our offer simply means that we have made agreements with the leading bicycle dealers by which we are enabled to hold out this inducement for the mutual benefit of you and of us. Keep our proposal in mind and mention it to your friends.

For further particulars see

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SEP. 11. '00

A Letter from Dartmouth.

HANOVER, N. H., Feb. 5, 1899.

To the Editor of the B. L. S. Register:—

In accordance with your request forwarded to the B. L. S. Association of Dartmouth College, I have been delegated to write a short account of the college, and especially in its relations to graduates of the B. L. S. who are now students here.

As the general history of the college may not be known to the members of the B. L. S., I will give a short historical sketch.

Dartmouth College proper was founded in 1769. The charter was given by Gov. John Wentworth of New Hampshire, in the name of King George III. Previous to this, Eleazar Wheelock had a school for Indian youth at Lebanon, Conn. Through the efforts of Samuel Occom, one of Wheelock's pupils, the sum of ten thousand pounds was raised in England and Scotland in 1765. As a result of this endowment, it was determined by Dr. Wheelock to enlarge the purpose of the school, especially to reach a "greater proportion of English youth" and to change its location. After careful investigation the site chosen was the township of Hanover in the province of New Hampshire.

The first class was graduated in 1771 and consisted of four members.

Dartmouth Hall, named after the Earl of Dartmouth, who had charge of the funds raised in England and for whom the college was named, was finished in 1791. This building still stands and is in use.

Two events in the history of the college materially affected its character and growth. First, the gradual withdrawal of the support of its patrons in Great Britain, whose interest lay entirely with the education of Indians; second, the lawsuit between the college and the state of New Hampshire, which resulted in a final decision by the Supreme Court of the United States in favor of the trustees of Dartmouth College. It was mainly by the strenuous efforts of Daniel Webster that this result was brought about. Since the re-establishment of the college by this decision, its history has followed the general course of educational progress in New England.

Since 1893, under the efficient leadership of President Tucker, the college has taken great strides forward. At that time the faculty numbered 48, as against 59 at the present; the students 431, as against 694 now, while the buildings have increased from 14 to 24.

Until the three men from B. L. S. '96 came here, there had been only three or four B. L. S. men students at Dartmouth. There are now here three men from '96, three from '97, three from '98. All stand well in the college and it is a noticeable fact, as showing the quality of men which the B. L. S.

sends to college, that every man has made some Greek letter society.

Lowe, Robinson, and Rankin have represented B. L. S. on the foot-ball and base-ball fields. Ham, Leavens, and Watson are gaining prominence as debaters and prize-speakers, and are also in the cast of "Twelfth Night," which is to be presented by the Dramatic Club.

One of the faculty, Dr. Burton, is a member of the class of '85 B. L. S. He takes a great interest in the school and in the B. L. S. men who are at Dartmouth.

Any one who visits Hanover is struck by the natural beauty of the town. Lying in the hollow of the hills, with the Connecticut not ten minutes' walk away and with Mt. Ascutney looming up in the distance, the spectator feels that this is an ideal spot for an institution of this kind. In the spring the surrounding country is especially delightful, and it is hard to remain indoors and do the necessary studying.

Dartmouth College is especially strong in Massachusetts. If one is in Boston he is sure to meet Dartmouth men with whom he is acquainted. At present there are more students here from Massachusetts than from any other state.

Dartmouth also contributed her quota in the late war. Twenty-six men enlisted and stood the strain remarkably well. Not one who desired to enlist was refused.

The graduates of B. L. S. at Dartmouth still remember the old school and wish that it may continue to send out large numbers of men to the different colleges of the country. Although the course seemed hard when we were there, yet we realize now that we were remarkably well-fitted to enter any college.

For the B. L. S. Association of Dartmouth College,
WALTER BLAIR, B. L. S., '96.

Military Affairs.

Officers and privates alike have for some time been hard at work practising the movements which the battalions are to execute the day of the public drill on the twenty-first of the month. This is one of the busiest times of the year, especially for the field officers, upon whom the greater part of the work devolves.

The drum-corps has been getting along finely, and much is expected of it at the public drill. A good drum-corps is a very important factor in making the regimental dress parade successful, and from all indications this will be an exceptionally good one.

The two regiments of cadets are again without an instructor, since Lieutenant-Colonel

Weaver and Lieutenant Edwards have both been ordered to rejoin their regiments. It seems very hard that we should be obliged to lose the valuable services of a man like Lieutenant Edwards, who, though he was with us for so short a time, actually taught all of the eight companies to execute "fours right about," and also how to halt with but four counts.

All the officers, and the captain of Company A in particular, were profuse in their expressions of regret that we should lose the assistance of so able an officer, but we can well see that his regiment would not be content to be long without him. The officers will have to console themselves as best they can, however, and show their friends by making a good showing the day before Washington's Birth-

day, that without any outside help the cadets can go through their movements with such accuracy and precision as to bring credit to themselves and to the school.

On the afternoon of the fourteenth of January the officers of the Brighton High School gave a very successful dance. Major Bent and Lieutenants McDermott and Pigeon were present to represent the B. L. S. On the evening of the twenty-first of January the Girls' Latin School had their annual "Jabber-wock" dance; Major Bent was the only officer present from the B. L. S. Johnson of the second class and Glover of the third class were present. On the afternoon of the twenty-first the officers of the Charlestown High School gave a dance.

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LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER.

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MARCH, 1899.

ISSUED MONTHLY.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as second-class matter.

Latin School Boys of '61.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

RICHARD CARY.

(WRITTEN BY A COMPANION.)

Richard Cary, youngest child of Thomas Graves and Mary Perkins Cary, was born in Boston, June 27, 1836. He was named for a cousin, Col. Richard Cary, who was an aide-de-camp of General Washington. Dick Cary, as he was usually called, though named for a hero and always busy playing soldier or circus rider, had a nervous organization which offered all possible opposition to heroism. The touch of new cotton on his delicate skin, the nursery martyrdom of vaccination and dentistry, the bullying of bigger boys, and the terrors of "the dark," were all matters of vast importance to this youngest child, the pet of six older sisters and a big brother.

But there was another kind of courage which he possessed to a remarkable degree for a child, moral courage, which soon began to show itself in fortitude and determination. "I admire that fellow," said Dr. Harwood, the genius among the dentists of his day. "When he sits down in my chair he turns pale as ashes, but, no matter what I do to him, he never utters a word." And as time went on, the silent and good-tempered endurance of trifles became a marked trait in Cary's character, quite as marked in his early manhood as had been his tendency as a child to shrink from discomfort.

He was a Latin School boy, proud of his school and attached to his masters, though by no means an ideal student. One day his favorite teacher accused him of some misdemeanor, with consequences which will appeal to the sympathy of some old boys who remember a code more severe than that of today. Cary was innocent but he did not choose

to avoid a thrashing by saying so. When the castigation was ended, he remarked calmly: "And now, Mr.—, I want you to know that I did not do that thing."

There is not much of importance to tell of his happy and prosperous youth. He acted often in private theatricals, danced a great deal, and enjoyed life immensely. He had a great respect for women, and had constant friends among the young men of his set. Most people liked the handsome youth with his kindly ways, well suited to attract all sorts and conditions of persons. A charwoman employed by his mother said plaintively: "Mrs. Cary, mayn't I clean Mr. Richard's room for nothing?"

While still in his teens, Cary was sent to Mobile on business, and for most of the remaining years of his life made his home in winter in that hospitable city. It was in Mobile that Richard Cary formed the strongest friendship of his life with our great actor, Edwin Booth, whose sympathy and inspiring influence made on his sensitive nature a deep impression. Booth wrote in later years, after his first great success with "Hamlet" and "Richelieu": "What Richard and I used laughingly to promise ourselves in *our model theatre* seems to be realized—in these two plays at least."

On the 25th of October, 1858, Richard Cary married Helen Eugenia, daughter of Philo Shelton, Esq., of Boston, and thus completed the happiness of his life. He continued his winter visits to the South, and was among the first to hear the notes of discord which proclaimed the coming war. In the spring of 1861 he took command of Company G in the Second Mass. Regiment of Infantry, and went into camp at Brook Farm. His interest in his new work, and the facility he showed in mastering details and in maintaining discipline without friction, showed that he had genuine aptitude as a soldier. There grew quickly to

be a warm mutual regard between him and his men, and the old habit of conquering petty distastes made him take the ills of warfare calmly. He was in hospital on the day of the battle of Cedar Mountain, but insisted on going with the regiment into action. Early in the battle a ball struck him, crushing the right hip and thigh. Sergeant Williston took him in his arms to carry him to a place of safety, and was wounded himself so severely that he fell down within six feet of the spot where he laid the captain. As he outlived Cary by several weeks, he was able to give an account of the twenty-one hours that he lived. The scene was one which one does not expect to witness on a field of battle. Cedar Mountain was in the hands of the Confederates and when they came to look at their prisoners, it was with an apparent desire to lessen their hardships as much as possible. They made a bed of dry leaves for Cary and put a log of wood under his head for a pillow. He asked for water and they set a canteen by his side. After that he lay still with his hands crossed over his breast as if in prayer. Twice he spoke, once to say "How pleasant this rain is!"—a shower pattered softly on the thirsty ground and its burden of wounded men—and again to speak of the wife whom he must leave with his little child.

Again the Confederate soldiers visited their prisoners in the afternoon. They took Cary's sidearms and uniform, and were going to take his seal ring and a locket that he wore round his neck, when Williston exclaimed: "Oh, leave those where they are. He has a wife and child;" and the kindly foe replaced the ring on his hand and the medallion on his breast, crossing his hands again as they had found them.

The first comfort that came to Cary's family was brought in a letter written by Robert Gould Shaw, whose monument a year or two later was built of the bodies of his colored soldiers thrown on his dead body in derision.

"I went over the battle-field with the general. The first man I came to was Cary. He looked calm and peaceful as if he were merely sleeping. His face was beautiful and my first thought was that I wanted to stoop down and kiss him."

"His men cried around his body like children," wrote the chaplain. "He is beautiful as a marble statue. I saw him again to-night and he is still beautiful."

When the trunks came home there were no blankets, only a water-soaked buffalo robe.

"He cut up his blankets for his sick men," was the report.

Edwin Booth wrote: "Richard was always in my eyes the noblest of men, and his conduct in the face of death proves that I was right in my judgment of him. He was a hero born; he acted as Richard Cary only could act—nobly, unselfishly, bravely—I knew it would be so; I knew that he would be loved by all about him; and I knew that if he fell, he would be found contented, grand in death. I can appreciate the feelings of him who felt like kissing him. God, in taking him, left for the consolation of his friends the impress of his soul upon his face. This is why it looked so lovely, so like an angel's."

Summering with Uncle Sam.

(Continued.)

Space was limited on the *Port Victor*, which had been an old tramp steamer commissioned by the Quartermaster's Department. Indeed, there was very little room left for the men after supplies and horses were put on board. We had been providently issued hammocks when leaving Tampa and though at that time we were puzzled to know what we were to do with them, they proved very useful on the ships. After some delay on the part of the authorities, we were finally given quarters in the forward part of the ship below decks and just under the horses of which I have spoken. Hooks were put on the wall-posts and we slung our hammocks, grateful for the lucky error that had provided us with them. The hammocks were at intervals of not more than one foot, and when one man turned in his hammock it was a signal for all to turn. Many a tumble was taken by too restless sleepers.

I soon found out that field rations were not the proper diet and resolved to eat at the company mess only when I had to. I had fallen in with an old soldier, Sergeant Blake, who had served in the Signal Corps of the English army and had been in the campaigns in India under Generals Roberts and Wolfe. He was in Boston at the time of the call for volunteers for the Signal Corps and had joined our company. We became firm friends and during all the rest of my service he was like a father to me. He was a typical English soldier, speaking only when spoken to, and not always then; very cautious in his acquaintances and strong in his likes and dis-

likes. He would do anything for a friend. Such a man was my "bunkie," to whom I am sure I owe my safe return, and for whom I shall always have a strong feeling of gratitude. Well, Blake perceived as soon as I, yes, sooner, for he had been through it before, in India and elsewhere, that field rations were acceptable only when others could not be obtained; so together we laid our plans to get other food. I had spent or loaned nearly all my cash before leaving Tampa, thinking money would be of no use to me in Cuba. Thus we could not go to the steward and make arrangements to purchase supplies. We determined that the necessary thing to do was to make friends with the crew, and this we immediately set out to do. Now, Blake was very sociable, when he wished to be, and he had little difficulty in starting a conversation with the whole crew while at their dinner on our first day aboard the transport. He made a decided hit with the crew, (who were for the most part Englishmen) and after that we were always invited to dine with them. We had been having an uneventful passage, until the afternoon of July 25, when we saw three or four large waterspouts, which the dictionary declares are meteorological phenomena. I had never heard of them, and for this reason as well as the many stories they occasioned have them impressed on my mind. The sailors said that they were storm-signs and told us to get ready for rough weather. Soon the heavens grew dark; the waters, which had been till now so calm, grew very green, and beating fiercely against the sides of the ship soon had the old *Port Victor* tossing and rolling like a tub. While yet the storm was on we espied a small, dark object in the distance on the left horizon, coming out from shore at great speed. The small craft was tossed about and thrown back in a manner to keep it for two or three hours out of speaking distance. On and on she came, while we were in great suspense. Every one aboard our ship was eager to get a clear view of her through a field glass. While we were in the midst of our conjectures, there was a quick flash, a short puff of smoke, and a splash in the water about a quarter of a mile off our right bow. This belligerent greeting brought the *Port Victor* abruptly to. Our men were instantly ordered below decks and told to get their arms. Ammunition was quickly given out and things began to assume a serious aspect. I had just buckled on my belt and revolver, when I heard our captain

sing out from the bridge of the ship, "Corporal Murray, get a flag and report here for duty." I hastily congratulated myself on this splendid opportunity to get picked off the bridge by some sharpshooter while doing my duty, but even more hastily went in search of a flag. Now, on leaving Tampa all our flags, helios, torches, and lanterns had been boxed up, and had to be broken into to get the much needed flag. In the meantime Sergeant Burnett, who was a member of the Second Brigade Signal Corps, M. V. M., in which Corps I had tried to enlist, found a flag and reported to the Captain. I took a flag, went on the upper deck to report, and found Sergeant Burnett in the midst of a message to the other ship. As I had received orders to signal he immediately gave way to me and I finished the message, which was a long and difficult one. It was all the harder to signal because a very strong wind was blowing, everybody was excited, as we expected to make a speedy trip to Davy Jones's locker, and nobody knew why we were signaling. Our vessel was understood and acknowledged by the saucy little inquisitor, which, in signing, signaled "U. S. S. *Eagle*." The *Eagle* is a swift auxiliary cruiser, at that time commanded by Lieutenant Southerland, and actively engaged in the blockade of the port of Cienfuegos, off which place the incident I have related occurred.

For the remainder of the trip this affair was the general topic of conversation. It was quite amusing to hear some of the chaps who had been quickest to go below and who had patted me on the back, when I went on the bridge to signal, tell what they would have done if it had been a Spanish ship.

The next day we saw what our navy had done to the fine Spanish ships. The captain of the transport was a kind-hearted, good-natured man and brought his ship as near to the shore as he safely could in order that we and he might get a better view of the sunken war vessels. On the sandy beach, which had as a background the green hills of Cuba, lay those ships which had run their last race and the last race of Spain. First we saw the *Colon*, which had run the farthest and which seemed to be even yet panting after its long race, for smoke and steam were coming from the ship, the forward part of which lay on its side on the beach. Next was the *Vizcaya*, then the *Oquendo* and a torpedo boat. Then the sight of old Morro Castle itself came to our eyes. From the flagstaff on the top of the old fortress proudly floated the stars and

stripes. It seemed to be more commanding than I had ever before seen it. When we caught sight of the flag there went up from our ship a grand cheer.

Captain Brickley did not know the channel of Santiago harbor, so we had to wait off Morro for a pilot to come and guide us into the inner harbor. We spent these few moments in looking at the castle through field-glasses, and discussing the various things each one saw. The old fort seemed much battered, and on the top could be seen loose pieces of stone and earth. On the left of the entrance to the harbor was the place where the Socapa battery had been located. This place, too, was very high from the water, but the top had been completely leveled and the only evidence of a battery was a block-house still standing. Inside the harbor, just under Morro Castle, almost as if seeking protection from it, lay the *Reina Mercedes*, the smoke-stack of which was completely riddled with shells. This ship, one of the finest of Cervera's fleet, was scuttled as completely as the inspiring *Merrimac*, which lies at right angles to the *Reina Mercedes*, and of which only the smoke stack and two masts are above water. On the left side of the channel, opposite the *Merrimac*, Smith Key is situated, after passing which the channel turns to the right and opens to a larger harbor. Sailing through this outer harbor and again turning to the left and right the ship comes into the inner harbor, where many of the transports swing at anchor. On all sides are high hills, green with verdure. On the right of the harbor and near our anchorage is the terminus of the Santiago & Havana Railroad, which was not then in operation. In front of us were a few wharves and a building which looked much like Faneuil Hall.

Santiago impressed me as a most naturally fortified place. The hills made excellent positions for batteries of light or heavy artillery, the channel was so narrow and winding that it could be held against the strongest fleet with a fair amount of preparation and by a small fleet, and Morro Castle could be made impregnable at little cost. Santiago is the Gibraltar of the Western Hemisphere. It can be used as a base of operations for all attacks on the West Indies, and can be made to control them as Gibraltar controls the Mediterranean. This, however, is not my subject.

Our captain reported our arrival to Major-General Shafter, who ordered us to remain on

transports and not to come ashore. Our captain insisted that he had orders to report there and to proceed thence to Puerto Rico, but General Shafter threatened to court-martial any one of our company, officer or enlisted man, who disobeyed that order. He said that there were enough sick men in Cuba without bringing in men to fall sick. He probably was right in what he did, even though it did prevent us from going to Puerto Rico and seeing service there, but we didn't take his action in that light. The Chief Signal Officer at Santiago tried to induce the General to send us to Puerto Rico, pointing out to him the need of Signal Corps there, but he would not allow us to proceed thither. We were finally ordered back to Tampa and on Sunday, July 31, weighed anchor and departed from Santiago. It was with mingled feelings of joy and regret that we received these orders.

W. F. M., '00.

(To be continued.)

Doings of the Debating Club.

The first debate was held in the Hall, on February 27th, between the two divisions the First Class. It was greatly enjoyed by the visitors and the large number of scholars who were present. After a few remarks by the Head-Master, the subject was announced:

Resolved—That capital punishment should be abolished.

The members spoke in the following order, the affirmative and negative alternating: affirmative, J. T. Donovan, H. A. Minton, W. C. McDermott, J. D. Williams; negative, G. H. McDermott, H. S. Lombard, A. J. Copp, Jr., L. Ward.

The question was discussed as thoroughly as possible in the limited time (only five minutes being allowed each speaker). Scriptural support was found for the views of both sides. Some of the arguments of the affirmative were that the death-penalty is a relic of barbarism, and does not deter from the crime of murder; that its abolishment increases the certainty of conviction and makes impossible the putting to death of the innocent; that [some] countries which have abolished it have shown a decrease in number of murders committed. The negative held, on the other hand, that the death penalty is a deterrent from crime, that life imprisonment, the only substitute yet proposed, is inadequate because few terms are completed, and that [other] places have shown an increase of murder after the abolishment of this penalty.

Messrs. Capen, Richardson, and W. T. Campbell served as judges. Their decision was in favor of the negative by a narrow margin. The total marks were 849 and 817 (maximum, 1200). The highest individual mark was received by one of the losing side.

The second debate was held on Monday, March 13th. The speakers were all members of the Second Class.

Subject: Resolved—That the United States should establish a system of shipping subsidies.

H. F. Phillips, E. Field, W. F. Murray, and W. H. Nelson spoke in the affirmative; and, in the negative, H. B. Kelly, V. G. O'Gorman, F. X. O'Donnell, and A. M. Weil. The debate was won by the affirmative: marks, 873 and 766.

The one side contended that subsidies are necessary for the development of our merchant marine, and that most other great nations consider it wisest and most profitable to grant them. The other side claimed that subsidies are not what is needed, but that the desired benefit would be gained by repealing the Navigation Acts, which prevent foreign-built vessels from sailing under the American flag.

A third debate is being prepared by other members of the Second Class. The subject is the advisability of government ownership of telegraph lines. Foster, Granger, Harris, and Taylor will speak for such ownership, and Hallett, Ham, Dill, and Barrow against it. This debate will probably take place on some Monday afternoon within a few weeks. It may be followed by a public debate in school hours, but no definite arrangements for this have as yet been made.

Military Affairs.

The public drill on the twenty-first of February was a marked success. Everything went off smoothly, and the audience showed their appreciation of the excellence of the drilling by frequent applause. The movements were finished at exactly quarter of one, which goes to show the care with which they were planned. Praise for the excellence of the drill was received on all sides, and this is all the more creditable because we have been without an instructor for so long a time.

The movements executed were much the same as those of last year, and it is no exaggeration to say that they were performed with fully as much accuracy and precision as they were last year. In addition to the other movements there

was a review in column of platoons, and regimental dress-parade.

The work of the Drum Corps was especially fine, and not only contributed largely to the success of the drill, but was an added source of interest to the visitors.

Company drill is going steadily on, and the companies are continually improving, notwithstanding the fact that each company has less than twenty minutes a week on the floor, and during those few minutes there are five other companies in the hall, and the officers of these companies are all continually bawling out orders at the top of their voices to make themselves heard in the din. Last year, when we had the use of the Armory on Irvington Street, it was far different, as the hall was so large that the companies were not obliged to be very near each other, and so an officer did not have to speak much louder than in an ordinary tone of voice to be heard with perfect ease.

A committee of eight officers from the First Class has been elected, whose duty it will be to make all arrangements for the Prize Drill and for field-day. The Colonel and Quartermaster are *ex-officio* members; the other six were elected by ballot. Colonel Richards was made chairman of this committee. At the same time it was further decided that the captains should meet and arrange a schedule of movements for use at the Prize Drill. This work has always been done, hitherto, by the instructor, but as it is high time that some action be taken in regard to this matter, it was decided to place it in the hands of the captains, as being the parties most interested. A committee of three has also been appointed by the Colonel to receive bids for the making of the white duck trousers and leggings to be worn on field-day and at the Prize Drill.

The officers of the Roxbury High School gave a party on the eleventh of February, which was very successful, both socially and financially. An exceptional feature noticed at this dance, was the opening of the balcony for those who did not wish to dance, a convenience which was greatly appreciated. The B. L. S. was represented by Captain Moulton and by Lieutenants Murray and Pigeon. On the afternoon of the twenty-second of February, one of the most successful parties ever given by any school was given by the officers of the English High School in the drill-hall. Major Bent, Lieutenants Lombard, Rich, and Pigeon, and J. L. Maguire and Gould of the graduating class, were present from our school.

THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER.

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Another Class Day has passed into the history of the school—one which, it is the fond belief of '99, passed off at least as well as its forerunners. Extended remarks on this subject, at this distant date, would be superfluous and wearisome. One unusual feature there was this year, however, the illustration of the prophecies by a member of the class. Some years ago, this arduous task was performed by one of the instructors, and the enjoyment of the prophecies thereby greatly increased. As the class increased in size, the work assumed too large proportions and was finally abandoned. But '99 is proud to claim an artist of its own, and all who so enjoyed the portrayal of the future fates of the class on the twenty-first will agree that nothing gave such an enlivening effect to the occasion as "our special artist's" clever work.

It is encouraging to note the large attendances at the debates. We hope they signify a real interest on the part of the school, and not merely the curiosity aroused by a novelty. The questions debated are the practical issues of the day; in this respect we have a great advantage over the debating society to which Gladstone belonged in his school-days, for its discussion, he says, was limited to topics which had attained the respectable age of at least fifty years. We have heard some comments on these subjects such as the following:

"This must be a hard subject to discuss; for my part, I don't know anything about it." Such remarks only prove more clearly the value of this choice of subjects. When we consider that the abolishment of capital punishment is now being advocated in our State Legislature, and that the question of shipping subsidies has vexed the last Congress and still remains for the next one to argue over, we feel ashamed of not knowing. We wish to be informed at once about the merits of the case, and the debate offers a fair view at both sides. Do you know all the reasons why the government should or should not own and operate the telegraph lines? Then be sure to be present at the next debate.

Much regret has been expressed that our school was not represented at the interscholastic individual drill given under the auspices of the M. I. T. Class of '02, in the Irvington Street Armory, on the third of March. If two candidates from our school had been entered, the chances for a Boston cadet to get the prize would have been increased. As it was, a cadet of St. John's School, New York, carried off the prize. Whitehead, of Dorchester High, headed the list of the Boston cadets, taking fourth place.

The older pupils have, no doubt, already taken advantage of some of the municipal lecture courses which are being given in different parts of the city. The speakers are many of them noted men and women and the lectures of the highest order. There are golden opportunities here which those who can spare the necessary time could not do better than to grasp.

Fall in line for the concert in aid of the baseball club. If you have not yet sent in your name for tickets, remember that you still have time. The date (April 18th) has been set so that there will be no lessons to prepare for the next day. By that time we shall expect the team to be in working order, so that we may know what its chances are this year.

The REGISTER wishes to express its thanks to the author of the sketch of Capt. Richard Cary which appears in this issue. We hope these short biographies, collected by the Literary Editor, will prove of increasing interest and value in future years.

Have you had your photograph taken yet? The committee will be glad to furnish tickets to all members of the school and their friends.

A Cuban Hero.

One hot, sultry morning in June, a party of horsemen was riding along through the thick Cuban woods on an almost invisible path. It was composed of nine men, all dressed in white cloth, and armed to the teeth. The most important person of this little band was a tall, rather thin man, with a dark skin and a white moustache. His equipment was exactly like those of his companions save that the hilt of his machete was jeweled, and that he carried no rifle. He was conversing with a slight, weak-looking man who was riding by his side. They spoke in low tones, but by the frequent gestures it was evident that the subject of their conversation was very interesting. The other members of the party were evidently guards, and they were chatting and laughing together in a way which showed that they knew no enemies were near. All at once the leader turned in his saddle, and called loudly: "Rodriguez!"

One of the guards, a very handsome young man about twenty-two years old, immediately rode forward and saluted.

"Rodriguez," said the chief, "Señor Pasquale here says that you know the country hereabouts well, and have served as a scout for Señor Regente. Is that true?"

"Yes, Señor," replied Rodriguez, "I was born here."

"Born here, eh," replied the other. "You see, Pasquale, it is sometimes useful to be born somewhere."

"Yes, Señor Gomez," said the slight man whom his commander had called Pasquale, "but it is not so useful to be killed somewhere, and that is assuredly what will happen if you send this young man on the errand you propose."

"But, *caramba!*" replied Gomez, "the message must go, whatever the risk, and all I now need is some one to take it." Then turning to Rodriguez, "Young man, I have here a message which must go at once to General Maceo. Now I was going to ask if you knew of any brave man who would volunteer to carry this letter."

"I know one, Señor," replied Rodriguez, "who would willingly take any message to Señor Maceo."

"And who may that be?" asked Gomez smiling.

"I myself will go," said the young man, "for I know this part of the country well, as I said before."

"Yes," replied Gomez, "but think of the dangers and difficulties you will have to pass through. Above all, remember that the Spanish trocha lies between Maceo and you."

"Nevertheless, if you will permit me, I will go," answered Rodriguez; and so it was arranged. The next day at sunrise, Rodriguez set out, mounted on the best horse of the troop, and carrying a rifle, revolver, machete, and a long knife. In addition to all this, he had furnished himself with a pair of wire-cutters, for he well knew that he would come to many barbed-wire fences in crossing the dreaded trocha.

For the first day he jogged along, until he reached a little, deserted hut. He knew that he was nearing the trocha, so he thought it advisable to spend the night there. As he was about to light a fire, he heard the steady tramp, tramp, tramp of marching troops, and, looking out, he saw a good-sized body of Spanish infantry less than half a mile away, and marching directly towards him. Snatching up his rifle, he sprang from the hut, and ran to a large clump of trees near by. At the same instant the Spaniards saw him, and started on an irregular rush for the clump of trees. Rodriguez hastily ran back to the main wood which extended for several miles in one long, continuous belt across his line of march. He reached it safely, but suddenly he heard the crack of a rifle, and the well-known challenge:

"Halt, or I fire!"

He immediately dropped to the ground, and began to crawl along on his hands and knees away from the sentry. After proceeding thus for about forty yards, he stood up, and as he heard no sound near him, he judged that he had thrown the sentry off his track. He then went on cautiously, but before he had gone one hundred feet he ran into a high barbed-wire fence. It took but five minutes to open a good-sized hole in this fence by means of his wire-cutters, but those five minutes had sufficed to give the sentry time to summon a guard, and now bullets fell thickly around him. He was uninjured, however, and proceeded for some distance in safety, until he reached a little stream which ran swiftly across his route. He

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AN ALSTENOGRAPHER wanted in a banking house to earn \$30 weekly, as G. F. Newhall does after only 3½ months' study at **PERNIN SHORTHAND SCHOOL**, 180 Tremont St., Boston; it paid him, will it pay *you* to study at the Pernin school?

was about to cross this brook, when he heard voices on the other side.

Now his position was serious indeed. If he escaped one party he could scarcely help falling into the hands of the other. Crawling along the side of the river he suddenly came upon a large, hollow tree, which was fully large enough to hide a man. Into this he crept, and, arranging himself as comfortably as possible in his rather cramped quarters, he waited for something to happen. He did not have to wait long. In a few minutes the body of troops which was pursuing him reached the brook, and they immediately began to search the banks for any sign of the mysterious enemy. They would have been much surprised if they had known that the object of their search was in hiding so near. At that instant the troops on the farther bank appeared upon the scene, and after a hurried consultation the two bands joined each other on Rodriguez's side of the stream, and marched off towards the place where he had proposed to spend that night.

Rodriguez crawled out of his tree as soon as they were out of hearing, crossed the brook, and climbed the other bank. Just before him was a long, narrow clearing, and through it ran a railroad track, on which trains of cars, heavily plated with railroad iron, ran continually back and forth. Selecting a moment when the track was clear, he dashed across the clearing amid a volley of very badly aimed shots, none of which touched him. He burst through a thick hedge, and set off on a run towards a long, low, half-ruined farm-house. Half a dozen Spaniards followed him, but after he had gone for about a mile, all but two had dropped off. Perceiving this, Rodriguez turned and drew his revolver, but his cartridges were entirely soaked, and would not go off. Throwing down his now useless weapon, he drew his machete, and striking the nearest Spaniard full in the head, rushed on to meet the second. The latter had also drawn his machete, and a sharp combat took place, in which the Spaniard got so much the worst of it that he dropped his weapon and fled. Rodriguez now proceeded safely to the farm-house, where he borrowed a horse and reached Maceo, uninjured, in three days.

And so Rodriguez won the captaincy which he now holds.

H. A. B., '02.

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Tim, A Waif.

Tim, or rather Timothy, Grady was but a poor newsboy, earning his scanty living by selling papers, and blacking shoes between whiles. He was alone in the world, his mother having died when he was only a baby.

His father's tale was a pitiful one, but too common, alas, to attract much notice in these days when every hour we hear some sad story. Patrick Grady had emigrated from Ireland in 187-, because he was ambitious to get rich, although by his trade as a blacksmith he had supported his family in comfort in Ireland. But in the new country he could not find any work, and his wife soon died; therefore to "wash down his troubles," as he said, he took to drinking. Before this time, he had always been kind to Tim, but now he generally went off after a late breakfast for all day, and late at night he would come home, drunk and quarrelsome. He would kick and beat the poor boy, if the sale of papers during his absence, or the amount of coal and wood stolen by Tim from neighboring wharves, did not satisfy him, although when he woke up the next morning, and when he was sober, he would generally be sorry for his cruel actions.

One night, Tim returned late from selling papers, and was preparing to go to bed, when a loud knock was sounded on the door, and as he opened it, four men hurriedly entered the room, bearing a motionless figure on a stretcher. Tim looked into its bloated face, and recognized his father. His pulse had stopped beating, and his coat was bespattered with drops of blood.

"He was killed in a drunken row at Connor's. His assailant also was killed. We knew he was your father," said one of the four, a rough-looking man, by way of explanation.

Tim burst into passionate weeping, for although he had been often abused by his father, he was an affectionate lad, and sincerely loved his father. Even the men were touched, although accustomed to scenes of distress, and tried to comfort him in their rough way, but soon left him, and Tim realized that, though only ten years old, he was now fatherless, motherless, and homeless.

The next day he was turned out of his poorly furnished apartment by the heartless landlord, and its few contents were taken for arrears in rent. His father's remains were hurried to the paupers' burial ground, and Tim that night

was obliged to sleep in an old barrel. Then began a life of struggle. He arose very early in the morning, and sold his papers, then bought a cheap breakfast, and for the rest of the morning blacked shoes, or lounged about until it was time for the afternoon papers.

His recognized place for selling papers was a certain corner where no other newsboy was supposed to trespass. If another did, a fight usually ensued in which Tim would come off more or less victorious.

At night he slept in all manner of places from dry-goods boxes to a cell in the station house, where he was taken as a vagrant. He liked the heat and dryness of the place, especially on a cold winter night, and if he had been released in time to sell his papers, he would have thought the place almost ideal. On these mornings his customers missed his cheery cry, "Mornin' papers. All the mornin' papers, Journal, World, Sun, Tribune, Press. Want a paper, sir? All the papers."

It was a blazing hot August day, when nearly everybody that could afford it, was off on a vacation. So Tim barely managed to sell all his papers. He saw that there would be no prospect of obtaining any customers for a morning shine, so he bethought himself of a tar, a friend he had made on one of the many lumber-ships, lying at — Wharf. He started down to see him, but when he came to the wharf, he found that the ship had sailed the night before. He began retracing his steps along the wharf, thinking that he would find a secluded place, where he could have a swim. As he walked slowly along, he passed a man staggering in the opposite direction.

"He is about the same height as my father, and looks something like him. Oh, my poor father; it was eight months ago he died. How I wish he were alive. Anyway this fellow is some poor cove." With these words, he was about to dismiss the matter from his mind, when he heard a loud splash behind him, and turning quickly, he no longer saw the man.

"He must have been so drunk, that he didn't see the edge of the wharf and so he walked off." Quick as thought, he tore off his shoes and coat, and dove into the water. No one was in sight. When he arose to the surface the man was sinking for the second time. He swam up to him and tried to grab him by his hair. But the man, with all the terror of a drowning person, clutched Tim wildly about the waist, struggling violently all the time. Tim was not an experienced nor a strong swimmer, and under this terrible disadvantage he was not able to keep the man above water, nor was he able to free himself from his grasp, so they sank together.

As they arose to the surface, Tim tried with violent efforts to throw off the man's arms, which were tightly clasped around him. He did not succeed, but here a kind Providence intervened. A sailor heard their struggles from the nearest ship, and he hastened to the rescue. As he came up, he said, "Steady, there. Which of you shall I take first? I shall be able to rescue only one at a time. Which shall I take?"

"Take him," said Tim bravely, pointing to the man, "I can swim and he can't."

"All right," said the sailor, "but you better try to swim to the ship, while I'm helping this man. If you can't, float till I can get back."

The sailor swam off with the man, who was unconscious, and had exhausted himself by his violent struggles, and so he made no resistance. They reached the ship in safety, and the sailor began to haul the man aboard.

Meanwhile Tim, also thoroughly exhausted, tried to swim a little way, and as he was too weak to do so, he turned over on his back, and tried to float. But he saw that he could not stay above water, and unless some help immediately offered itself, he must sink. "Help! Help!" he cried despairingly, "I'm drown-ing un—." The rest was never spoken. Water filled his mouth, and choked him, but the last thing he saw, as he went down, was

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the sailor helping the man whom he had rescued on board the ship, and he also saw, O joy, a sailor from another ship quite a distance off, who had heard his cries, and was swimming toward him at full speed. Hope began to revive, but his failing strength could not sustain him, and he sank again. He was unconscious when he rose to the surface, but he immediately sank again for the last time. The sailor reached the spot where he had been, just after he sank. The man whom Tim had rescued, after much rubbing, was brought back to his senses, but Tim, though only a poor newsboy and bootblack, died the death of a true hero.

"Oh my son, my dear son; would that you were alive. Why did you not let me drown, and save yourself. You were worth ten of me." These impassioned words were spoken by the man whom brave Tim had rescued.

Here a little explanation is necessary. Tim's father, Patrick Grady, was the twin brother of Dennis. In their youth, the two boys had so resembled each other that it was difficult to distinguish them. Dennis early had gone to sea and had been completely lost track of by his brother Patrick. The day before the supposed death of Patrick, Dennis had arrived at New York from a long cruise, and, suffice it to say, he had been killed at Connor's instead of Patrick, as the men had supposed on account of their close resemblance. Patrick that night also got very drunk at another saloon, and had done something he never would have done if sober,—committed a petty theft. He was caught and given six months in the penitentiary. He neither had a chance, nor did he wish to send word to his son of his arrest. His son believed that Dennis was his father, as he never looked at him very closely. Neither had he seen anything about Patrick's arrest in the papers. So when Patrick celebrated his release from prison by getting dead drunk, the events just related happened.

But the life ended so early, in so sad a manner, resulted in the total reformation of Patrick Grady. He decided he could best brave the great temptations which beset a drunken man if he left the city and went to some small town. This he did, and if today you should go to the village of —, Ohio, you would find Patrick Grady the much honored and respected village blacksmith. But he always thinks of his son with the greatest sorrow, and the lesson he has learned from his death he has taken deeply to heart.

W. A. K., '00.

Athletic Items.

Notice has just been received from the Boston Athletic Association with regard to forming a crew this year. There will be a meeting at the club-house to arrange the preliminaries, and doubtless more schools will be admitted to the Rowing Association, notably "Hoppy," which was not entered last year. There is plenty of good material in the school and we ought to have a first-rate crew. Last year our crew won second place in the spring races, and any one who went to see them will remember the nasty weather our fellows had to contend against in almost every race. Let the memory of last year act as a stimulus for this, and induce every one to try and make our crew this spring the first on the river.

The concert in aid of the base-ball team is certain of financial success, as a careful canvass of all the rooms shows that at least seventy dollars' worth of tickets will be sold. The lower classes were not very liberal in "coming up," but the upper classes responded nobly. Let the lower classes remember that it is "never too late to mend," and that there is still a chance for them to buy tickets. We said above that the concert would be a financial success; it remains with you to make it a social success.

Now that the School Meet is over, the next event of interest to the school in athletics will be the Interscholastic Meet. It will be held in Mechanics' Building, March 18th. The school has entered men for every event, and we have prospects of getting a few more points than we got last year. There will be a team-race between Boston Latin and English High.

Boston College voluntarily granted the use of their running track to our runners. The school is greatly indebted to them for their generosity, and the runners wish to thank the College for their courteous treatment. They have also offered our base-ball team the use of their base-ball cage.

Base-ball practice will begin the latter part of this month. There is a good showing of candidates and every one will have to do hard work for a place on the team. The positions of captain and manager have not yet been filled, and this causes great inconvenience in the matter of arranging dates.

Whorf, '01, got second place in the pole-vault at the Roxbury Latin games. He also captured third place in the half-mile at the Boston College games, losing second place within ten yards of the finish.

No place has been secured as yet for base-ball practice. Irvington Oval is all right for battery and infield practice, but is inadequate for fielding practice.

Murphy and Quincy, both ex-'99, are trying for the infield on Harvard 'Varsity base-ball team.

You would not think that the football players were such a good-looking set of fellows, till you saw their picture in the upper corridor.

"Wallie" Rand, a graduate of this school and captain of last year's Harvard base-ball team, has offered his services to the ball team for a slight compensation.

W. C. McDermott and L. E. Kelly are the two provisional captains of the base-ball candidates, and Gould has been chosen manager of the nine.

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LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

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The Drive.

Johnnie was a good guide. He was, therefore, perfectly in sympathy with the state's new law prohibiting the use of dogs in hunting deer. But the Camp was out of meat. Two days had made pork loathsome, and the deer so kept to the woods that nobody could get a shot at one of them. Moreover, the vacation was almost gone and the Camp could not boast of a single good pair of horns. That is why Johnnie came to condescend to dog's estate, and to make the woods resound with his melodious baying. The only way to get a deer was to run him to water, and since the law forbade hounding, the driving was to be done by human dogs.

Club Camp, like the Fabian Gens, was confident that it could carry on the war with its own unaided forces. Its heroes for the most part hailed from Modern Athens, with some from Utica, and some from Rome. First came Nimrod, with full panoply of leather-lined corduroy and three-mouthed fire machines, and joined with him his dread consort Diana,—about to embark in their smooth keel for a watch-point in North Bay. Bearded Esau, with his warlike wife, both fully armed; and Robin Hood, with the Reverend Tuck, and two or three Amazonian maidens, filled three other vessels of wondrous speed, two of which were also stationed in the bay, and the third, opposite the runways on the lake shore. In all they carried seven great thunder tubes, with goodly store of bolts,—dread weapons made by Vulcan's art.

Johnnie has now chosen two youths to act with him the canine part, and his boat outstrips all the others under his powerful strokes. The hounds make their landing behind the island, some three thousand paces from the watch-points up the lake. They run up into the woods about half a mile till they reach a beaver meadow behind the first ridge. From

this elevated meadow a valley slopes gradually down to North Bay, and this, especially its lower end, is to be the field of action for the day.

The drive begins with Johnnie on the thither ridge, Towser, the minor youth, in the vale, and Rowler on the hither ridge. Since Rowler lost sight of his comrades soon after the start, their adventures may not be minutely described herein, but their general course could be reckoned by the torrents of barks, bays, yelps, and howls which arose from the woods and echoed back and forth among the hills.

Now the ridge Rowler was working had been recently lumbered, and fallen tree-tops obstructed his course at every point. He had to clamber, crawl, dodge around this way, make a wide detour that way, and remember all the time to keep up his baying. What wonder, then, that he was taken very much by surprise when a whistle sounded through a thick tree-top almost in his face, and a deer went snorting out of his unsuspected cover? But why the beast should have chosen to gallop straight up the ridge was beyond Rowler's comprehension. How much easier it would have been for the deer to leap off down the valley toward the Bay! Rowler chased him for a short distance, but soon came to realize that a deer with a good start is not to be headed off by two clumsy-footed legs. So he continued his course, and, much disgusted that a deer had slept through all his barking, redoubled his "Ow-ow-ow!"

He had now reached the low land near the shore, and was hastening on towards the finish, when he heard a sudden gasping chuckle, and, turning quickly, saw Friar Tuck seated up against a mossy tree, his thunder weapon lying neglected at his feet, holding his fat sides with both hands, while mingled tears and drops of perspiration rolled down his cheeks. "Oh boys!" he gasped, "Your 'Ow-ows' nearly killed me," and a new convulsion rolled him

on the ground. The weary hound had not seen this side of the game before, but suddenly Johnnie's yelp broke from a thicket near by, and then the mirthful view came to Rowler also with full force.

Now the other hounds came up, with Robin Hood and Esau in their train. None of them had seen game, so all pushed eagerly on to see what luck had befallen the boats. The shore was lined with thick alder bushes, and as Johnnie was forcing his way through them, suddenly a man's head emerged from their bristling depths, and a sarcastic voice called out: "Well, gentlemen, what luck?"

Johnnie chuckled, for he knew the man.

After a moment's survey of the party, the stranger asked, "Where are your dogs?"

The hunters winked knowingly at each other, and Johnnie replied:

"Sure, an we was reduced to dog meat over at Club Camp, and the dogs have been rising in protest on the insides of us. Ow! Ow-ow-ow! There they go again! Any objection, Constable?"

The officer of the law looked sheepish and pushed off without reply. He had heard the baying from across the lake, and, not discriminating as an older woodsman would have done between this sound and the baying of real hounds, had hurried over from the Boarding Camp, where he was staying, bringing his lady-love with him to see him arrest these sylvan malefactors.

The huntsmen and dogs were soon picked up by the various vessels of the fleet, and with general hilarity all moved off on the homeward course. No deer had been killed, but the law had been famously cheated, which especially delighted Robin Hood and Tuck. Besides, unlike the Fabian Gens, the party was able to return without the loss of a single one of its number, and all had had a rousing good time. So the boats were drawn together to form a sort of raft, and singing and laughing, and chaffing the Constable in particular and the Boarding Camp in general, this band of hunters floated about on the calm lake till evening's hunger sent them racing back to camp.

M. F. A., '99.

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Summering with Uncle Sam.

(Continued.)

The day before we left Santiago we were joined on board the *Segurança* by about one hundred and fifty sick and discharged officers and men who were homeward bound. These soldiers were, indeed, a sorry looking lot of men. They were for the most part young men about twenty-five or thirty years old, but nearly all had beards of respectable length, but of decidedly non-respectable appearance. Their hair, too, was long and uncombed and their faces and hands were not over clean. Their uniforms invariably consisted of a more or less perforated campaign hat, with either a toothbrush or a bullet of some kind in the hatband, and a blue shirt, or rather a shirt which once had been blue, but which was then as muddy and dirty as their boots, which were as full of holes as their hats.

Now when a soldier is told he may go home he does not, as a rule, waste any time in packing his effects or in ceremonial leave-taking; he generally leaves with as much celerity and as little ceremony as possible. So when these soldiers came on board the transport, they did not bring with them their mess-kits, but in the place of these a tomato can for a cup, and knife, fork, and spoon made of wood. They had no rations with them, so our captain gave orders to the men of the company to share our food with them and to assist them in any other way we might be able. These orders were gladly executed by the men of the company, and for the next few days we were busy playing the Good Samaritan and listening to stories of the fight in Cuba and to the experiences that each had gone through. I heard so many different stories of the charge up San Juan hill, of the capture of El Caney, of the landing of the troops at Daiquiri, and the march from that place to Santiago, from these soldiers who had been through all of this campaign, that, like Tennyson,

"... If I saw not, yet they told me all
So often that I speak as having seen."

Those stories were the most romantic and stirring that I have ever listened to, and I should be glad to repeat them here, but they are all so good I should not know which to tell and which to omit, and to tell them all would require more than one full edition of the REGISTER.

The *Segurança* was a fine specimen of the troop-ship. There were the finest accommodations for the officers, and a wretched bunk

below decks for an enlisted man. As soon as we were settled on the ship and quarters had been assigned, orders were given that no enlisted man should go abaft amidships. The meetings of the non-commissioned officers however, were held in the grand saloon at the rear of the ship, and to have to go from the spacious and airy saloon to our own crowded and dark quarters caused some of us to believe that men do not remain equal for any great length of time after their birth.

To go from the upper deck to my bunk, I had first to go down a perpendicular ladder to the main deck, next to descend a flight of rickety stairs which were so steep as to cause more than one man to take a painful tumble. At the foot of these stairs there were three alleys or passage-ways, in the centre, right, and left, on either side of which were wooden bunks three tiers high and running aft for a distance of about fifty or sixty feet. Near the end of these bunks and about the middle of the ship were stored the company's provisions, beside a few boxes of Huckins' Celebrated Soups which had been sent to the company while at Tampa. After a careful survey, Blake decided that we should occupy two adjoining bunks amidships on the port side, and though I then supposed that he had selected this position because amidships the motion of the ship is the least felt, I soon learned that proximity to the supplies was of much greater weight to Blake than fear of seasickness. Of course, a guard was placed over the supplies, but either Blake or I was sure to be non-com of the guard. Now it is the duty of the corporal or sergeant of the guard to examine his detail as to their proficiency in the manual of guard duty, and more than once while I performed this duty my friend, the sergeant, opened the box of Huckins' Celebrated Soups and extracted therefrom not one or two tins of soup but as many as he could carry. One night Blake took one too many, and that one dropped from his hands, fell to the floor, and, as the floor was a sloping one, rolled for quite a distance, making a noise which the guard to whom I was giving instructions heard. I too heard, and immediately grasped what a discovery of the cause of that noise meant to Blake and me. The guard naturally turned in the direction whence the noise came—perhaps if he had not turned, I should have reprimanded him—but before he had time to perceive anything, I yelled out at him a series of rebukes for lack of attention to my instructions and questions as to why he thought I was there, which so completely

amazed him that Blake regained the can of soup and reached the upper deck before the unsuspecting private realized what had taken place. It was a close call for Blake and a still closer one for me, and I guess that was why we enjoyed that particular can of celery soup more than the rest.

This method of getting food was rather novel to me, for in Washington the soldiers were well provided with food, in Tampa we could buy a fairly good meal, and on the *Port Victor* we were such good friends of certain ones of the crew that no meal was served to the sailors of the *Port Victor* without a special invitation being extended to us. The difficulty now was not alone in getting food, but also in keeping ourselves and our clothing clean.

In Washington, almost everything tended to the comfort of the soldiers. After his day's work was done, a man could go to town and stroll about the Capitol grounds or take a walk along Pennsylvania Avenue, or take an electric car ride, or, in short, do anything he pleased until eleven o'clock, for in Washington taps did not sound until that hour. There were three bathtubs with hot and cold water attached, in which a man could take a bath at any time, and there was a large ball-ground where we could play ball. If a man did not have enough to eat at the company mess, he could go to town and buy a good meal; but even this was not necessary, for there were a number of organized societies in Washington to aid the soldiers, and one in a United States uniform could not stand on a corner for any great length of time before he would be accosted by some fair representative of one of these societies, who would start a conversation in some ingenious manner, and before the soldier knew it he would be presented with a ticket with which he might go to any café or restaurant in town and eat to his stomach's content. Some of us would have resented this and would have wished to have it understood that Uncle Sam's men were not objects of charity, but it was all done so inoffensively, and was so encouraged by the officers, that we always took their tickets and tried to use them. And if, like me, a fellow had never learned to wash his own (or anybody else's) clothes, he could take them to a Chinaman, who conducted a laundry near the gate of the Arsenal, and who could charge a soldier double rates with the greatest unconcern.

In Tampa, though the condition of affairs was far less pleasant than in Washington, a man could buy a meal and there was a laundry where you could have your clothes laundered.

On the transports, however, the conditions were very different from any I had yet been obliged to meet. We had to wash our under-clothing, and an occasional bath was now more than a luxury—it was a necessity. We had to “rustle,” as the American soldier calls it, and rustle we did. First we rustled for food, and after this affair was well attended to we rustled for water. Now the water was kept in large casks through a hole in the top of which was put a long tin hand-pump, by means of which the water was drawn. A guard was placed over this water and orders given to allow none of it to be drawn except for drinking purposes, but the orders which our superior judgment gave us said that we needed that water for a bath; so, “oft in the stilly night” we played the guard racket and drew our supply of water. I never found out whether from a sense of humor or whether unwittingly, but I noticed that whenever Blake had any washing to do he would begin to whistle “The Girl I Left Behind Me.”

On the 4th of August, after a trip of four days, which had been eventful only in the ways in which I have related, we once more came in sight of God’s own country and anchored off the quarantine station at Egmont Key, Florida. We remained at anchor in this place, waiting for further orders, until the night of the 7th, when orders were received by the captain to proceed to Puerto Rico with three officers and twenty-five men for special duty with General Miles. I immediately requested an interview with the captain and asked him to allow me to go with the detachment. He would give me no definite answer, however, and kept me in suspense throughout the night. I did not sleep that night but walked the deck, hoping against hope that I should be allowed to go to Puerto Rico. When, in the morning at roll-call, the list was read and my name was on it, I was one of the happiest men in the company. Our orders gave us to understand that one of the outcoming transports would stop and take us aboard, but the transport that we longed for never came, and after eight days of patient waiting our orders were countermanded and we were ordered to proceed to Huntsville, Alabama, a place of which we had never heard. We landed at the quarantine station and after having our personal effects disinfected, and having been treated to a first-class meal, we went by tug to Port Tampa, a trip of thirty miles, made in a driving rain from which we had no shelter. We were assigned two sleeping-cars in which to make our journey to Huntsville. The treatment we received when we

returned from Cuba was in marked contrast to that to which we were subjected before we left Tampa. On our first journey from Tampa we traveled in a converted freight car, with sides removed and wooden benches nailed to the floor; now we were to travel in a sleeping-car. The day before we set sail for Cuba we had to load all our supplies and baggage ourselves; it was now unloaded for us by stevedores who were being paid thirty cents an hour for the same work which went in on our pay-rolls as “incidentals.” I don’t know whether these things were noticed by others or not, but I do know that “you bet that Tommy sees.”

We arrived in Huntsville on the morning of the 17th of August, and of our life there I will try to give a description next month.

(To be concluded.)

A Ghostly Undertaking.

Speaking of ghosts reminds me of the time when I was in India, fighting Afghans in the passes of the Hindoostan Mountains. We were encamped in a magnificent spot a few miles from the only pass in that region whereby you could reach the enemy’s stronghold. It was a cloudless summer day, and so hot that we were obliged to dig ditches around the tents and along the company streets in order to permit the perspiration of the men to drain off. I was sitting in the door of my tent, lazily smoking the last cigar I possessed, when the Sultan approached from behind and slapped me familiarly on the shoulder. “Morning, old boy,” said he, “how are you feeling?”

I replied that I was in first-rate health, and added that I thought he looked worried over something. “Fact is,” he returned, “I am, decidedly, and, what’s more, I want your help. You’ve had considerable experience with ghosts, I understand?”

“Well,” I modestly answered, “I have been up against them a few times, but they are not very hard to subdue if you only go about it in the right way and don’t show you are afraid of them. One time when I was in —”

“Never mind,” he said, “what I want you to do now is to tackle them by handfuls.”

“Well?” I questioned, expectantly. If there is anything that stirs my interest more than ghosts, I’d like to find it.

“I suppose you have shared the common curiosity of the men as to our protracted stay in this place. I am about to tell you what the cause is, and I expect you to help me

remove it. But I shall be obliged to extract a promise from you, not to make it known, for if it were, I have my doubts if the men would continue their stay. The truth is, that pass is full of ghosts. Not the modest spirits usually seen by man, when under the influence of the same, but thorough-grained, malicious ones, whose evil purpose seems to be centered on closing the pass to our troops. Try as hard as we may, our men cannot get through there, although they may see or hear nothing. They are as if stopped by an invisible barrier. Perhaps you have heard the story of the five hundred natives who were cut down by our troops in that place fifty years ago? It is their shades that are supposed to dwell there now. If you can help me in this difficulty I would be happy to make such compensation as you think reasonable."

"Sir," I said haughtily, "I resent such a proffer of reward as an insult, come from whom it may. If I perform this service it must be purely a matter of accommodation, both to you and to myself; to you for exterminating these unwelcome neighbors, and to me for offering better opportunities in the field of my favorite research. Nevertheless, as I suppose it will entail some expense and much trouble—"

"Say nothing, nothing in the least. Anything you want, why, you know where to come for it."

I asked that I might have two trustworthy men who were not superstitious. Then I went to work constructing two huge bellows on trucks so arranged that by pulling sharply on a lever a blast of air would be shot with the force of a whirlwind to a distance of several hundred feet. So much for my apparatus. The following night I, with my two men, set off into the jungle in search of *acmendiopidis callifandora*, a plant the roots of which, when dried and pulverized, are death to ghosts; but it must be dug in the dark, as it is exceedingly dangerous when under the influence of light. After procuring several hundred pounds of this material we returned. The next night at twelve o'clock I had my two bellows and their operators in position at the end of the pass, each commanding one side. The bellows were filled with the powdered root. I took my stand just as the clock struck twelve, and hallooed as loud as possible. My voice echoed down the aisle of rock and died away without any apparent effect. But ghosts have many mortal characteristics, and I knew well enough that they could not

restrain their curiosity a great while longer. I hallooed again and again, and finally was rewarded by the sight of a head protruding from the solid wall. The apparition stared at me blankly for a few seconds, and then said surlily, "What the deuce are you doing there?"

At this juncture I almost burst out laughing, for my two assistants, who saw and heard nothing save myself, and were completely mystified by these strange doings, were regarding me in the most frantic way, with their eyes popping from their sockets, no doubt thinking I was a madman. However, I checked myself in time, and yelled back, "I am about to give the greatest demonstration ever known of the triumph of modern skill and science. Watch me sharply and you will see the most magnificent exhibition that ever your eyes lit upon." The climax was approaching, and so far everything had gone along well. Nor was I disappointed in the next move. Looking down between the granite walls, I could see heads being thrust out by hundreds, all eager to catch a glimpse of this phenomenon. It seemed that every square foot of rock supported a turbaned head.

Now was the time for action. I gave the signal to my assistants, and they, working the bellows, sent a stream of *callifandora* whizzing along the sides of the avenue. Every ghost was fairly caught. Not a single one escaped the fierce blast. Such a howl as arose! Such faces as they made for a second or two! But the herb was powerful, and in exactly eight seconds every head had been reduced to nothing; actually exterminated!

In the early gray of next morning I approached the door of the Sultan's tent, exhausted but triumphant, and left word for him that the passage was clear. Then I took myself off before he could have a chance to see me and load me down with gifts, as he undoubtedly would have done, and in another day I was leaving the shores of India forever.

L. C. W., '01.

Smith.—"Brown, do you think bicycling is on the decline?"

Brown.—"Of course not; if it were, everybody would ride; it's ever so much easier riding on a decline than on an incline."

"*Stridens alis sagitta.*"

"An arrow, striding along on its wings."

THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER.

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APRIL, 1899.

The April REGISTER must humbly beg its readers' pardon for its unusually late appearance. This has been a short school month, and a very busy one for many of the members of the upper classes. Add to these facts that the building in which our printer was located has, since our last issue, been almost destroyed by fire, for which neither he nor we are ready to take the responsibility, and that he has but just settled in new quarters, and you will hardly blame us for some delay. However, trying to get all possible good out of this "ill wind," we have been enabled to get reports of some more recent events which the usual prompt appearance of the paper would have made it impossible to record in this number.

A few years ago a very well-known visitor to the school was the late Professor Van Daell, then director of modern languages in the Boston public schools. After his recent death, a part of his extensive library was placed on sale, and the Boston Latin School Association seized this opportunity to enrich the school library with the magnificent *Dictionnaire Universel* of Pierre Larousse. This is a standard French work in seventeen volumes, which scarcely another school in the country can count in its library, and which very few even of our public libraries contain. The school is fortunate in having

so strong and active an alumni association, and especially fortunate just at this time in getting possession of such a masterly work through the enterprise and interest of that association.

This is the best season of the year for bicycle rides, coming as it does between the raw March winds and the scorching heat of summer. While this statement may not appeal to those whose rides are accompanied by "scorching" heat at all times of the year, there are many who will appreciate its significance, and, we hope, take advantage of the fact. The beauties of nature, too often missed if we leave all our vacation till summer, are beginning to appear in all their glory. This is the ideal time of the year for a ride to Lexington and Concord, and even for one who has been there many times, there is always new delight in stopping to breathe deeply of the freshness of spring at such places as Hawthorne's house, the North Bridge, old Sleepy Hollow cemetery, or Lake Walden. One who is going upon a first visit to such a place, so full of historic and natural interest, ought either to have a guide or previously to read and absorb the contents of one of those little booklets so commonly found in the book-stores, descriptive of places of interest in our neighborhood. To Plymouth and back is a rather long ride for one day, but going by wheel and returning by train would, with an early start, give time for at least a good look at this beautiful, old town. And many more Saturdays than will come between now and the close of school might be delightfully occupied with shorter trips to such places as the Blue Hills and Sharon, the Newtons and Wellesley, Salem and Marblehead.

Military Affairs.

There is now but little time left to prepare for the two most important events of the year connected with the drill, namely the Annual Parade and the Prize Drill, and a great deal of hard work is needed to make them a success. The captains have drawn up a schedule of movements to be executed at the Prize Drill, and, if they are allowed to use them, there is little doubt that the drill will be a success as far as the company movements are concerned.

There is some talk, however, of using the list of movements drawn up by Colonel Weaver last year, which, considering the

shortness of the time, it would be almost impossible to do. This list, too, makes the year's work count for a large percentage of the final mark, and, as we have had no instructor for the greater part of the year, it would be extremely difficult to mark on this system. Then, too, this list is composed of very long and difficult movements, and it would be impossible to accomplish them creditably, without having more time for preparation. As to the parade, there is no doubt that it will go off smoothly, at least on the part of our battalions, provided the weather permits us to practice in the street a few times.

Two companies go into the street now every pleasant drill-day, while two stay in the drill-hall, and two go into each of the yards. It is amusing to see how lightly those who go into the street tread, in the vain attempt to avoid the dust which rises in clouds and covers the boots and trousers. It is after drilling for an hour in the hot and dusty street that the lack of opportunity of washing one's face and hands is most felt. Nevertheless, every one would far rather drill even in the street than stand around the drill-hall watching others, as we were obliged to do much of the time during the winter.

The cadets have all been measured for their white duck trousers, and there will be no trouble this year, we are confident, about getting them out in time. As last year, every one will wear leggings, officers and sergeants included. The Continental Clothing House received the contract.

On Saturday afternoon, April 15th, the Dorchester High School held their annual Prize Drill at Bloomfield Hall, Dorchester. The drill was very successful from all points of view. There were a very large number present, and the drilling was excellent. The exercises consisted of a battalion drill under command of Major Young, followed by company and individual drill, concluding with dress parade and award of prizes. The B. L. S. was represented by Major De Long and Captain Jackson.

In concluding we wish to express our pleasure at having been so very fortunate as to secure Colonel Benyon as our instructor for the remainder of the year. Colonel Benyon has had long experience, not only in the militia, but also as a drill-instructor, and we expect that, although he has so short a time at his disposal, there will be a great improvement in the drill.

Eidyllion.

And Notos, strong-blowing, brought us speedily to a land of fair headlands and gentle slopes. And the water lapped the strand in the quiet of the morning, while from the hills there came the single note of a sweet-throated bird, and the breath of flowers rose up to meet us.

Now there fell upon our ears the sound of distant singing. And the sound was like that of many brooks in spring-time for the gladness of it, and we deemed it was made by no mortal voices, for whoso heard it straightway forgot all care and trouble, and to him it seemed all of life worth living. Still we listened, amazed at heart, and ever the melody drew nearer, until we saw a bevy of maidens coming down through the flowering meadow.

Then we could hear that they were singing to Aphrodite, her of the magic zone, who sways the hearts of men, and we stood sore afraid and durst not raise our eyes from the ground. But when they had come nigh they ceased from their hymning, and one, the fairest of them, lifted up her voice and thus addressed us:

"Hail, O sea-tossed wanderers, hail and welcome. This is the land of Delight, where there is no pain or toil; here there is never old age or sickness, but everything is fresh and fair, and eternal spring garbs the earth in flowers. To Apollo belongs this realm, and to his son Pheranthes, our father—yonder is his palace. Come, dream no more of the sea, but dwell here forever in joy and happiness."

At the sound of these gracious words our hearts were glad within us, for we knew that we were in the land of the blameless Hyperboreans and that all our toil was past. And as we gazed in each others' faces, we saw that the burden of years had dropped from us like a mask, and we all stood in the freshness and vigor of youth. And the maidens took us by the hand and led us up through the meadows, till the sound of the sea died away behind us—but in ancient Hellas there was much weeping, and watching in vain for those who would never return.

L. W., '99.

WANTED.

AN ALI STENOGRAPHER wanted in a banking house to earn \$30 weekly, as G. F. Newhall does after only 3½ months' study at **PERNIN SHORTHAND SCHOOL**, 180 Tremont St., Boston; it paid him, will it pay you to study at the Pernin school?

The Concert.

At length the day came, as all days have a way of doing, for which the musical clubs of the school had been so long and diligently preparing. Fortunately, the weather clerk decided to give us a pleasant evening and everything conspired to make the concert a success. There was an unusually large number present and all enjoyed themselves fully.

The programme showed very skillful arrangement; there was no crowding or undue prominence of any part; in fact, everything seemed the nearest possible approach to perfection. Mrs. Stone's singing was, to those who heard her for the first time, an almost surprising delight, which was all the more pleasing because the fair sex, while appearing in good numbers among the audience, had no other representative on the platform than Mrs. Stone and her accompanist.

The instrumental solos were very enjoyable, and the musical clubs and the accompanist sustained their usual high reputations. Numerous encores were happily responded to, and no one gave a thought to the fleeting moments. The Glee Club brought in an enlivening touch in "Peter Piper," and following this, as an encore, the sad tale of "The Boy, the Tack, the Teacher." The audience did not fail to see the point.

It may truthfully be said that the programme was wholly musical, except for number 10. This was rendered appropriately in the most terrifying, though apparently amusing, manner; we shudder yet to think of it.

Since many of our readers were unable to be present, we print the programme in full below. We are glad to state that the concert was beyond expectation successful financially as well as musically. As the proceeds were devoted chiefly to the base-ball team, it was probably under the inspiration of the previous evening that Latin School defeated Dedham High School on the morning of the 19th with a score of 29 to 2.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Medley Overture. "Butterflies." Beyer.
B. L. S. Orchestra.
2. Robin Adair. Arr. L. O. Emerson,
B. L. S. Glee Club.
3. Song from Mignon,
"Dost Thou Know that Sweet
Land?" Thomas.
Mrs. Marie Kaula Stone, Contralto.
Accompanist, Mrs. Mabel Le Favre Pearson.

4. Annexation March. Hall.
B. L. S. Banjo Club.
5. Flute Solo. Abt.
L. C. Whipple.
Piano accompaniment, A. T. Davison.
6. (a) "The Rosary." Nevin.
(b) "The Lass with the Delicate
Air." Arne.
Mrs. Stone.
7. Cornet Solo. Catlin.
W. J. Clarke and Orchestra.

PART II.

8. (a) "Slumber, Dearest." Hershey.
(b) "Peter Piper." Jarvis.
B. L. S. Glee Club.
9. Whispering Pines Waltzes. Lansing.
B. L. S. Banjo Club.
10. The Village Orchestra Gaunt.
(as they played it).
B. L. S. Orchestra.
11. (a) "Little Boy Blue." Nevin.
(b) "At Parting." Rogers.
Mrs. Stone.
12. Columbia Grand March. Henning.
W. H. Taylor and E. O. Fitch.
13. Annie Laurie. A. Greibel.
B. L. S. Glee Club.

A Chat with Mrs. Plutopop.

I met Mrs. Plutopop on the car this morning. Pray do not deceive yourself by concluding from this that Mrs. Plutopop is one of those ordinary people who are obliged to content themselves with being jerked about the city in a common "electric" for want of a more comfortable and genteel conveyance. Oh, no! Indeed, as that lady took pains to inform me in her first sentence, it was "only through unforeordained circumstances of a most unfrequented and potentate nature that she was thus compressed to vitiate the hollow customs of her progeny and suffer the humility of being injected to the gaze of the vulgar masses of an electric car."

"Her coachman," she said, "while driving her home the previous evening from a swarry, in an estate of most exhilarious inebration, came into violable compact with the curbstone, and although she was fortunate enough to come out of the escape harmless, she was participated upon the sidewalk, the carriage was totally decapitated as well as the horses, while the coachman was picked up in a perfectly sensible condition and taken to the infernary

where he was soon expected to perspire from eternal injuries.

I expressed my sympathy for Mrs. Plutopop, and felt it for the coachman, and then, to introduce an original subject, remarked that it was a very cold day, several degrees below zero, in fact.

To this Mrs. Plutopop acquiesced, with the additional reflection that "it was indeed fortunate for us that we used the farine barometer, for if we used the centipede one, as they do in Central Africa, the temperament would be twenty or thirty degrees colder still."

The conversation then turned to educational topics, and Mrs. Plutopop was constrained to observe that "although she *had* been inverted she placed no credulity in the old adze of Solomon: 'Ignorance is bliss; 'tis folly to be wise,' but was an infirm support of a libertine education, and yet she was by no means satiated with the present system of public schools. When I think," said she, "of the infinitive scores of diseases in the shape of Germans, carbuncles, microscopes, barnacles, and all that sort of thing which are respectfully filtering about in an over-superfluous school-room, I feel that to send an offspring of mine to such a menagerie would be to keep myself in perpendicular suspenders."

"And in addition to these hydrophobic considerations," continued Mrs. Plutopop, after a few seconds of consenting silence on my part, "there remains the undineable fact that you are fishersoupal in everything." (My thoughts wandered to the lunch-room.) "Now I deceived my education in Europe," quoth Mrs. Plutopop.

"A fact which any one might guess from your remarkable and striking use of language, madam," I politely and truthfully replied.

Mrs. Plutopop smiled pityingly. "You are probably then not cognate of the fact," said she, "that the dead, romantic dialogues are the only ones now in use in such countries as

Europe and Asiatic China, English being a thing of the past."

I blushed at my ignorance, and Mrs. Plutopop continued, "I speak several of them myself with great fluctuosity, but that is but a small apartment of what I brought home. If you could see all the remnants I have in my saloon of ibolosks and pyrometers and statutes and cathartics and —

"Dartmouth!" yelled the conductor, and I took hasty leave of Mrs. Plutopop.

A. L. R., '99.

Debating.

After a long interval, the third debate took place on the afternoon of Monday, April 24, in the Exhibition Hall. Before a very scanty audience this question was discussed:

Resolved, That all telegraph lines in the United States should be owned and controlled by the government.

The debaters, who were all from the Second Class, spoke in this order:

AFFIRMATIVE.

S. T. Foster,
L. D. Granger,
C. W. Harris,
W. H. Taylor.

NEGATIVE.

R. H. Hallett,
H. H. Ham,
C. Dill,
G. A. Barrow.

In arguing for government ownership, the principal points of the affirmative were: While the progress of commerce and civilization in the United States demand better and cheaper facilities for the rapid transmission of intelligence, the present method of controlling telegraph lines is inadequate for these purposes; the most efficient and cheapest service can be obtained by government ownership and control; and such ownership is practicable, both constitutionally and, as the experience of European countries shows, financially. The negative claimed that government ownership would be unconstitutional and contrary to the

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spirit of our institutions; that the present system is satisfactory; and that government ownership would lead to great evils.

Messrs. Capen, Richardson, and Robinson acted as judges and the decision was in favor of the affirmative; totals, 880 and 768.

While the argument was generally sound, the delivery of the majority of the speakers was rather poor. Lack of confidence and of thorough possession of the subject was evident; but practice alone can overcome these defects. In this connection it is easy to see the value of the Public Declamations, if we consider only the self-possession on the platform which is so necessary for the success of a debater, and in the gaining of which they are so beneficial agents. Very probably the smallness of the audience at this debate was one dispiriting influence, for, as one of our greatest orators has said, there are three necessities for the exhibition of true oratory—the man, the occasion, and the audience.

Athletics.

The base-ball candidates are hard at work practising daily on Clover Field. There are still enough candidates out to form two teams and as every position on the team is closely contested, some very close practice games are played. A sharp practice game of five innings was played with Boston College, resulting in a victory for our school, by a score of 5 to 0. This victory was very encouraging to the supporters of the team and was mainly due to the collegians' inability to hit Regan.

McGrath, White, and Lynch are the candidates for catcher. White was unfortunate enough to split his thumb, while practising, but will soon be out again. For pitchers, we have a formidable trio in Merrick, Leahy, and Regan. Regan is well seasoned and ought to hold his own against any pitcher in the Interscholastic League.

Maguire, Norton, and Donovan are the candidates for first base. Donovan seems to have the preference, as he is a hard, conscientious worker. Bolster and McDermott are

the candidates for second bases. While Bolster is a better fielder than McDermott, McDermott is hitting the ball well, and the position is undecided as yet. Rand and Halligan are the candidates for short stop. Rand is thinking seriously of going out for the crew and if he does, Halligan will have a "sure thing." Minton will cover third base.

For the out-field there is a great number of candidates. Kelly is pretty sure of a position. The other candidates are Moulton, Muldoon, Pieper, Pierce, Comins, Duer, Gartland, and Field. Every one is a sure catch, so the best hitters will get the positions. On the whole, we have prospects of a fine team worthy of the school's heartiest support.

An amusing thing happened the other day in a practice game with B. U. Coach Goodwin, who catches on B. U., had reached second base, and while taking a good lead, remarked to Bolster, who was playing second, that it was too bad the catcher and second baseman didn't have signals. Just then McGrath gave the signal to Regan, who threw sharply to Bolster in time to catch Coach Goodwin by about two feet.

The crew has been practicing on the Charles. The squad has been reduced to six men: Bent, Phillips, Guild, Wood, Copp, and Parmelee. Phillips has been appointed temporary captain. The candidates for coxswain have not as yet been called out.

B. L. S., 20—Frye School, 9.

On Saturday afternoon, April 15, our team opened the season auspiciously by defeating Frye School, on Brookline Common. It was an easy game and Latin School scored in every inning except the eighth. There were a great many base hits. F. Regan was appointed captain and filled the position acceptably, working very hard to win the game. The game was greatly delayed by the incessant wrangling of Captain Regan of Frye School over the umpire's decisions. The score by innings was:

B. L. S.—2, 3, 2, 6, 3, 1, 2, 0, 1—20.

Frye School—2, 0, 0, 1, 0, 0, 1, 1, 4—9.

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What Else Might Have Been. *

After having seen the Cuban Republic established in Havana with Lopez at the head, I had expected to see the new nation flourish, peaceful towards all and just in every dealing. But little did I imagine what actually did result.

As captain of the United States battle-ship *Blaine*, I was invited to a grand reception, held by the President at his state residence. While there I had an opportunity to speak with him. Through an interpreter he addressed me and could not flatter me too much. "Ah, the great Captain Jones is welcome to my palace, welcome to the City of Havana and the Cuban Republic, all is his, it is but for him to speak and us to obey." So the talk ran on, but merely from curiosity, and perhaps from the fact that I felt a responsibility for the result of my affair with General Viler, I asked, "How does General Viler, the late commander of the Spanish forces on this island? I should like to see him in his confinement." I was surprised to notice the effect the mention of Viler had upon the President. His features suddenly contracted into a cruel beast-like expression, but were immediately relaxed to their normal. He looked at me for at least five seconds to see if I had noticed the change. But, seeming satisfied on this point, he replied, "The captain of the great battle-ship *Blaine* should not have thoughts of such as Viler, the barbarian; he is not worthy of regard and much less of receiving a visit from the representative of the United States, the greatest country in the world." And, turning to a servant, he ordered refreshments to be brought for us both. Thus he changed the subject. But, my thoughts continually returning to that expression which had appeared on his features at the mention of Viler's name, I was so harassed with doubt and suspicion that I returned early to the *Blaine*, determined to discover to a certainty

where Viler was stationed and how he fared. The United States consul-general informed me, upon inquiry, that it was the rumor that Viler was confined at Chico and, so far as he knew, was being treated as well as any prisoner of war deserved.

If this was the case, why should President Lopez show such concern upon the subject and so carefully avoid answering my direct question? No, I was not going to stop there in my investigation. If Viler was at Chico, I should see him the next day myself.

The next morning I secured a good horse and, wearing the costume of a private citizen of Havana, directed my way towards Chico. I had taken the precaution to see that my two revolvers were well loaded, as highwaymen were numerous in that district. The distance to Chico was short, and as I approached this small suburb of Havana I was surprised to notice the amount of carousing that was going on there. Almost every person I met was carrying a fighting-cock under his arm, and rings were formed here and there with two cocks fighting in the centre, much to the delight of the Cubans and the Spaniards. As I did not speak Spanish, it was with difficulty I inquired my way to the prison. To my surprise and dismay, I was informed that no man by the name of Viler was confined there. If he was not there, where was he? I left my horse in charge of the jailer and strolled about the streets, deep in thought. While thus engaged I had been unconsciously following a group of natives who were talking and laughing uproariously. I caught the word "Viler," and then was on the alert to catch more, but failed to follow their Spanish. We were approaching a large tent, a circus tent, in front of which was painted in Cuban colors, that could be distinctly seen at least a mile away, a poster on which was also painted a caricature of a man. I was able to translate a little: "For the Public Fund. To — with Viler."

* A sequel to "It Might Have Been," in the November issue of the REGISTER.

This was as much as I could make out, but it was sufficient for my purposes.

I purchased a ticket and entered, expecting to see Viler hung in effigy, but at least I hoped to find therein a clue to the whereabouts of my former antagonist. I was pushed along in the howling mob towards a huge cage in the centre of the tent. Here the mob was thickest and the clamor the most deafening. I leaned forward and peered into the iron-barred cage that seemed to cause all this jostling, hissing, and cat-calling. There, in a wild beast's cage, with unkempt hair, staring eyes, and arms wildly thrashing about, stood the object of my search—Viler, once the man whom thousands had obeyed, and who had lived like a king. Here he was, penned up like a grizzly bear with space enough to rave in, driven to violent insanity by the cruelty of these "pious and liberty-loving Cubans." Why had I taken a hand in this affair and placed in control the Cubans who had now proven themselves even less worthy than the Spaniards? Unable to endure the horrible cruelty longer, I madly rushed for the door and made straight for my horse, and thence towards Havana as fast as the poor roads and my horse allowed. I turned in my saddle to give one last look at the town of Chico, when I saw three men on horses behind me. I spurred my horse on but unfortunately he stumbled in a rut in the road and threw me to the ground. The horse was up and away before I could again mount. Here I was, alone on a deserted highway, two miles from the nearest house and three miles from Havana, with three horsemen approaching me, possibly highwaymen. I faced them and waited. It is needless to add that my revolvers were now within easy reach. Around the bend in the road they came, not three but two; what had become of the other I had not time to consider. "Halloo," I cried, "have you a horse I can hire?" The two stopped and consulted. One said in English, as he raised a six-shooter, "Hold up your hands!" My hands were out from under my coat in a flash, tightly grasping my weapons. I was in the act of raising them at my opponents, when a whir in the air and a tight binding grasp told me that I had been lassoed from behind by the third party. My arms were powerless, and I was dragged to the ground. They sprang upon me, and, after relieving me of my weapons, they bound me fast. This action had taken place in less time than it takes to record it, but in spite of my struggles I was overcome and carried off from the road a short distance

into the dense woods. I turned to the man who had addressed me in English and said, "You may not know who I am. I am Captain Jones of the United States battle-ship *Blaine*. Perhaps you remember what one of my guns did a short time ago; it can do the same again." "Oh, it is you, is it? I did not know whether it was you or one of your —agents." "And you?" I asked. "Lopez." He could not have uttered a name more startling. I looked at him and then recognized in him the President in the garb that well became the character of a brigand and robber.

I did not mean to lose control of myself, so I addressed him in as calm tones as I could assume: "I had supposed you, who represent the Cuban people as their President, to be a man worthy of the trust I put into your hands. To-day I have learned a great lesson. The United States shall know and the whole world shall know the truth. When Viler was surrendered to you, instead of treating him as a human being and prisoner of war, what did you do but lock him up in a cage and exhibit him to the miserable crowd, at so much apiece, to defray public expenses. That was the work of a villain, a beast, that has never yet shown the least spark of humanity in any of his duties as President of the Cuban Republic. Lopez, I denounce you here as unworthy to hold the office of President. I denounce all Cubans for participating in and not putting a stop to the cruelties of their chosen head. When again on the *Blaine*, I shall take away from you and all of your people the rights of liberty which have been so foully abused." When I first began speaking, Lopez was lighting a fresh cigarette and he leaned back against the tree behind him, assuming a contemptuous attitude, but as I approached the end, I saw his eyes, black with anger, flash as I had never seen them do before, and the cigarette smoke issued from between his lips in short, quick puffs that showed so plainly his excitement. "Caramba!" he cried in a voice choking with rage, "do you mean to dictate terms to me, you who are in my power? There is a tall tree with a convenient branch and here is plenty of rope. If we string you up, who is the wiser?" "You mistake the American people if you think any one of them can be disposed of with impunity. My first mate knows that I made this trip to Chico. If by nightfall I do not return, messengers will be sent in search of me. If by morning I have not been heard from, a body of marines will land and the guns from the *Blaine* will be directed upon the city." I

said this in a confident, unhesitating manner, and my audacity and coolness had its effect upon him. He winced and bit his lips, but did not answer immediately and stood deep in thought. At length he asked, "Can you use the sword?" "Yes." Again a painful pause. "I will give you one chance for life. You have called me villain. Perhaps you may know what that means. You will either be strung up to that tree and done with, or you will fight me with swords here and now. If I am victor, you sign an agreement that frees me from all blame in the matter; if you win, you go free and may do your worst." From the expression of his face and the manner in which he said this I knew that he meant every word of it. A choice between death and a possibility of life. Perhaps if I might now have this scene to act over again I should choose differently; as it was, I agreed to stake my life upon the sword. I was unbound and given the choice of two swords. On a stump near by, Lopez laid his revolvers and machete. I had learned to fence at Annapolis and had excelled in the art. I had even continued the practice after graduation. We crossed swords and then began a struggle in which so much was at stake. The two companions, meanwhile, looked on in silence. This day's experience had lost for me all trust in Cuban honor. From the beginning I watched his every movement to catch any sign of treachery. He was a good swordsman, but soon he saw and realized that I was his superior. I began to see his tanned face grow blacker and blacker and a heavy scowl overspread his features. He now began to retreat before me, not because I was forcing him, for he was at the same time making violent lunges at me, with a ferocity that showed his desperation. What did he mean by moving away from me step by step? I cast a glance in the direction in which he was backing and realized at that moment that he was trying to get at the stump and seize a revolver. "Villain," I muttered, and with a force I had not yet exerted I compelled him to retreat a little to my left. I gradually worked around him until I stood between him and the stump, and all danger from that quarter was over. Now I feared that he might communicate with his companions, who could easily lasso me, but before he had time to practise any more of his treachery I ended the fight. I had had no thought of killing him, that was too cold-blooded for me, so I drove my sword into his shoulder, where I knew a wound could not be fatal, but at the same time might make him

powerless in that limb for several weeks. I left him in the care of his companions, was given a horse, and reached Havana just as the sun was setting in the west.

The little I had seen of Cuba convinced me that she was not worth the having and was surely not capable of governing herself. Thus I was greatly puzzled what I should do with her. If I had never been sent on the *Blaine* into Cuban waters, how much better it would have been for all parties concerned. So I determined to try to establish as best I could the state of affairs that existed before the surrender of Viler. By the authority of Lopez's agreement and the presence of the guns of the United States battleship *Blaine*, I returned to the sovereignty of Spain the city of Havana with all its garrisons. I also saw that General Viler and all the other maltreated Spanish officials were cared for, to try and restore them to health and sanity.

A. J. COPP, '99.

A Barnum Anecdote.

As anecdotes of P. T. Barnum are seldom devoid of interest, and as this one shows both that a college education is a good help in business and that Mr. Barnum respected in others those business qualifications which he himself had, I will take the liberty of presenting to the reader a short sketch touching upon the two above named points.

Mr. Barnum, you will remember, was always on the lookout for odd and unique things; and so, when some one jokingly asked him why he did not put a high collar upon one of his giraffes, he quickly seized the idea and put it into execution. He first measured the neck of his tallest giraffe. It was only ten feet long! Then he had a man make him a collar which was eight feet high, at the least! The next thing, however, was not so easy. Where could he get the collar laundered? A day or two after this, while walking down one of the principal streets of the city in which the circus then was, he spied a sign in a window which read: "Shirts laundered, 10 cents; cuffs, 3 cents a pair; all kinds of collars, 2 cents each." That was enough for Mr. Barnum. Walking into the store, he called for the proprietor. The young fellow who was in the office said that he was that person.

"Do I understand," said Mr. Barnum, his eyes twinkling, for he liked a joke immensely, "that you launder all sorts of collars for two cents apiece?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young man.

"All sizes?" again queried Mr. Barnum.

"Yes, sir, all sizes."

"You're real sure about that?"

"Yes, sir, I haven't seen anything yet I haven't been able to attend to."

"All right, my young man, I will call later in the day with one. I guess I'll pay in advance so that it will be all right. Here's my card—O, by the way, when can you have it done?"

"I'll try to have it done in a couple of days," replied the young man, who, having glanced at the card, was wondering what was in the wind.

"All right, thanks," said Mr. Barnum, and left. That afternoon he drove around to the store with the giraffe's collar. After having reminded the young man of his agreement, he produced the collar. The young fellow never winced, but having asked about the use which Mr. Barnum made of it, said that he would have it done at the appointed time.

I will leave it to the reader to imagine how much time and starch were used up on that collar. Suffice it to say that the two cents were fully earned and that the collar was ready at the end of the two days. That day was the last one the circus spent in that city and in the evening the big tent was packed.

After the parade of the animals had taken place, the ring master stepped up on the central platform and, speaking so that all could hear him, said that Mr. Barnum had recently secured at great cost, etc., the entire monopoly of the *latest style in collars*, which would presently be shown to the people. A trumpet was sounded, and the giraffe was led in. The long-necked animal looked so funny with his eight foot collar and a big red, yellow, and green necktie, that the people roared. The giraffe was led around the track once or twice, and then left in the middle of the tent. Then the circus went on as before. But after a few minutes, Mr. Barnum noticed that the people were looking curiously at the giraffe. Then he saw that there seemed to be something on the collar. There surely was, and it seemed to be writing, and it kept growing more distinct until finally the words, *THIS COLLAR*, were made out! Now the people's curiosity redoubled! Everybody was watching the giraffe who, totally unconscious of the interest he was exciting, kept walking around impatiently. Then everybody began to smile, and then to clap, until finally, amid the applause and laughter

of the audience, these words stood out in letters six inches long:

*THIS COLLAR LAUNDERED AT SMITH'S,
43 MAIN STREET, FALL RIVER.*

BEST WORK, LOW PRICES.

Now, as I said before, Mr. Barnum liked a joke, and he liked that one. He realized that he had been fairly outdone. He had intended to remunerate the young fellow in some way or other, after he had left town, but had not thought of anything definite. He hunted up the young man, whose name by the way was not Smith, nor was the city's name Fall River, and got him to tell his story. It seemed that the young fellow was working his way through college, having just finished his Junior Year. During the summer, not wishing to be idle, he was running that little store, and had been making it pay fairly well. The idea of using sympathetic ink on the collar had occurred to him when he was studying one of his chemistry books in the evening, and so, on the next day, he had neatly painted the collar with solutions of ternitrate of bismuth, hydro-sulphuric acid, and a half-dozen others, whose names would take up about half a column.

When he had explained to Mr. Barnum that the appearance of the writing was caused by the heat of the animal's body, Mr. Barnum was greatly interested. He drew the young fellow out completely, and learned that not only was he working his way through college, but also was supporting his mother and his little sister. I will not tell you how Mr. Barnum helped the young man in many ways, but will finish by telling the sequel. For days, wherever the circus went and whenever the giraffe wore the collar, the advertisement was displayed to many people. On the street parades too, it was seen and remarked. Mr. Barnum told the story to the newspapers, and the reporters hunted the young fellow up and printed the story of his life. And then his business began to grow. He had to hire a larger place, and more men to work for him. And so it has kept on, until to-day he is the leading laundryman in that city, and the loving pride and joy of his mother and sister.

EDWIN CLIFFORD, '00.

The great question of the Nicaragua canal is to be settled! All will be rejoiced to hear this, and so will attend the last debate of this year, to be held about June 9. The First Class will argue against the canal and the Second for it.

Military Affairs.

Now that the annual parade has taken place, every effort is being made to make the Prize Drill a success, and all available time is given up to company drill. The list of movements drawn up by the captains has been accepted by Colonel Benyon, one movement only being cut out, and these movements are now being practised every drill day by all the companies. The various committees on flags, medals, etc., have worked hard, and all arrangements have been completed for insuring the success of the drill.

The committee of arrangements for the Prize Drill consists of the following officers: Col. A. L. Richards; Major J. S. Bent; Captains F. A. Moulton, R. F. Jackson, J. H. Dever, Jr., and H. R. Gardner; Adj. C. Phipps; Lieut. G. H. McDermott; and the officer of the day, Quartermaster M. H. Smith.

Lots have been drawn by the captains, and the companies are to go upon the floor in this order: Part I., Companies B, H, D, F; Part II., Companies G, E, A, C.

There will certainly be no cause for complaint if the Prize Drill goes off as smoothly as did the street parade. The day was perfect, not too warm or too cold. The rain of the night before had laid the dust so that the streets were in ideal condition for marching. The column started soon after ten o'clock, going through the heart of the business district and then passing in review before the Mayor at the City Hall and the Governor at the State House, where pictures of all three regiments were taken for the biograph. These can be seen at Keith's Theatre during the week commencing May 22d. The regiments passed from the State House to the Common, where arms were stacked while the cadets enjoyed their luncheon. After the time allowed for luncheon and recreation had passed, the recall sounded and the cadets fell in at their different stations. Then they were inspected and reviewed in column of companies by members of the school committee. Colonel Richards acted as Brigadier-General during the inspection and review, after which he handed the command of the brigade over to Colonel Pray for the dress parade, returning to his regiment. After the dress parade the companies retired to their respective schools, and one of the most successful parades ever given by the school regiments was ended. Only one hitch occurred and this was in passing the Mayor. The head of the column

made the mistake of halting too soon, with the result that our third battalion was obliged to mark time for several minutes in front of the Mayor. This was exceedingly awkward as the companies were obliged to remain at port arms, and the officers to prolong the *present* for several minutes.

The music was furnished by three bands, one at the head of each regiment, while our drum-corps was placed between our two battalions, thus insuring a good cadence.

Bridget's Mistake.

Bridget was the servant in a neighboring family. She was very "green," having been but a short time in "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Her mistress, Mrs. Hathaway, had tried to initiate her into the mysteries of a furnace, and Bridget said she "knew all about it," but subsequent events proved her mistaken.

One day Mrs. H. called Bridget and said that she wished her to put water in the furnace. Bridget said she would, and started down cellar with a pail of water.

The furnace had a tank on the side, in which water must often be put, so that steam might be generated properly.

Well, Bridget lifted the front door of the furnace, and, as she saw the fire burning brightly within, she said to herself that it was strange mistress wanted the water thrown on the fire. To make sure it was the right door, she opened two or three others, but she failed to open the right one. "Well, it must be this one," she thought, and accordingly she seized the pail, emptied its contents on the fire, and—our readers can imagine the consequences. The fire was so intense that the water, instead of quenching it, was turned instantly into steam. This steam, coming through the narrow door with great force, hurled the unfortunate Bridget against a wall at least two yards distant, and badly scalded her, also.

Bridget was sent to a hospital, where she remained several weeks. The last I heard of the unfortunate daughter of Erin was that she was suing Mrs. Hathaway for damages.

W. A. K., '00.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of the Bryant & Stratton Commercial School which appears in our columns this month for the first time.

"Bryant & Stratton" is a synonym for a practical, business education, and this school is so well and favorably known that it needs no words of commendation from us.

THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER.

LAURENCE REMICK CLAPP. . . Editor-in-Chief.
ANDREW JAMES COPP, JR. . . Business Manager.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

AUGUSTUS L. RICHARDS Literary.
JOHN F. DEVER, JR. Sporting.
FRANK A. MOULTON Military.

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Contributions are solicited from undergraduates.

All contributions must be plainly, neatly, and correctly written, and on one side only of the paper. Contributions will be accepted wholly with regard to the needs of the paper and the merit of the manuscript.

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MAY, 1899.

Last fall it was stated in the newspapers that the new Municipal Gymnasium at Commonwealth Park, South Boston, would be ready for use January 1, 1899. On a visit to the grounds in the latter part of April, we found the base-ball field in active use and were assured by the engineer that, allowing for some delays, the building would be opened in another two months—probably. So we may reasonably conclude that the opening of the fall season will find the citizens of Boston in the active enjoyment of another Public Gymnasium, and one which, indeed, will be well worth some waiting. True, the swimming pool, the tennis court, and other accessories which were promised in the plan, are yet to be begun when the money for them is granted, and we fear this may not come about for some time yet, but the main hall, about 100 x 75 feet, with the offices, baths, etc. occupying 2000 square feet more of floor space will be ready, and the elevated running-track now being built will be one of the best in the country. This track is to be built of the best materials throughout, and will have between sixteen and seventeen laps to the mile. The Y. M. C. A. track has twenty-eight laps, so the superiority of the new track will be readily seen.

The new Gymnasium is in a situation to be of great advantage to the school teams as well as to the scholars individually, although it seems to some to be far out of the way, yet its actual distance from the school, measured on the map, is less than the distance to the Charlesbank Open Air Gymnasium, to which so many of the scholars have gone in the spring and fall for several years. While the new Gymnasium might be less accessible from the homes of some who live in the city, it would prove, through the South Boston transfer system to Dudley Street and Field's Corner, to be even more easy to reach than Charlesbank for

the many whose homes are in Roxbury or Dorchester; at all events, the Gymnasium, when completed, will be well worth visiting and investigating for one's self.

Fortune is kind on this Friday in May, and not for sixteen years has she prevented the valiant warriors of Boston's schools from displaying their training, their genius, and their splendid uniforms on parade before their admiring friends.

This year we were greeted by as delightful a day as the most critical could desire. Nature seemed smilingly awaiting us, and the people of Boston were ready to look on with applause. Before eight o'clock in the morning, stakes were being driven on the Common and on Beacon Street, and other preparations being made.

At quarter of ten, the passers-by on Clarendon Street and Columbus Avenue began to gather on the sidewalks, as the procession was seen starting up the street. Then along galloped the mounted police, belated, to head the line of march. But it was all only a false start, a part of the formation, and the spectators had to wait fifteen or twenty minutes more before the parade was really under way.

The most interesting part of the march was the passing of the Governor at the State House. Many of our non-drillers had anticipated this and had found good places for seeing, either on Beacon Street or on the State House steps or balconies. It was a beautiful sight as the lines passed, the fresh light green of the trees on the Common setting off the whole scene to the best advantage: the spectators close-packed behind the ropes and restrained by the burly guardians of the peace; a touch of humor added by the camera enthusiast scurrying out of the way before the dread presence of the drill-master; the companies not daring to breathe as they passed for fear of disturbing the alignment; the fountains quietly dropping their spray over those on the street below; the Shaw Memorial opposite, and the noble figure of the Governor on the steps, surrounded by his staff.

When the parade turned into the Common there was a great rush for the entrances. Then it was crush, and jam, and push for a time, and at last we were inside. The review, the dress parade, and the other exercises were over in what seemed a very short time. Then the cadets marched off for school again, and one more school parade was a part of our history.

Summering with Uncle Sam.

(Concluded.)

When I was rudely awakened about half-past four on the morning of the 17th of August, it was to look out upon a small wooden railroad station on the right side of the car, and a long freight-house with a high platform on which to unload our supplies on the left. We were given some hard-tack and allowed to get some water to wash it down with, and then were set to work to get out our heavy boxes of signalling equipment and supplies.

About six o'clock the people of the town began to come down to the railroad station to "see the soldiers," for we were very nearly the first to arrive. They did not stop to ask the usual questions of "Where you from?" or "Where you going?" or "What regiment do you belong to?" They had a new and far more pleasant code of "Is there any thing we can do for you?" or "Will you come to breakfast with me?" or "Can I help you to unload your supplies?"

At that time, however, we were too busy and too tired to partake of their hospitality, and with a sincere "No, thank you," we hastened to get our supplies on wagons and to proceed to the camp-site which had been selected for us.

The ground was soon staked off and tents were raised. While we were getting the tents up, the cook, my friend Blake, had prepared dinner, which was eaten with great relish, even though it consisted only of a dish of canned tomatoes, canned corned beef, and hard-tack stewed together.

That night I was detailed for guard duty, and while I was patrolling the camp I heard a low whistle, which I recognized to be Blake's call. I approached the place from which the sound had come and met Blake with a dish of fried steak and potatoes. I did not ask him where he got it, nor did I hesitate to take off my belt and revolver and seat myself beside the steak and Blake, even though this course was contrary to the rules in the guard manual. It was the first piece of steak I had seen since the day we left the old *Port Victor*, so I forgot the guard manual and its rules long enough to eat that steak.

It was a fine night and not all the men had slept in the tents, but some had slung their hammocks out under the trees. The sight of those fellows sleeping peacefully in their hammocks and the thought of patrolling the whole camp were too much for my mischievous spirit, so I decided to have some fun and excitement. Besides, I had a grudge against one of those sleepers, for one day in Tampa he had spoken

harshly to me. Well, here was a chance to square accounts, and I took the chance by taking a knife and cutting the rope which held his hammock suspended over an embankment, about eight or ten feet high. I cut the rope and made for the other end of the camp in quicker time than McDermott makes for first base, and then calmly walking back, loudly asked him what had happened. By this time the sergeant was swearing as only a sergeant can, and in a still louder tone than I had before used I told him it would be my happy duty to put him in the guard-tent if he did not keep quiet. Our loud talk awoke some of the men and they in turn awoke the rest, and soon every one of the company was out on the parade ground laughing at the unfortunate sergeant and nudging me in a way which I knew to mean, "Lock him up, Bill." The Captain appeared last, but greatest; and after inquiring from me the cause of the disturbance, called down the sergeant even beyond my expectations and then ordered the rest of the hammocks to be taken in. As a result of this order the sergeant was even more roundly condemned than he had before been, and I was even more pleased. This "incident" happened about half-past two in the morning, at a time when camps are still.

Now, when some men are once awakened they either can not or will not go to sleep again, but prefer to sit up and talk. The candles were lighted in most of the tents, but as it was long after "Tattoo" or "Lights out," it was against the rules to allow lights in tents. The guard enforces the rules, and at that time I was the guard, so I had work enough to keep me busy until four o'clock, when I was relieved.

So, because a sergeant had used harsh words to Corporal Murray and the corporal had a good memory and a mischievous spirit, there was excitement enough in camp to keep the said corporal from falling asleep on guard, for I was so tired after that day's work in settling camp that I was afraid I should go to sleep.

Our stay at Huntsville was very enjoyable, as we were the first of the troops to reach there, and received magnificent treatment from the hospitable southerners. I was particularly fortunate in making friends, and one of them was Major-General Coppinger, the corps commander, who offered to use his influence to get me an

WANTED.

AN AI STENOGRAPHER wanted in a banking house to earn \$30 weekly, as G. F. Newhall does after only 3½ months' study at **PERNIN SHORTHAND SCHOOL**, 180 Tremont St., Boston; it paid him, will it pay you to study at the Pernin school?

appointment at West Point. The way it came about was this:

About the first of September, General Coppinger asked for a signal man to act as bicycle orderly. I at once asked the captain for the appointment, and even offered to give up my chevrons to be appointed, but I was too late and another man got the job.

It had been so long, however, since he had ridden that he had forgotten the science, and there was not another private who knew how to ride, so I procured the appointment.

General Coppinger seemed to take a fancy to me at once, and always greeted me pleasantly, something quite unusual for a regular army officer.

One dark evening as I was looking for Colonel Strong with a message, I met the general with a lantern in his hand.

"Whom are you looking for?" he inquired.

"For Colonel Strong, sir," I replied.

He then went with me and pointed out the colonel's tent.

The next day he asked me about my age and the circumstances of my enlistment, and finally asked if I would not like to go to West Point. I replied that that had always been my ambition, and he told me to get some letters of recommendation from home and he would help me.

I wrote home and got letters from Gen. P. A. Collins, a former townsman of General Coppinger, from Col. E. M. Weaver and from Dr. Merrill, and took them to the general; but before he had time to do anything for me I was taken ill with malaria and sent to the hospital.

I went to the hospital September 26, and after I had waited around for two or three hours a hospital steward came along and told me to "get out of the way."

"I guess you don't know who you're talking to," I said.

"It don't make any difference who I'm talking to; you get out of the way," he replied.

"I came here for medical treatment," I said, "and what's more, we signalmen are not used to being told to get out of anybody's way."

This altered matters considerably, and he was much more courteous.

The surgeon looked me over, found my temperature pretty high and prescribed a milk diet. I saw him put down the letters "M. D." on my card, and on asking he told me they stood for "Milk Diet."

"I'm glad I've found out," I said, "there are a thousand men around Boston with 'M. D.' on their names, and I suppose they're all on milk diet, aren't they?"

This seemed to strike the doctor as the biggest

joke he had heard, and he seemed to take special interest in me after that.

On the afternoon of September 29 my temperature was pretty high, but one of the Sisters in the hospital fed me enough ice-cream so that it only registered normal when the doctor came around.

I begged him then to let me go home, but he wouldn't consent. He told me, though, if my temperature should be normal the next morning I might go.

I induced the Sisters to get me a lot of ice-cream in the morning, which kept my temperature down so that he said I might go, and gave me a thirty days' furlough and transportation home. Though I was so weak I could hardly stand, I staggered down to the railroad track and started for home. The rest of the company came a few days later.

I never got homesick till I went to the hospital, and then it seemed as if I couldn't stand it to stay away any longer. I wanted to go to the war, and I went; but I think home is a pretty good place, and I'll be satisfied to stay in Boston for a while now.

W. F. M., '00.

For the Prize Declamation.

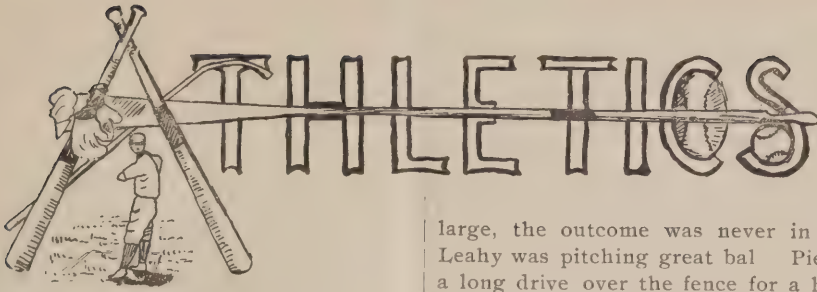
As the programme has not wholly been arranged at date of going to press, we print simply a list of the speakers (in order of classes) and their selections.

The Death of Rodriguez	<i>Davis</i>	J. D. Williams.
The Chariot Race	<i>Wallace</i>	W. C. McDermott.
The Future of America	<i>Phillips</i>	M. F. Allbright.
The Orator's Cause	<i>Wright</i>	L. R. Clapp.
England and America	<i>Original</i>	L. Ward.
Speech Before the Sons of the Revolution	<i>Hoar</i>	E. C. Johnson.
The Tomb of Napoleon	<i>Ingersoll</i>	A. M. Weil.
Culture in Emergencies	<i>Anon.</i>	H. H. Ham.
Duties to Our Country	<i>Lodge</i>	S. Thurman.
Wendell Phillips in Faneuil Hall	<i>Curtis</i>	L. S. Hicks.
A Railway Matinée	<i>Anon.</i>	S. Hayward.
The Bishop Puzzled	<i>Anon.</i>	J. S. Pfeffer.
The Bridal of Malabide	<i>Griffin</i>	H. D. Comey.
Death Makes All Men Brothers	<i>Upham</i>	J. W. Manary.
The Blizzard	<i>Anon.</i>	P. D. Kneeland.
The Old Cruiser	<i>Holmes</i>	H. Snelling.

The exercises will take place at 2 o'clock on Friday, June 2, and a cordial invitation is extended to all friends of the school to be present.

"*Contendit, pervenit.*"

"He hustled, he got there."—(Julius Cæsar).



B. L. S., 7.—Richfields, 9.

On April 22d, our team was defeated by the strong Richfield team of Dorchester. On the Richfields were Kelly, McVey, and Lane, all members of former Latin School teams, and they never worked harder for a victory. There was sharp fielding on our side, but the hitting was weak. Up to the fifth inning, it looked like our game, but a costly error spoiled our chances. The score by innings:

		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
B. L. S.	-	0	1	2	0	1	0	3	0	0—7
Richfields	-	0	0	0	2	5	0	2	0	x—9

B. L. S., 12.—Thayer Academy, 19.

At South Braintree, April 26th, Thayer Academy defeated our team in a rather loose, heavy-hitting game. The Academy boys started in with five runs and, after that, were never headed. Our errors were almost as plenty as their hits and nineteen runs were piled up. Our team braced up toward the end of the game, but it was too late to win out. The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
B. L. S. - - -	3	0	0	1	1	1	2	4	0	— 12
Thayer Academy -	5	1	1	6	0	0	4	2	x	— 19

B. L. S., 8.—Salem High School, 6.

On Saturday afternoon, April 29th, the team visited the "city of witches" and defeated the High School team in an interesting game. Though Latin School's lead was never very

large, the outcome was never in doubt, as Leahy was pitching great ball. Pierce made a long drive over the fence for a home-run. The game was called in the eighth inning, to enable our team to catch a train. The score by innings was:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
B. L. S.	-	1	2	0	0	0	2	1—8
S. H. S.	-	0	0	0	0	1	0	1—6

B. L. S., 9.—Dorchester High School, 5.

On May 3d, our team defeated Dorchester High on Town Field, and thus made up for last year's defeat at their hands. It was a close game up to the sixth inning, both sides hitting very weakly, but in the sixth our team got on to Curran's curves and pounded out seven pretty singles that netted six runs and clinched the game. In the next inning Dorchester scored four runs on a few errors, but could not win out. The score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
B. L. S.	-	3	0	0	0	6	0	0	0—9
D. H. S.	-	1	0	0	0	0	4	0	0—5

B. L. S.—East Boston High School.

On Thursday afternoon, May 4th, at Wood Island Park, East Boston High School was defeated in an exciting uphill game. In the early part of the game, the High School boys hit their fellow-townsmen, Regan, rather freely, but later Leahy was substituted and with good support the game was won by our team with a score of 15 to 14.

A second game on Saturday, May 13th (ill-omened day), resulted in the defeat of our team by one run. Score, 7 to 6.

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EST. 1870

Notes.

The crew is steadily improving and great things are expected of it. Rand, by his doctor's advice, has been obliged to quit rowing. Wood will take his place. The crew will row Noble and Greenough, and Volkman in the trial heat, two of the strongest crews on the river. Maguire and Pigeon are the leading candidates for coxswain.

On April 19th, the ball-team defeated Dedham High in an easy uninteresting game of six innings by a score of 29 to 2.

The ball-team easily defeated Concord Home School in five innings, by a score of 25 to 5. The feature of the game was the battery work of Leahy and Pieper.

The greatest game thus far played by the team was against the Harvard College second team. The game was won by our team by a score of 8 to 7. Leahy held the college team down to four hits. Their seven runs were due to wild throws and errors caused by the slippery ball. It was raining hard throughout the game, but the college team did not want to quit till the nine innings were played.

Very Likely.

A certain teacher who believes that learners of Latin ought thoroughly to understand all the common technical terms they use, had drilled his class long and carefully on the fact that a *transitive* verb is one whose action *goes over* to an object—because *eo* means "to go" and *trans* "across" or "over."

One day not long ago there were visitors present during the Latin recitation. As often happens, this circumstance seemed to cast a wet blanket over all the "fires of knowledge," and when the teacher asked the class to tell the meaning of the term "transitive," no answer was forthcoming.

"Now, boys," said he, "when I bring my fist down on this table, so"—illustrating his words by the action—"what goes over?"

A pause ensued. In vain the boys who led the class, feeling that something was expected of them, racked their brains for an answer. But suddenly a flash of inspiration came across one boy, and a hand was eagerly waved in air.

"Well, my boy, what is it that goes over?"

And, with a glance of commiseration at his classmates, who were still unable to solve the question, "The table, sir," the youth replied.



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WASHINGTON, D. C.

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER.

VOL. XVIII., No. 10.

JUNE, 1899.

ISSUED MONTHLY.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as second-class matter.

Theocritus.

Storm-tossed, from off the surge of Homer's
seas,
Gasping for breath, we reach the shore at
last,

The ten years' war and burning Ilios past,
The cloud-bred storm-wind tempered to a breeze,
Which whispers tales of love among the trees,
Beneath which Daphnis sits and fills the air
With melodies in praise of Lais fair,
While round about his cattle graze at ease;
Or weaving magic spells for Delphis' heart,
Simætha tells Selene of her wrong;
In sweet disdain, Eunice stands apart
And mocks the neatherd as he goes along;
For each is born an heir to Love and Art,
And each one feels within that Life is Song.*

LAURISTON WARD, '99.

"Goin' to Brighton."

This ordinary-sounding phrase, honest as it may appear at first, is capable of a variety of interpretations as incongruous in sentiment as those of any prophecy ever muttered by the Delphic oracle. In the fancy of many a Boston business or professional man it arouses naught but suggestions of a most pleasurable nature,—thoughts of a quiet, attractive, airy little suburb which he is proud to call his home, and where he is wont to retire in peace after each day's fight in the noisy, bustling city.

The western ranchman and the Chicago cattle-dealer are greatly interested in Brighton, too; but they would stare in amazement if you should tell them that "Brighton" is only one of Boston's bedrooms. They regard it as one of Uncle Sam's big kitchens, where he not only supplies his own family with mince pie, but has plenty of roast beef with which to minister to the rotundity of Brother Jonathan, to say nothing of the hams and pigs' feet necessary to keep at a boiling temperature the divine wrath

of the Teutonic Deity. No, indeed! for that long, squealing, grunting train-load of porkers that you see shooting eastward over the rails, leaving strains of melody and streaks of malodor behind them, "goin' to Brighton," is evidently not an event to be looked forward to with joyful anticipation. Poor fellows! Within a few hours after their disembarkation there will not be a single portion of their persons, from the bristles on their snouts to the curl in their tails that will not have been assigned to some department of usefulness by the enterprising American.

There is, at a short distance from the great Brighton slaughter-houses (which nobody but a professional at the business cares to see), a retail live stock department which is really very interesting to visit. It is this local mart which has made "Brighton" a household word on every farm within a seventy-five mile radius of the Hub. Brighton is the bargain counter of the dairy farmer. Wednesday is often referred to in the country as "Brighton day," and any one who should be unfortunate enough to make a trip from Worcester to Boston on an accommodation train on a Wednesday morning might well imagine, from the number of persons evidently engaged in the "noblest of occupations" who board the train at every country station, that an agricultural convention of some sort was being held somewhere along the line. In fact, every farmer in this vicinity seen by the station-agent to board an eastward bound train on Wednesday will probably be reported in the next issue of the local paper as having "gone to Brighton" unless he gives positive notice to the contrary, while an insinuating "Waal, this ain't Brighton day!" is the correct way to ask a man where he is going on any other day of the week.

If you are at all interested in the great study of mankind, an afternoon's visit to this busy place cannot fail to please as well as profit you. Here you may see types of every class of the New England farmer, from the country gentleman who reckons his acres by hundreds and

* This poem won the first prize, June, 1899.

winters eight score head, down to the humble proprietor of a farm that will just keep a cow and a pig the year round. Now if you want to ascertain the true character of a disciple of Cato, it won't pay you to study the physiognomy which he presents to the public gaze as he sits at the head of his family pew on a Sunday morning, or yet to make notes of his general conversation and deportment in the minister's Sunday-school class in the afternoon, neither would it be just to base your estimations wholly upon anything you might see or hear when he is driving his neighbor's herd out of his own cornfield; but do you just keep your eyes and ears open sometime when you catch him "byin a keaow," and if he doesn't show off a good ninety-nine per cent of his natural traits then he is an extraordinary agriculturist.

But let's imagine, kind reader, that it is Brighton day, and that we've decided to make a trip to the stock-yards to see what we can of interest. A two-minute walk from the railroad station has brought us to the spot. *Parbleu!* what a racket! Have we stumbled upon the herds of Geryon by mistake?

*"Discessu mugire boves, atque omne querelis
Impleri nemus."*

There is every note in half a dozen scales, from the deep bass bellow of Taurus the mighty, who has been sent to Brighton because he got too ugly to keep, up to the frightened bleat of the smallest "bob-calf," who was deprived of his mamma's companionship at the tender age of three days, sold to an itinerant calf-man for a dollar, tied up in a meal-bag with only his head out, and hustled down here to be disposed of for "whatever he'll fetch."

The scene reminds us somewhat of a cattle fair, except that every one but ourselves seems to be bent on business instead of sight-seeing. The crowd is composed for the most part of farmers, cattle-dealers, and drivers. These last are a class of shabbily-clad individuals, anywhere from sixteen to sixty years of age, who seem to be possessed of an innate and implacable hatred for each and every member of the bovine race, and to have chosen this inglorious, unremunerative profession solely on account of the unrivaled opportunities it affords for the display and gratification of their hostile sentiments. Here come three of them now, armed with a horsewhip apiece, vainly endeavoring to head off an aged cow (commonly known as an "old pelter"), which, with nostrils distended and tail in air, is rattling over the pavement at a rate which would do honor to a yearling heifer, and which evidently regards her

beating with the yells accompanying it as a form of reminder from her pursuers that her speed is not yet up to the required standard.

Those dealers are a sharp set of fellows. They can't give you the dative plural of *bos* in full, to be sure, but they can tell after a thirty seconds' inspection just what a cloven-hoofed animal is worth, to a ten-cent piece. They never do it, though, but always keep such little matters strictly to themselves. Each one has charge of a kind of covered yard or shed which he has stocked with cows and steers during the week, and where he rules supreme over an efficient corps of the aforementioned cow-boys.

But suppose we step into one of these "spider parlors" where we can hear and see the trading to better advantage.

That meek-looking little man with the chin whiskers has never been to Brighton before, we'll warrant. If he had he would not be wearing his best blue suit, Sunday derby, and that squeaky pair of shoes that don't appear to have been long out of the show-window of the grocery. Besides he shows inexperience in coming up and telling the dealer his name and business so frankly. "Mr. Mink," it is, and he is looking for "a likely pa'r o' three y'r ol's. There is a sharp command from the trader, a scurrying among the satellites, and the diffident Mr. Mink suddenly finds himself, to his dismay, in the centre of a crowd of spectators with the big trader posted at his side and vociferously delivering into his right ear an elaborate enconium upon three antiquated creatures in the foreground, hemmed in by a circle of drivers, and looking quite as ill at ease as Mr. Mink himself. The orator has known them from bossyhood, knew their parents and grandparents, and grows red in the face with enthusiasm as he tells of the absolute perfection of their morals and of their marvelous exploits at the milk pail and churn, and finally concludes by looking very hard at Mr. Mink and challenging any man in the crowd to dispute a word that he has uttered. Mr. Mink, who really knows a good deal about cows, and needs no closer inspection of the animals than the bird's-eye view necessitated by the blue suit to convince him that they are a fraud, hastens to protest indignantly against the mere possibility of any doubt of the trader's veracity in the mind of any sane person; begs to know the price of the trio, enters the same in a note-book, and, saying that he will probably be back again later on, pushes hurriedly through the crowd and out of the gate. You probably couldn't hire him with a five-dollar bill to run by this shed again this afternoon.

That old fellow in the patched overalls you see sitting on the fence there is one of the "regulars" at Brighton, I've been told. You wouldn't think there was much business in him to see him now, but he has his eyes and ears open, and late in the afternoon he will pull out a big roll of bills, make a quick round among the cattle-men and buy up quite a little herd of left-overs at prices that wouldn't have been listened to in the morning. He'll have them driven out to his barn in the country, "slick 'em up" a little, and before another Wednesday they will be sold at a handsome profit to farmers in the neighboring towns.

Among the most welcome of all customers to the Brighton dealers is the wise young man who has just fallen heir to the family estate, and comes down to Brighton with a few hundreds in his pocket to "stock up." Graduates of colleges and high schools and even Latin schools, we presume, are said to be especially in demand at Brighton, and seldom fail to add a little something to their previous store of knowledge, however copious it may have been, and let us thank our lucky stars as we start for home that our part in the dangerous game we have witnessed has been merely that of spectators and that we have been suffered to depart with bark intact.

A. L. R., '99.

Military Affairs.

The last drill for this year, the Prize Drill, took place on the afternoon of May 26th. The drilling throughout the year has been very good, notwithstanding the fact that we have been without an instructor for so much of the time. We did not begin to drill until November, and had no instructor for some time after that. Then Lieutenant Edwards came, but he was ordered off to his regiment before he had had time to get thoroughly acquainted with the needs and requirements of the cadets. After he had gone we were without an instructor until Colonel Benyon came, a short time before the parade. The good work shown at the parade and at the Prize Drill was mainly the result, therefore, of the unassisted efforts of the cadets themselves, and officers and men alike are justly proud of their work.

The Prize Drill was very successful, and it is no exaggeration to say that the drilling was fully as good as that of any previous year. The regimental drill at the beginning of the exercises and the dress parade at the close passed off perfectly, without a hitch of

any sort, while the company drill was excellent. First came regimental drill under the command of Colonel Richards. Then came company drill in the following order:—Co. B, Captain Allbright; Co. H, Captain Jackson; Co. D, Captain Dever; Co. F, Captain Gardner. The drum corps, commanded by Drum-Major Greenwood, came next and entertained the audience for some time with its stirring music. The corps made a fine appearance in marching, also, and all the movements were executed with very pretty effect. Drum-Major Greenwood and Sergeant Murphy gave an excellent exhibition of fancy drumming. Company drill was then resumed in the following order:—Co. G, Captain Goldthwaite; Co. E, Captain Moulton; Co. A, Captain O'Brien; Co. C, Captain Ward. Then came the competitive drill for medals, which lasted for four rounds, followed by dress parade and award of prizes.

Co. D easily captured first prize for the senior companies, drilling with the greatest precision and snap. While this company was on the floor, Lieutenant Murray, in his campaign hat and gauntlets, attracted a great deal of attention.

The struggle for second prize was very close, being finally decided in favor of Co. E. In the pony companies it was nip and tuck between Co. G and Co. H, Co. G winning out by a small margin. Sergeant Minton of Co. D received first prize in the individual drill, and Private O'Keefe of Co. G received second prize. Companies D and G certainly had their full share of the honors. Private B. F. Leland carried off the first prize for excellence in drumming. The seeming lack of enthusiasm during the award of the prizes was due to Colonel Benyon's order that there should be no cheering.

On Thursday evening, June 1st, the officers of Co. D gave a dinner to their gallant company at Palladio Hall, Roxbury. In addition to the members of Co. D, Adjutant Phipps, Quartermaster Smith, and Captains Allbright, O'Brien, Jackson, and Moulton were present. O'Dowd, Co. D's captain of last year, was also present. Mr. John F. Dever, Sr., with a few friends, helped to put the boys at ease and make them have a good time. After dinner a fine entertainment was provided and the evening closed with ringing cheers for Captain, Lieutenants, and company. Every one went home feeling that they were indebted to Mr. Dever and the officers of the company for one of the most enjoyable evenings possible.

THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER.

LAURENCE REMICK CLAPP . . . Editor-in-Chief.
ANDREW JAMES COPP, JR. . . Business Manager.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

AUGUSTUS L. RICHARDS Literary.
JOHN F. DEVER, JR. Sporting.
FRANK A. MOULTON Military.

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JUNE, 1899.

The last number of a volume of the REGISTER is generally supposed to be the medium through which the editor delivers his parting words of good advice and solemn warning. Our readers probably think that they have seen enough of this sort of editorial during the year. Yet such words, in a school like ours, have a two-fold *raison d'être*. In the first place, only such points have been dwelt upon as we all need, and feel that we need, continually to be reminded of; secondly, there is no other way to call the attention of the school to these considerations, except through the teachers, whose admonitions are only too liable to be taken as a matter of course and little heeded.

The present time, however, is so near to the end of the term that good advice, which usually requires time to work, might have too little effect while it is needed; so the best thing we can do is to hope that you will all have a delightful vacation and will come back in the fall, those who are to return, full of enthusiasm and ambition to make the record of the last year of our century the best the school has known.

For the editors of the nineteenth volume of the REGISTER we ask, yea, almost demand, your hearty support. They have not asked us to make this request, but it is something that the school owes to the paper which is its representative sent abroad over the land. You know of faults, of failures, of things lacking, in this year's paper; it is too late now to tell us of them, but go to the new editors; write to them, buttonhole them in the corridors,

and tell them how the paper may be improved, and they will be glad of it.

In the second place—and it is this from which most of you will shrink in dismay—do more than talk,—*write*. In this vacation of almost ten weeks can you not find some time to write up some experience of yours, or some story based on fact or imagination? If you have never before had a personal invitation, we extend one to you now: will you not, each one of you who thinks he can do anything, at least try, for the sake of the paper and the school?

Too little known by the undergraduates of the school is the work of the Boston Latin School Association. Probably not more than one in a hundred of the pupils, at least of those who have not reached the First Class, could tell any more about the association than they can find in the catalogue. All know who its officers are, that it has an annual meeting in May, and that any person who has been a teacher or pupil in the school can become a member by signing the constitution and paying one dollar to the treasurer. But few who are not members realize what it really is and does.

Now if we were present to hear venerable gentlemen tell what "we" did in the year 1850 or thereabout, if we had attended the dinner at which Edward Everett Hale presided and Wendell Phillips and Ralph Waldo Emerson were among the speakers, we should have a more complete sense of the eminent respectability of the organization which we may soon have the privilege of joining.

A report of the 1899 annual meeting will be found on another page. Since the school, as such, can own no property, it is the chief duty of this incorporated body to receive and care for all funds and property given for the benefit of the school. In this way, most of the library, the statue in the corridor, the Cheever tablet, and other things of the sort in the school, belong to the association. Its further object is to guard the welfare of the school generally, and to centralize the interest in the school of all its graduates.

What visions of old Boston can we not see when we think of the venerable Ezekiel Cheever instilling the principles of patriotism and of the Latin Grammar into the heads of Boston boys of two centuries ago? The memory of his thirty-eight years of faithful service has deservedly been commemorated by the tablet just set in position on the walls of the school.

The School Government desires to express in this final number of the REGISTER for the year 1898-99, its gratification at the literary and financial success which has been achieved. In both respects it has never been surpassed, and the financial success has been phenomenal—the net profits being nearly or quite double those of any former year. After paying all expenses of the year, one half of the balance is divided among the Editors and Manager, and the other half, which will probably be more than \$200.00, goes to the School for the benefit of the "Library, or Athletics, or both."

We have issued about six hundred copies each month, and have had a good list of advertisers, fifty-three in number, as follows:

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Boston University Law School.
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They have been serviceable to us; we hope our readers have been, and will continue to be, serviceable to them.

In conclusion, we desire to express our appreciation of the services of the Editor-in-Chief and of the Business Manager for the success which has crowned their efforts.

HEAD-MASTER.

The last debate of the year will probably take place in the Exhibition Hall during the last hour of school on Friday, June 16. The subject is: *Resolved*, That the Nicaragua Canal should be built and controlled by the United States government. The speakers have been studying the question for some time and a sharp debate is expected. Increased rivalry, though only a friendly one, is likely to be caused by the fact that the opposite sides of the question are upheld by the First and Second Classes. Following is the list of speakers in their order:

AFFIRMATIVE.

S. T. Foster,
H. H. Ham,
E. Field,
C. W. Harris.

NEGATIVE.

G. H. McDermott,
L. Ward,
J. D. Williams,
W. C. McDermott.

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School Events.

LATIN SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, May 3, the annual meeting of the B. L. S. Association was held in the library. The officers, whose names you may find at the beginning of the school catalogue, were re-elected, with the addition of Mr. J. P. Warren, '92, Harvard, '96, as Assistant Secretary.

Since there has been for some time a desire to interest the younger members of the association by giving them an active part in the work, the following members were appointed as a committee on revision of the constitution: D. A. Coolidge, Horace Bumstead, John D. Bryant, W. T. Campbell, W. T. Harris. Messrs. C. J. Capen and T. T. Baldwin were appointed as an auditing committee.

Three gifts were received and acknowledged: from Grenville H. Norcross, the Cheever Memorial tablet recently placed on the wall in our lower corridor; a Latin School drill medal won in 1872 by Lawrence M. A. Corcoran, given to the association by a relative; and a fund of \$1000 to be known as the Howard Gardner Nichols fund, the gift of J. Howard Nichols.

MEMORIAL DAY EXERCISES.

During the forenoon of May 29th, it was unexpectedly announced that the school was to assemble in the hall for the last hour of the day, presumably for Memorial Day exercises. Curiosity was rife about the nature of this year's observance of the day; but upon reaching the hall we were agreeably surprised to find one of our own instructors, Mr. John K. Richardson, on the platform to address us.

It was a stirring story that we heard then: we wintered in camp with that wonderfully trained machine, the Army of the Potomac; we followed its triumphant march up the Peninsula and its trying retreat a few days later; we saw the unyielding ranks of the 22d Massachusetts at Malvern Hill; and we accompanied it through various trying situations to the battle in which Mr. Richardson himself received the wound which ended his active service in the war.

Perhaps the lessons which the speaker would have drawn, had there been more time, were almost as truly appreciated from the mere hearing of those simply described but magnificent scenes. Surely with the memory of such hallowed self-sacrifice for country as we could

not but feel in this story, and with more than one member of that noble band of patriots before us every day, we must feel a thrill of inspiration whenever we think of the true meaning of Memorial Day.

THE PRIZE DECLAMATION.

Fans were the order of the day; and programmes were thoughtfully provided for those who were so unfortunate as to be without any other means of increasing the circulation of air. The orchestra had, perhaps, the hardest work of all, but they did it well and deserved all the praise bestowed on them.

The speaking this year, though it would be difficult to decide whether better than that of previous years, was of a great deal more moment to the declaimers of the day. Two humorous pieces gave variety to the occasion, and this declamation was unique in having one original declamation, which was very interestingly written and delivered. The prizes were awarded as follows: first prize, J. D. Williams; second prizes, W. C. McDermott and M. F. Allbright; third prizes, L. R. Clapp and E. C. Johnson; special prizes, S. Thurman and J. W. Manary. It was discovered later that one of the judges' marks, indistinctly written, was probably a 16 (out of a possible twenty) but had been added as 10. This change would have given the first special prize to S. Hayward; but to avoid any possible error, it was decided to give prizes to both Thurman and Hayward.

The thanks of the school are due and are heartily tendered to all the judges, and especially to Rev. William Gallagher, the principal of Thayer Academy, South Braintree, and a Latin School graduate, who made so entertaining an address that he *almost* made us forget that we were waiting for the announcement of prizes.

ITEMS.

The Class of 1900 has recently elected the REGISTER Staff for next year. The results of the election are:

Editor-in-Chief	Charles W. Harris.
Business Manager . . .	Vincent G. O'Gorman.
Literary Editor	Lucius D. Granger.
Sporting "	Chester T. Greenwood.
Military "	Francis X. O'Donnell.

Nathan Anthony, ex'90, was recently admitted as a partner in the firm of Tucker, Anthony & Co., Bankers, of 53 State Street.

L. P. Pieper, '99, holds the best batting record of the Interscholastic League.

Giuseppe.

The sun was pouring its burning rays down on the marble steps of a broad canal in the heart of Venice. Near by, several gondolas were idly swinging at the end of their ropes, while the owners of the craft were stretched out in the shade of a building, vainly trying to escape the heat. Except for the cooing of some doves, in the eaves of a neighboring house, everything was quiet.

So the afternoon dragged on. Once only were the gondoliers disturbed—when a gaily dressed young noble required immediate transportation to a remote part of the city. As the distant sound of his approach first made itself heard, one of the group, an old, graybearded man, quietly got up and waited for the stranger's appearance. As that person came in view around a corner, the old man gave him a piercing glance, then turned and lay down again, shaking his head. "He is yours, Paolo," he said, and closed his eyes once more.

Paolo answered by a grunt of disgust at being thus disturbed, but nevertheless put on some show of alacrity and was soon disappearing in the distance with his impatient passenger. The group had shown no surprise at the action, with the exception of one young fellow who had evidently newly joined the profession. Curious as to the meaning of the old man's words, he questioned a fellow gondolier.

"What, don't you know old Giuseppe? He has been at this stairway with his gondola for ten years. Once he was fairly well to do, not rich at all, but with enough to live on without the support of his son. This son was all his father cared for in life, a bright lad of eighteen or nineteen, with every promise of doing well in the future. One night something happened—it must have been the Ten, but it isn't safe to speak of such matters. At all events the son was never heard of again, and when the old man came back, a long time afterwards, he wasn't quite the same. His son's death had turned his head. He hadn't any money, so he got a gondola and has been here ever since, but he seldom takes any one. He just looks everybody in the face and then turns away. That's all that is known about him. If you ask him what he is doing he will say, 'Waiting.' See, he is asleep now."

But the old man was not asleep. Behind those closed eyes and that calm face were passing in kaleidoscopic succession row after row of hurrying faces. Now they would be distinct, now confused, sometimes one face

only would appear, again a group, or a central face with shadows of others around it. On and on they went in chaotic order, forever hastening from the left horizon to the right, nothing but faces, faces, faces, on a background of blue, and green, and gold. And every now and then there would be a blurring of the features, the background would turn flame-red, and in a halo of flames, lo! the master-face, hard and cold, with the same sneering smile and vacant eyes. And old Giuseppe would start up with the sweat standing out on his forehead and pray for an end of it all, in mute agony.

Night had fallen. Thick darkness beset the city on every hand, but within those narrow limits the streets and canals were ablaze with light. Giuseppe was standing in the shadow cast by a column, whence he could get a careful look at every one who passed by.

"Here, Signor, this boat is for hire. Where does your excellency wish to go? Yes, I can reach it in an hour," and Giuseppe pushed off from the steps with a face as calm as ever.

An hour passes and a face appears at the window of the box-like structure, seeking to know why the destination is not yet reached. Receiving no reply to his inquiries, the man looks around him. Far in the distance lie the lights of Venice; round about are the waters of the lagoon. Startled now, he turns his gaze towards the stern of the boat—the helmsman is not there. A second glance shows him that the boat is sinking and no help is near. He throws aside his dark cloak, displaying a richly embroidered doublet on which is woven the insignia of the Doge. But no! the city is too far. A few minutes struggle and all is over!

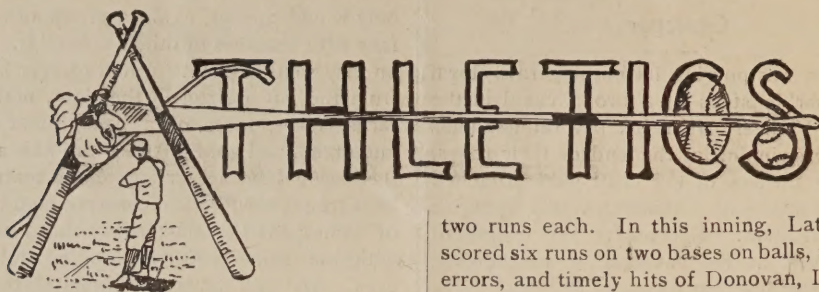
The next morning two bodies were found floating in the lagoon. One was that of the Doge and former president of the Council of Ten, the other, of Giuseppe, the gondolier.

L. W., '99.

Instructor.—"After Marius had gained chief power in the state, what did he turn out to be?"

Bright Pupil.—"Cæsar's grandfather."

Students who are graduating or those who intend to take up Shorthand, we would especially call your attention to the "Rewards of Merit" offered by the Pernin Shorthand School, Boston. They offer three trips: one to Paris, one to Niagara Falls, and another to Washington, with all expenses paid. If interested, we would advise you to write to them for particulars. Address, Pernin Shorthand School, 241 Tremont St., Boston.



Hopkinson, 8.—Boston Latin, 2.

In their first Interscholastic League game our team was defeated by "Hoppy." It was a disagreeable surprise to the followers of the team, who had confidently looked for a victory. Stillman pitched a great game for "Hoppy," having splendid control at critical moments. Leahy pitched a pretty good game, but the poor support he received was enough to discourage any pitcher.

Hopkinson scored two runs in the first inning on hits by Beals Wright, Maguire, and Stillman. Latin School scored in the second on Maguire's hit, his steal of second, and Minton's single. The score was tied in the fifth on McGrath's and McDermott's singles, together with Beals Wright's error. "Hoppy" pulled away in the sixth and seventh by bunching hits, and Clark scored in the ninth, after making a long drive for three bases.

B. L. S., 10.—Brookline High, 3.

On Friday, May 19, Boston Latin defeated Brookline High on Brookline Common. Brookline High was confident of victory on account of our poor showing against "Hoppy," which had barely defeated them a few days before. Our team was equally sanguine, with Regan in the box. The Latin School "rooters" turned out in great force and cheered our team on to victory.

The score was a tie up to the fifth inning, at

two runs each. In this inning, Latin School scored six runs on two bases on balls, a couple of errors, and timely hits of Donovan, Leahy, and Muldoon. Marshall scored in the seventh for Brookline and Latin School added two more in the ninth. The features of the game were the fielding of Kelly and the all-round playing of Donovan. The score:

BOSTON LATIN.

	AB	BH	PO	A	E
McGrath, c.	5	1	6	0	0
McDermott, 2	4	0	4	0	0
Donovan, 1	5	3	6	1	0
Leahy, r	5	2	0	0	0
Kelly, cf	4	1	5	0	0
Minton, 3	4	0	1	1	2
Muldoon, s	5	1	1	1	1
Pierce, lf	3	0	3	1	0
Regan, p	3	1	1	6	0
Totals	38	9	27	10	3

BROOKLINE.

	AB	BH	PO	A	E
Wilcox, 3	5	2	2	0	1
Lancy, 1	4	3	7	0	0
Quigley, c	4	1	5	3	0
Skilton, p	4	1	2	6	1
James, s	4	0	1	2	2
Adams, lf	3	0	2	1	0
Nesbitt, cf	4	0	2	0	0
Marshall, 2	4	1	5	1	1
Hennessy, r	3	0	1	0	2
Totals	35	8	27	13	7

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Boston Latin	0	0	2	0	6	0	0	0	2-10
Brookline	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0-3

Two-base hits—McGrath, Donovan, Muldoon, Skilton. Sacrifice hits—McDermott, Regan. Stolen bases—Donovan, Leahy 2, Kelly, Wilcox 2, Hennessy. First base on balls—By Skilton, McDermott, Kelly, Minton, Pierce, Regan. Struck out—By Skilton, Leahy 2, Muldoon,

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Pierce; by Regan, Wilcox 2, James, Marshall, Hennessy. Double play—Skilton and Marshall. Passed ball—McGrath. Wild pitches—Skilton 2. Hit by pitched ball—By Regan, Adams, Hennessy. Umpires—Campbell and Baxter. Time—2h, 35m.

Cambridge High and Latin, 11.—Boston Latin, 3.

Our team was defeated by the strong championship team from Cambridge, at Charles River Park, May 23. The team did as well as was expected of them, as Walter Clarkson was in the box. Minton was the only one to get a hit off Walter Clarkson.

C. H. and L. scored a run in each of the first three innings and tallied six runs in the fourth on a great batting streak. Regan was substituted this inning and held them down well during the rest of the game. It looked like a shut out for our team, but in the eighth three runs were scored on hits by Muldoon and Pierce, and errors made by the two Clarksons. The game will be protested by our school, on the ground that W. Clarkson is a professional.

Boston Latin, 12.—English High, 8.

Our base-ball team kept up the record of the foot-ball team, by defeating English High, at the South End Grounds, May 27. It was a game abounding in hits and errors and English High had the lion's share of the latter. High School made a great bid for the game, but our garrison finish was too much for them.

English High started in by scoring six runs in the first two innings, on good, hard, clean hitting, but after that they couldn't hit Regan when hits were needed. Latin School scored a run in the second, and evened up matters considerably by scoring four runs in the sixth inning. The fatal ninth came with High School two runs ahead, there were men on second and third, two men out and two strikes on the batter, when McDermott came to the rescue by cracking out a timely single to right field. We were now one run ahead, but Barrington tied the score by daring base running. In the tenth inning Latin School clinched the game by scoring four runs, High School failing to score in its half. Minton and Kelly fielded well for Latin School, while Murphy played a good all-round game for English High. The score:

BOSTON LATIN.

	AB	R	BH	TB	PO	A	E
McGrath, c	5	1	3	3	6	1	0
McDermott, 2	5	2	3	3	3	3	2
Donovan, 1	6	0	0	0	11	0	1
Regan, p	6	2	0	0	0	3	0

Kelly, cf	5	2	2	3	5	0	0
Minton, 3	4	1	2	2	1	5	0
Muldoon, s	5	1	2	2	1	3	1
Maguire, r	2	0	0	0	1	0	0
Pieper, r	3	1	2	2	1	0	0
Pierce, 1	4	2	2	2	1	0	0
Totals	45	12	16	17	30	15	4

ENGLISH HIGH.

	AB	R	BH	TB	PO	A	E
Howard, 1	5	1	2	2	11	0	0
MacCorry, 1	5	2	2	2	1	1	1
Barrington, r, c	5	1	2	3	4	7	2
Murphy, s	5	2	4	5	6	5	1
Dolan, p	5	0	1	1	0	2	0
Alexander, 3	5	0	1	1	0	0	3
Snow, c, p	5	1	1	1	7	2	0
Kuhns, r	4	1	0	0	0	0	0
Reilly, r, 2	1	0	0	0	0	0	2
Packard, cf	5	0	1	2	1	0	1
Stevenson, r	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	45	8	14	17	30	17	10

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Boston Latin	0	1	0	0	0	4	0	0	3	4—12
English High	2	4	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0—8

Two base hits—MacCorry, Barrington, Murphy, Packard. Stolen bases—Kelly, Barrington, Murphy 2, Dolan, Snow. First base on balls—By Dolan, Minton, Pierce; by Dolan, McDermott. Struck out—By Dolan, McGrath 2, Regan, Muldoon, Pierce 2; by Regan, Murphy, Dolan 4, Packard. Double plays—Murphy, unassisted; Barrington and Howard; Murphy, Barrington and Howard; Reilly and Howard. Passed ball—Snow. Hit by pitched ball—By Dolan, McDermott. Umpire, Williams. Time, 2h, 30m.

Boston Latin, 18.—Somerville High and Latin, 11.

At Tufts Oval, we gained an unexpected victory, June 3, and now we are tied for second place in the Interscholastic League. Each team made about the same number of hits and errors, but we were fortunate in making hits at the right time, while Somerville's errors were costly.

Regan pitched well for three innings, but was compelled to leave the game, on account of a business engagement. Leahy pitched the rest of the game and although touched up quite freely, kept the hits scattered. Pipe was knocked out of the box in the fourth and Saunders only lasted two innings. Cuddy pitched well during the remaining three innings.

The features of the game were a one-handed catch of a foul fly by McGrath and the fielding of Pierce and Donovan. The score:

BOSTON LATIN.

	BH	PO	A	E
McGrath, c	3	3	3	2
McDermott, 2	3	2	1	3
Donovan, 1	2	10	1	1
Kelly, cf	0	2	0	1
Regan, p	0	0	1	0
Minton, 3	2	2	3	1
Muldoon, s	3	1	3	1

Pieper, r	3	1	0	0
Pierce, l	0	6	0	1
Leahy, b	0	0	0	0
Totals	16	27	12	10

SOMERVILLE

	BH	PO	A	E
McRae, 2	3	4	4	1
Cuddy, s, p	2	1	1	2
C. Pipe, c	2	4	0	0
Saunders, l, p, s	1	5	3	2
Storey, 3	2	1	1	1
Brine, r	1	2	0	1
Wiley, l	1	1	0	0
Jones, cf	2	2	0	1
R. Pipe, p, l	2	7	4	1
Totals	16	27	13	9

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
B. L. S.	0	2	0	6	0	8	2	0	0—18
Somerville	1	0	0	2	2	1	2	1	2—11

Earned runs—B. L. S. 2. Two-base hits—Minton, Muldoon, Jones. Three-base hit—Brine. Sacrifice hit—Regan. Stolen bases—Cuddy 4, Storey 2, C. Pipe 2, Saunders, McRae, Brine, Wiley, Kelly, McDermott, Pierce. First base on balls—Cuddy, C. Pipe, Kelly 2, Donovan. First base on errors—S. H. S. 4, B. L. S. 8. Left on bases—S. H. S. 7, B. L. S. 6. Struck out—C. Pipe, R. Pipe, Pieper. Double play—Saunders, McRae. R. Pipe. Passed ball—C. Pipe. Hit by pitched ball—Pierce, Muldoon, Brine. Umpire—Weeden. Attendance—500.

On the River.

The crew rowed a fine race against Volkmann and Noble and Greenough in the trial heat on Saturday, May 27. The crews started off together, but at the quarter-mile Boston Latin and Noble and Greenough gradually pulled away from Volkmann. At the half, our crew held a good lead and kept it until within fifty yards of the finish, when one of the members of our crew caught a crab, and before recovery was made Noble and Greenough had passed us. Our crew didn't give up, but kept gaining till the finish, which was so close that one of the judges decided it a dead heat, but the decision was given to Noble and Greenough.

A bare list of the winners in the different heats is as follows:

Trial heats: Noble and Greenough, English High, Stone, Brown and Nichols.

Semi-Finals: Noble and Greenough, Stone.

Final: Noble and Greenough.

In one of the trial heats, Waltham High, E. H. S. and M. A. H. S. were close together and not far from the finish, when an oar broke in the Waltham boat. The oarsman thus

rendered useless immediately dived into the water to relieve the boat of his weight, while the other three pluckily rowed on and passed the buoy only a length behind the leaders. This was the only accident that happened during the races.

After Noble and Greenough won from Latin School, there was little doubt that they would gain the championship. In their other two races they easily pulled away from their opponents, and finished the last race with a lead of several lengths.

A base-ball team from Room 13, under the captaincy of W. W. Copp, recently challenged Room 5, the other division of the Second Class, to a series of games. Room 13 won the first game, with a score of 11 to 5, and took the second by default, thus winning the series.



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